THE "MAGAZINE" HOUSE, 1812

Erected to store powder from the Decatur works on Second river.
This stood back of the Summerfield M. E. Church where
Woodside Avenue now runs. Here also was the
site of the Revolutionary camp ground of
General Anthony Wayne, 1779, which
stretched north to Second river

WOODSIDE

THE NORTH END OF NEWARK, N. J.

Its History, Legends and Ghost Stories

Gathered From the Records and the Older Inhabitants Now Living

By C. G. HINE

PART I
Early History. Before 1866

PART II
C. C. Hine and his times, briefly covering the period of personal recollections and the development of Woodside as a residence section

PART III
Anecdotes of and matters personal to Mr. C. C. Hine

APPENDIX

HINE'S ANNUAL, 1909

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INTRODUCTION.

I believe that those of long ago who wrote books frequently began with an apology to the gentle reader, and I am inclined to do likewise, or at least to rise and explain.

The fact is, this narrative was originally undertaken merely as a family reminiscence, but Mr. C. C. Hine's life was so interwoven with the later life of Woodside that what was intended as a brief sketch to illustrate a series of photographs has gradually grown into a book covering the story of the region now known as Woodside as completely as I have been able to gather it. This will account for the somewhat personal view frequently indulged in and for some of the minor details.

Woodside, until it was opened as a residence section, was a purely farming region whose inhabitants went elsewhere for their groceries and religion, and as the average farmer thinks more of making hay than history, the movement must necessarily be somewhat slow.

Dr. Macauley once said of Woodside: "As God "made it it was a beautiful place, but as the hand of "man left it I have nothing to say." That the hand of

man has desecrated it all those who knew its woodlands and waterways twenty-five or more years ago can readily testify, but one of its good points even man cannot reach, and that is its climate, for it is the coolest part of Newark. This in former times was unconsciously testified to by the drivers of the old horse cars, who were in the habit of shedding their coats upon arrival at the cemetery from the north, there to hide them among the bushes, and again resume them on the return trip to Second river.

This region was then as beautiful a stretch of hill and vale and riverside as could well be found. The river was clear and sparkling, and fish abounded; the call of the whip-poor-will was heard on the evening air, and the brown thrush sang to us from the thicket, while squirrel and hare were always with us.

Groves of trees were numerous and beautiful. "Bird's Woods" along Second river with its magnificent old pines and hemlocks, the outer edge of the wood fringed with an undergrowth of laurel, while partridge berries gleamed from the depths of the moss underfoot, made an entrancing spot which has seldom been equalled, and the ruins of the old mills along the stream gave a picturesque touch that none who grew up with the region can forget.

Effort has been made to give credit for information received; in some cases authority for statements made is given in connection with the statements themselves, as it is interesting and valuable to know the source.

but this is not always practicable, as the same item not infrequently comes from several sources and it is occasionally difficult to blend the varying opinions.

In a few instances statements made by unknown newspaper writers have been used. The stories are given for what they are worth, but all of them are part of the legend of the region and none have been invented merely for filling.

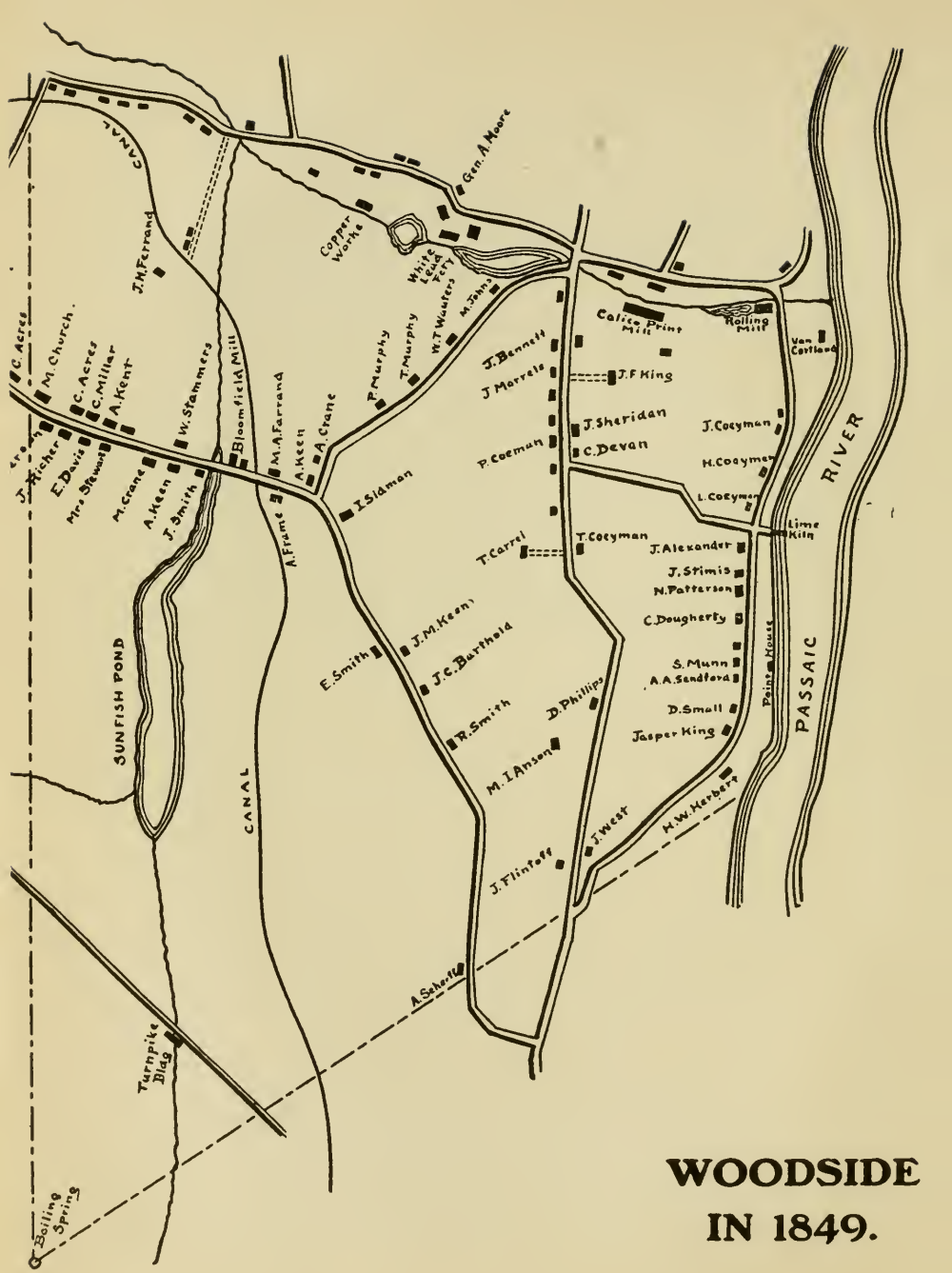
I have honestly done the best I could in gathering and arranging the material. Now and then I have come on a mine of information in such friends as Mrs. Henry J. Winser and Messrs. E. A. Boyden, James S. Taylor and James Swinnerton, but it has been mostly here a little and there a little, and for such help I acknowledge indebtedness to Mr. W. E. Blewett, Jr., Mr. E. A. Boyden, Miss J. F. Bradford, Mrs. R. H. Brewster, Mr. Edward Burling, Mr. R. Smith Carter, Mr. James E. Coombes, Mr. Frank S. Crane, Mrs. Henry Davis, Miss Anna B. Farrand, Mrs. A. H. Gibbs, Messrs. Levi C. and William H. Jackson, Mrs. Margaret H. Kay, Mr. J. Edwin Keen, Mr. John Morris Keen, Mr. Thomas Kinsey, Mr. David Maclure, Mr. James C. McDonald, Mrs. John R. Mathews, Mr. Theodore Melius, Rev. Henry Merle Mellen, Mr. Henry B. Munn, Mr. Lincoln B. Palmer, Mrs. Margaret Perry, Miss and Messrs. Phillips, Mr. Henry C. Rommel, Mr. Arthur E. Sandford, Miss. J. A. Sidman, Judge Alfred F. Skinner, Mr. William Stimis, Mr. James Swinnerton, Miss Laura M. Sydenham, Mr.

James S. Taylor, Mr. L. P. Teller, Judge Jay Ten Eyck, Mrs. Mary E. Tucker, Dr. Grenville M. Weeks, Mrs. Emma F. Welch, Mrs. E. M. Wessel, Mrs. Henry J. Winser.

I am also indebted to the Newark Public Library, the New Jersey Historical Society and the New York Historical Society, and to the real estate records of the Fidelity Trust Company.

Through the courtesy and co-operation of Mr. Charles Grant Schaeffer, Principal of the Elliott Street School, the school children entered into a competition for a cover design for this book which resulted in the selection of the design submitted by Miss Edna Eckert, a pupil in the Eighth B Grade.

PART I.



WOODSIDE IN 1849.

Enlarged from Sidney's map of "Twelve Miles Around New York", published in 1849

GENERAL HISTORY.

WOODSIDE was originally included in the Newark grant, which extended north "to the Third River above the towne, ye River is called Yauntakah". For a long time those of this region in common with those of Belleville, were known as the "Inhabitants of the Second River". But Newark on March 11, 1743, having become tired of supporting the poor of so large a district, narrowed its borders, drawing a line on the north just below the eastern end of the Gully road to the "Boiling Spring".

THE FIRST BOUNDARIES OF WOODSIDE.

The description given in the Town Meeting of March 11, 1743, reads as follows: "Beginning at Pas-
"saick River, at the Gulley near the House of Doct'r
"Pigot, thence North West (Northeast?) to Second
"River, thence up the same to the Saw Mill belonging
"to George Harrison, thence a direct Line to the North
"East Corner of the Plantation of Stephen Morris,
"thence to the Notch in the Mountain leaving William
"Crane's House to the Southward, thence on a direct
"line to Stephen Van siles, thence Westwardly (East-
"wardly?) to Passaick River leaving said Van siles
"Bars and Abraham Francisco's to the Northward of
"s'd Line: and it was agreed, that all on the North-

"ward of s'd Lines should be esteemed Inhabitants of "Second River, and all on the Southward of the Body "of Newark, excepting Levi Vincent, Johanes Kiper "and his Son Thomas Cadmus. John Low desired that "himself and his Father might be reconed or esteemed "Inhabitants of Second River, since they belonged to "that Society."

This is a verbatim copy taken from the "Newark Town Records", but I do not know just what it means unless some previous copyist stood on his head when putting down the points of the compass.

AN INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY.

For nearly one hundred years this region was a portion of Bloomfield, or Wardesson, as it was formerly known, and when in 1839 Belleville was set off from eastern Bloomfield, Woodside became a part of the newer township, and so remained until March 24, 1869, when it became independent of all outside control.

At this time its boundaries extended from the mouth of Second river along the west bank of the Passaic to a point immediately below the Gully road, thence west a little south to the Boiling Spring, cutting across Second avenue above Mount Prospect avenue, thence almost northeast to a point on the canal just above what is now known as the "butter works"; thence southeast a quarter mile or so to Second river which it crossed and continued with Mill street as its northern limit as far as the Back road, from

which point Second river was itself the dividing line to its mouth at the Passaic.

WOODSIDE SUBMERGED.

But, alas! on the fifth of April, 1871, our independence was lost forever and most of us were turned over to the tender mercies of the Newark politicians, who have ever since exercised a wonderful ingenuity in taxing us poor inhabitants to the limit and giving as little in return as possible. In fact the only thing we get for our taxes, aside from the fire department service, is an occasional policeman, who comes twice each year with tickets to sell for ball or excursion. Does the road need paving or sewering, the cost is assessed on the abutting property, and so is it with sidewalks, and even with the shade trees which the city fathers insist are good for us, and having planted them they send us a bill therefor. The Woodsider has never yet been able to ascertain what he is taxed for, unless it is to keep the politicians in good running order. This remark should be qualified to some extent so far as the police are concerned, for no locality could have a better protector than Mounted Officer Niblo, who has long been on this post and who, we hope, will long remain; there is also a patrolman who does his duty as though his job depended on it, but the majority of them seem to have the true politician's idea as to what is good for them.

The sin was legalized by "An Act to divide the "township of Woodside between the City of Newark "and the township of Belleville".

The boundary of Woodside is given as "beginning "at the intersection of the centre of the Second river "with the centre of the Passaic river; thence (1) "running southerly along the centre of the Passaic "river, the several courses thereof, to the northerly "line of the city of Newark (just below Gully road); "thence (2) westerly along the said line of the city of "Newark to the centre of the Great Boiling spring, at "the line of the township of Bloomfield; thence (3) "northerly along said line to the centre of Branch "brook; thence (4) northeasterly along the centre of "said brook, the several courses thereof, to the centre "of Second river; thence (5) down along the centre of "Second river, the several courses thereof, to the "centre of Passaic River, and the place of beginning."

All of the township of Woodside not included within the above mentioned boundaries was annexed to the township of Belleville.

James S. Gamble, Horace H. Nichols and Charles Akers, of the township of Woodside, were among the commissioners appointed to see that the division was properly carried out.

The act was approved April 5, 1871.

The transition from independence to slavery was engineered, I am told, by three men for personal and selfish motives, and it gives me great pleasure to record that all three were sadly left. One longed to be sheriff, but must live in Newark to secure the nomination, and did not wish to remove from this pleasant land; the two others were holders of considerable

property, and it was their hope that a boom in building lots would set in that would materially fatten their pocketbooks, and so in some dark and mysterious way our model township was ceded to Newark.

But the politician failed of election and the lots did not sell, and "one of the disappointed real estate "owners, like Judas Iscariot, went out and hanged "himself".

Once the place belonged to Newark the street car company could, of course, do what it liked with the roadway, and it shortly proceeded to regrade (I had almost said degrade) Washington avenue above Elwood, utterly destroying the carefully laid out parkway on which property owners had spent much thought and money. Terraces and trees were ruthlessly cut down and, to provide a dumping place for the earth removed, Oraton street was cut through and filled in with the Washington avenue debris. "Ichabod was written upon the avenue and the fine "name of Oraton could in no way lend dignity to the "new street", which at that time was largely given over to negroes and laborers.

THE OLD ROADS OF WOODSIDE.

Until 1865 Woodside was a purely agricultural district, except for the factories along Second river, and contained but four roads of any moment. The River road, the Back road to Belleville, the old Bloomfield or Long Hill road and the lower road from Belleville to Bloomfield, known as Murphy's lane.

There was also one cross road known as Division road or Bootleg lane, because of its shape; this is now given over to Halleck street and Grafton avenue, with that bit of Washington avenue which lies between.

HOW WE ARE TO PROCEED.

The history and legend, dating before 1867, so far as I have been able to find them, will be taken up guidebook fashion by following each road in turn and pointing out its wonders as we proceed.

THE RIVER ROAD.

"The road to 'Hocquackanong' was laid out from "the north end of Newark, as the path then ran, "through the village named, passing the north end of "the Acquackanonk meeting house and thence to "Pompton". This was recorded March 16, 1707, and must refer to the River road, though probably all the laying out it received was on paper.

The Indians from Paterson and beyond had a well defined trail along the river bank which led to Newark Bay, and the early settlers probably used this without attempting much improvement.

THE GULLY ROAD.

As we travel northward the River road naturally begins with the Gully road. As far back as tradition goes and the old maps show, the Gully road has existed, but there is a theory that the Indian trail, of which the River road is an expansion, continued down the river bank, and one bit of folk-lore which remains indicates that this may have been so.

A GULLY ROAD GHOST.

The legend tells us that so long ago that those who tell the story cannot compute the time, there lived at the present junction of Washington avenue

and the Gully road an aged couple in a simple cot that hardly kept them from the weather. There was then a small stream that claimed the gully for its own, but as time went on the brook gradually dried up, and as gradually people from the back country began to use its bed as a highway. As traffic grew the cottage was found to lie in the way of travelers, and one night it was ruthlessly torn down over the head of its defenseless occupant, for by this time only one was left.

The resultant exposure proved fatal, the old settler being unable to survive the shock, and ever after has his ghost walked the Gully road. The ghost has not been seen for thirty years or more, but one who has actually met the vision, a lady of years and education, tells me that she distinctly saw it one dark Sunday afternoon, about 1879, while on her way to church.

Though a resident here for several years she had never heard of the Gully road ghost, nor did she know that the region was haunted, but in the darkest and loneliest part of the road she encountered a nebulous shape about the size of a human being, standing at a gate which gave entrance to one of the few places along the road. My informant was young then, and more easily frightened than now, but she saw too distinctly to believe that she could have been mistaken. It appears that the lady had disregarded the biblical injunction to obey her husband, for he did not wish her to go to church at that particular time, but she, being contrary minded, insisted, and it seems highly

probable that the ghost was sent to warn her back into path of obedience. Hurrying back she informed her husband, but nothing more was seen of the apparition and it was some time later that she learned that the road was haunted and heard the above story from an old settler.

INDIAN RELICS FOUND IN THE GULLY ROAD.

The present level of the Gully road is much lower than it was even fifty years ago, and there is a legend that one hundred and fifty years ago a great freshet cut out large quantities of earth here, but the higher level could hardly have been of long duration, for Mrs. Gibbs recalls that a number of years ago,* while workmen were digging a trench, possibly for the sewer, they brought up what are thought to have been Indian relics from a depth of twelve feet or more. Mr. Gibbs's brother was passing at the moment of discovery and tried to purchase the find from the man in charge, as he regarded it of considerable ethnological value, but the contractor refused to sell, and when Mr. Gibbs and his brother returned to the spot the men had gone and their discovery with them, and to-day

* Since the above was put in type I have found one of the laborers who was employed in building the sewer through the Gully road. He tells me that this was about fourteen years ago, that the find occurred just east of the entrance to the Gibbs place on the north edge of the road, and consisted of four or five Indian skeletons with many stone hammers, arrow points, etc. My informant is under the impression that the burial place was extensive and only partially uncovered.

the exact character of the find is not known. Other Indian finds in this immediate neighborhood are a stone mortar and pestle and many arrow points on the Gibbs place. On the Sandford place, just above, a stone mortar hollowed out of a heavy block long stood by the well. This was kept filled with water for the chickens to drink from. When the place was regraded this stone disappeared, it having been probably buried.

From the fact that Indians would hardly dig to any such depth as indicated above, it is fair to presume that the filling in may have been comparatively recent; possibly some great storm had washed masses of earth down into the gully.

The Gully road is now well paved and lighted and much affected by that brazen highwayman the automobile, but there was a time when it was a dark and lonesome place where no honest man desired to be caught after dark; where it is said smugglers filed by during the silent watches of the night, the deserted river bank here being a favorite rendezvous for those whose deeds were evil.

OLD MOLL DE GROW.

Sixty years or so ago a stone wall ran from the bend of the Gully road, near the river diagonally to Belleville avenue, across the property now occupied by the cemetery. Beside this stone wall was buried the first person interred on the site of the cemetery—a noted witch, old Moll DeGrow, the fear of whose

shade lent greatly to the terrors of the Gully seventy-five years ago.

This witch was used by the elders as a bugaboo to keep the children indoors after dark, and she appears to have been eminently useful and successful in this capacity. The Gully road was as black as a black hat on a moonless night, and one who ventured abroad at such a time never could tell when he or she might be grabbed by the powers of darkness. During the long Winter evenings these farmer and fisher folk were wont to amuse and scare themselves, as well as the children, by relating all manner of ghostly experiences. Mrs. Henry Davis recalls how, as a child, she used to crawl up to bed so terrified after an evening of witch stories that she could hardly move, her one thought being to get under the bed clothes as quickly as possible, where she would all but smother.

Under such circumstances the ghost of a witch was a powerful combination for evil, and particularly so when it was such a witch as old Moll, who was so much a terror to the neighborhood that there was talk of burning her in order to rid the community of her undesirable presence, but fortunately she died before this feeling culminated in a tragedy. Mrs. Henry Davis well remembers hearing her mother (a former Miss King) tell this as a fact.

BODY SNATCHING.

In the early days of the cemetery, when it was inclosed by a high wooden fence, there was consider-

able talk of body-snatching, and one of the men in charge of the grounds was strongly suspected.

Old Mrs. Holt walking down the Gully road one night saw, standing in the darkest shadow, an old fashioned undertaker's wagon, and hearing voices of men, stepped back among the bushes out of harm's way. Soon she saw three men against the night sky standing on the high ground of the cemetery. One carried a lantern while the other two had a long bundle shrouded in white. He with the lantern stopped on the ridge, while the others kept down the slope. Now they lifted their bundle to the top of the fence where one man steadied it while the other climbed over. When both were over the body was taken down and placed in the wagon. The man on the hill, whose voice Mrs. Holt recognized, called good-night to the men in the road and they responded as the wagon rapidly drove toward Newark.

THE DEVIL IN THE GULLY ROAD.

How John Thompson saw the Devil in the Gully road was once told by himself in a moment of great confidence, for ordinarily he would never speak of the adventure.

About '68 or '69 John worked for Mr. Melius on the River road, and it was noticed that when called on to drive down town after dusk for his employer he invariably went the long way round—Grafton and Washington avenues—and when coming back with Mr. M. he would shut his mouth the moment they

entered within the dark precincts of the Gully and say never a word until they were well beyond the black shadow of its overhanging trees.

It seems that John was originally a river man and that he sailored under Captain Nichols, whose profanity was one of his notable points; he had a varied assortment of swear-words and a proficiency in their use that made the efforts of ordinary mortals pale into insignificance.

For some reason not explained the schooner was held up in Newark one day, and as the Captain lived in Belleville there was nothing for it but to walk home. John Thompson went along for, of course, neither one of the seamen thought much of the storm that was raging, even if the rain did come down in torrents which soaked them through.

It certainly did look dark and creepy to John as he peered into the black hole of the Gully road, and though he was himself a gentleman of color and matched up with a dark night first rate, he ever fancied daylight for such places, but the Captain went plunging on into the shadows and John could but follow.

The Captain had used up his stock of cuss-words, and while in the very darkest part of the tunnel commenced all over again and was going fine when a sudden, blinding flash of lightning discovered to John, who was in the rear, a third man walking between them and chuckling every time the Captain swore. Before the light went out John saw that the man was

dressed like a parson and that his clothes appeared to be dry in spite of the heavy downpour. A second flash showed a most alarming state of things: the stranger was on fire, smoke or steam was escaping from every crevice, but still he chuckled as the Captain ripped out all manner of strange oaths, and did not seem to pay any attention to his own internal combustion; even in the dark his glee could be heard bubbling forth, nor could the pounding of the storm drown it. By this time the Captain's attention was also attracted, and when a third flash enabled them to see that their unknown companion had hoofs their worst suspicions were realized and both men broke and ran for Belleville as fast as two pairs of scared legs could carry them, while the Devil laughed long and loud at their dismay.

A LOVER'S LANE.

Another man once ran against a cow in the Gully road one dark night and was considerably worked up over the adventure for the moment. The unfortunate part of it was that he lingered long enough to discover that it was a cow, else we might have had another story of these darksome terrors. The horns and hoofs were there, and all that was needed was a little more imagination and not quite so much practicality. But not all the stories of the Gully road are of such fearful things as these. It was a way of surpassing beauty when lighted by the sun, and a lover's lane that fairly blossomed with loving couples on pleasant Sunday afternoons, when the sighing of the wind in

the trees was but an echo of the happy sighs below. Many a life contract has been signed, sealed and delivered within its confines; in fact I have heard of one youth who proposed on the way back from a boat race, the romantic influence of the place with its glamor of shady nooks being quite too much for his equanimity.

GHOST OF A BRITISH SPY.

Then there was the English spy who, legend says, was captured by a party of Americans and promptly hanged on the limb of a large tree that stood at the bend of the road. His ghost was for long a sad handicap to the neighorhood and, singular as it may seem, he is said to have played his wildest pranks with those who placed the greatest faith in him. But since the spread of the Mount Pleasant Cemetery down toward his abode little or nothing has been heard of his doings. One theory is that of late he has come within the orbits of so many other ghosts, but of a more respectable and orderly character, that he has become inextricably tangled, much as is reported of wireless messages when many amateurs assault the air.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

About fifty years ago Henry William Herbert, who wrote under the name of Frank N. Forrester, resided on the river bank within the present limits of the cemetery, his place being known as "The Cedars". A queer, romantic figure about which much of fiction as well as truth has been woven.

To Mr. Boyden and others, whose youth was spent about here, this strange figure was a familiar sight, for the recluse used almost daily to walk down town, his shoulders enveloped in a shawl, and always with a troop of dogs at his heels. Those who so remember him rather resent the fact that his brawls have been made much of and his virtues neglected by such as write of him, for they recall him as an attractive man and pleasant companion with many kindly qualities. Herbert generally made a call at the Black Horse tavern which then stood at the "Stone Bridge", and after a short stay would continue on to the Park House. He was apt to be brusque with those he did not like, and when "beyond his depth" through too great conviviality inclined to be ugly when opposed.

He was born in London April 7, 1807, and was educated at an English college. He came to New York in 1831, supporting himself by teaching and later by writing short stories, historical novels and books on sports, his "Field Sports of America" soon making his name a familiar one to the lovers of gun and rod.

A Newarker, who has written of him from personal knowledge, says:—

"It is a difficult matter to sift the good from the "bad in Herbert's character. He was in truth a most "rare and singular being if he did not possess some "virtues.

"When writing his celebrated work, 'Field Sports "of America', he had access to the Newark Library;

"not content with the privileges there afforded, he cut "out bodily leaves from 'The Encyclopedia Britannica', "evidently unmindful of the selfishness and criminal- "ity of the act. There are some men made up of in- "consistencies, and a strange agglomeration of moods. "Herbert was one of them.

"There is nothing associated with Herbert's life "that is apt to strike a stranger favorably. He was a "direct antithesis of Irving, who possessed a certain "magnetic influence. The truth is Irving was a good "man and Herbert was not. Herbert was endowed "with rare genius, and those who have a desire to be- "come convinced of this fact should read his works; "they tower as far above the general literary produc- "tions of to-day as does the Oregon pine over the "tender sapling. His characters are finely drawn—not "overdrawn—his heroines are as pure as the purest, "and his villains—distinctive in their characteristics— " 'act well their parts'. Though not an extensive verse "writer, Herbert was the author of some very credit- "able poetry, his translation of Æschylus's 'Prome- "theus Bound' and 'Agamemnon' show ripe scholar- "ship and otherwise redound to his credit.

"In several of his novels the subject of this sketch "has portrayed his own character far better than it has "been or can be done by another. Whatever Her- "bert's defects, as an author he was of the highest "order; he was a voluminous writer and a fine trans- "lator. 'Marmaduke Wyvil', 'Cromwell' and 'The "Roman Traitor' are works that stand in the front

"rank of their class, while among his translations M. "Thiers's 'Life of the First Consul' is one of the "standard works of literature. In his historical novels "he approaches nearer Sir Walter Scott than any au- "thor I have been privileged to read. He was, in fact, "a dual character—an enigma. His genius merits ad- "miration, and it is safe to say that his fame will not "die with the century that gave him birth."

Many are the stories told to show his eccentric character and occasional violence. During summer days he would place himself on the bank of the river with a gun and thereaten to shoot passing boatmen unless they came on shore at his bidding, but no sooner did they land than Herbert would disappear, leaving the affrighted oarsmen in a state of perplexity as to what next. It sounds much like a fool trick from this distance, but his reputation made the experience anything but a pleasant one.

Conviviality was the order of the night at The Cedars, Herbert being much in the habit of inviting friends to enjoy what he termed the hospitality of the place. On one such occasion four guests were drinking with him, when the host suddenly sprang to his feet and produced from a small closet two swords and, throwing one on the table, ordered one of those present to defend himself. Recognizing that the affair might terminate seriously, one of the guests kicked over the table, throwing the lamp to the floor and enveloping the room in sudden darkness. The party "broke up" then and there, and the company made for

the Gully road that they might live to fight another day. Herbert was thoroughly crazed by this time, and chased his friends up to and down Belleville avenue. Finally the pursued separated and the pursuer kept on after one of them even to the Black Horse tavern (Broad street and Belleville avenue), where an escape was effected.

THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

A race modeled on Æsop's fable is by no means an everyday occurrence, but Herbert was by no means an everyday citizen. He seems to have been as fond of a joke as he is said to have been of a bottle, and these two loves furnished a modern version of the Hare and Tortoise fable. The following facts are given me by Mr. James S. Taylor, who was an eye witness of the event, and who secured missing details from one of the participants later.

But before going on with the story suppose we hear what the local poet had to say on the subject:—

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

This is the tale of a race
That long years gone took place
On the broad river Passaic
When times were archaic,
And here are the facts in the case:

One Herbert of eccentric renown
Challenged a friend, of the town,
And a supper of game
Should be prize for the same,
And with plenty of wine washed down.

The challenged was clumsy at rowing
And his boat very poor was at going,
While Herbert's was light
And his rowing a sight
To set all his backers a-crowing.

But, like the hare in the ancient race,
Herbert likewise did slacken his pace,
And soon sought his ease
'Neath the leaves where the trees
On the waters their shadows did trace.

A bottle he had from the vine
And was having a jolly good time,
When his friend labored by,
To whom Herbert did cry:
"Stop in and have sup of my wine."

But the tortoise kept steadily at work
While the hare on the bank still did shirk—
Where drink of the gods held him fast,
Where the cool, dark shadows were cast
And the scent of wild flowers did lurk.

The end came as it should in such case,
For the tortoise, though slow, won the race,
And 'twas Herbert who paid for that supper of game.
The story is ended, but for details of same
We'll drop into prose for a space.

Herbert was well acquainted with Frank Harrison, veteran of the war with Mexico and keeper of the North Ward Hotel on Broad street, opposite Bridge. At some convivial point in his existence he suggested

to Harrison that the two have a boat race on the Passaic, from Belleville to Newark, the prize to be a game supper, and the latter, being game himself, though no boatman, accepted the challenge.

The only condition or obligation of the race was that they should start together, and that the first man to cross the finishing line should win. Each could choose his own boat and suit himself as to rowing. Herbert, living on the river, had a light boat which he knew how to handle, was familiar with the currents and eddies and was moreover a good oarsman, while his opponent knew nothing of the Passaic or its ways. The day was warm, the start was made on time and Harrison received the inverted plaudits of the company assembled for the occasion, for it seemed to these wise ones that there could be but one end to such an event. Herbert was away promptly and soon out of sight around the bend where Second river loses its identity, while the dispenser of strong waters was yet finding himself, but as he rowed our eccentric friend became warm and a black bottle, which he had brought along for company, looked up at him from the bottom of the boat with an invitation he could not resist.

He was now well on his way and still his antagonist was not in sight, therefore, hurry seemed out of place, and then the cool depths of the tree-shaded river bank looked inviting and, thinking to tarry but a moment, he put the boat about for the shore.

Once on shore and stretched at his ease the neces-

sity for any race at all did not appear plain to our hero and he gurgled the time away, blissfully careless as to what might happen out in the hot sunshine. Thus the second boat came along, passed and continued on down toward the goal. Possibly Herbert thought he could at any time overtake his clumsy antagonist, possibly he did not go so far in his speculations; whatever his idea was, the tortoise won the race and the game supper.

Herbert shot himself in the Stevens House, New York, on May 17, 1858. He was buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, overlooking the river he knew so well, and his epitaph, which he is said to have suggested himself, is the single Latin word "Infelice".

EARLIER DWELLERS SOUTH OF THE GULLY ROAD.

In 1743 a Dr. Edward Pigot lived hereabouts, as is noted in the Town Meeting of that year, quoted elsewhere; who he was or whence he came is not for me to say. In 1791 Abraham Sandford, Jr., and Elisha Sandford, lived in an old house on the site of the Herbert house, while building the Sandford dwelling, which still stands nearly opposite the Point House. As early as 1680 the property was owned by Henry Rowe, and remained in the possession of the family until about 1812. Mary Rowe, a witch, lived in a cabin here, and may be the same person referred to elsewhere as Moll De Grow.

After that I find no record of a dwelling here until Herbert built. After his death this house was

occupied for a short time by Mr. Joseph S. Rano, a shoemaker by trade, and a great hunter and a haunter of the river and its banks; then came Mr. Sanchez y Dolce, who resided here until the dwelling was destroyed by fire. Then came the cemetery, and it is now the dwelling place of many dead.

GREEN ISLAND.

Those who only know the Passaic of to-day can hardly realize that there was once a "Green Island" lying off the northern end of Mount Pleasant Cemetery which was a noted rendezvous for wild ducks and geese, with enough water between it and the shore to enable river craft to navigate the channel.

This Green Island was a thorn in the side of the cemetery people, who purchased it for $1,000, or thought they did; but soon came those who bluffed them into buying it over again, and this time they paid $10,000. When the Erie came it claimed that the cemetery had no rights in Green Island at all, and calmly pre-empted it for trackage purposes.

OF FISH AND FISHING.

Seventy-five years ago this was a hunter's paradise, and even within the memory of some of us old codgers the fishing for shad and smelts was a well established industry. In fact, the fishing rights of Green Island were for hire, as I am told that one could rent them for a day or a week and do his own fishing. Old Fink, whoever he was, once gathered in five hundred shad in one haul; at least one of his contemporaries does

solemnly affirm such to have been the case, and another as calmly tells me that fourteen bushels of smelts were the reward of two hauls, of which he had cognizance.

This almost sounds as if we were again on the lake of Gennesaret. But still greater wonders are recorded by Mr. William Stimis, eighty-seven years of age, who has heard his father say that he had seen 1,200 shad caught in one haul, and he, William, with three others, gathered in 120 bushels of smelts in one night. He also tells of a striped bass weighing sixty-six pounds, sturgeon six feet long and of a host of lesser fish that swam the Passaic.

THE SMELT OF THE PASSAIC RIVER.

In Graham's American Monthly Magazine, 1854, appears a "Memoir on the Smelt of the Passaic River", by Frank Forrester, from which the following brief facts are taken:—

The author was fond of classical allusions and high sounding phrases, and devotes two of his four pages to telling us how much he knows of things that do not pertain to the subject in hand, but when he gets down to "the delicious little fish known as the Smelt" we learn that it is the smallest of the salmon family, that the American smelt is larger than, and superior to, the European variety, and that its zoological name "osmerus" is from the Greek, and means "to give forth a perfume", this having reference to the peculiar odor of cucumbers it exhales when fresh.

The smelt of the Passaic and Raritan rivers was

an entirely different fish from that of the Connecticut and more eastern rivers, and commanded a far higher price in the New York markets, though much smaller, the majority being under six inches in length while the eastern smelt averages eleven to twelve inches. The whole fish was of the most brilliant pearly silver, with the slightest possible changeable hue of greenish blue along the back, "The peculiar cucumber odor, in the freshly caught fish, and the extreme delicacy of the flesh, both of which are (1854) so far superior in the fish of the Passaic, as to be obvious to the least inquisitive observer". This Passaic smelt Mr. Herbert found agreed in every particular with the description of the European smelt.

In the springs of 1853-4 no school of fish, either shad or smelt, ran up the river owing, it was believed, to the establishment of a chain ferry about a mile above Newark bay. Mr. Herbert never knew of a well authenticated case where the smelt had been taken with bait, but states that they could be taken with the scarlet Ibis fly, and that he had himself killed them thus on the Passaic.

Two well known figures of the Green Island waters were those of the "Two Horaces", as they were called, Messrs. Horace H. Nichols and Horace Carter, brothers-in-law, neighbors and good friends. They constructed a comfortable boat for the purpose and might have been seen almost any pleasant afternoon, when the fishing was on, placidly waiting for a bite.

THE POINT HOUSE.

When the Erie came it drove spiles into the tender bosom of Green Island, and in time filled in a solid road bed, and where we once hunted for the roots and buds of the calamus docks have been built and filled in, and our island has lost its identity. All this filling has so changed the outline of the river bank that it is not now evident why the "Point House" was so named, though there was a time when this was a well developed point.

Accounts differ somewhat as to the old-time owners of the Point House property, even the same man does not altogether agree with himself on this point. It is said that Judge Elias Boudinot, a Newarker, secured the property from the state, there being no other claimant for it. It was probably purchased on November 12, 1799, from the Judge by Abraham Van Emburgh who, about 1810-14, left suddenly for parts unknown because of a financial panic in the Van Emburgh family.

The property was sold by order of the court on July 24, 1811, to Thomas Whitlock who, on August 22, 1811, sold it to Peter Sandford; his heirs disposed of it on February 8, 1832, to William Duncan, John Cunningham, Sebastian Duncan and John Duncan. Another account makes Simeon Stivers an owner one hundred years ago, and also mentions one William Glasby and Miles I'Anson as subsequent owners.

THE POINT HOUSE

Said to be 150 years old. The scene of many a story and incident

PHŒBE KING AND THE POINT HOUSE.

That the Point House was a place of resort at an early date would appear from the following anecdote told me by Mrs. R. H. Brewster, a granddaughter of that Phœbe King who furnished the original material for the story, and who lived just below in the King house. The incident occurred before 1820, and came to Mrs. Brewster from her mother.

During certain seasons of the year the men of the neighborhood were in the habit of going on what were known as fishing trips on the river, but though they fished within sight of their own doors, they would remain away from home for two or three days, using the Point House, which was then run by a woman, as headquarters, and here they indulged in what were technically known as "fish dinners", and these fish dinners, it would appear, were conducive to more or less conviviality. The fact that "Poddy", husband of Phœbe, was much troubled with gout in later years may have been due to an excess of fish, or something taken at this time—however this is merely surmise.

Phœbe, it seems, came to the conclusion that her good man was eating too many fish dinners, and she said something to this effect, even going so far, when no attention was paid to her first hint, as to suggest that she might blow up the Point House if "Poddy" did not change his method of fishing, but he forgot all about it the next time one of his cronies came along and off he went again. Thus things ran along some two years or more until one day Phœbe discovered a

ladder standing against the side of the Point House, next the kitchen chimney, at a time when a "fish dinner" was hatching, and as our story opens a great chowder was brewing over the fire at the bottom of that chimney. Phœbe saw her opportunity and grasped it; procuring a long string, a small bag and what she thought was powder enough to give the fisherman a scare, she proceeded to work. But as the result shows she underestimated the ability of good black powder to do things.

With the powder inclosed in the bag and the bag fast to one end of the string the good wife cautiously ascended to the roof and, carefully placing the bag just over the chimney's edge, she then came back to earth and, walking as far as the string would permit, let it go and hurried home. The result was even more conclusive than she had anticipated, for the explosion that followed not only distributed the chowder with absolute impartiality to the expectant company gathered around the hearth, but also removed a portion of the chimney.

It would appear that at that time there was a witch in the neighborhood, possibly old Moll DeGrow, whose power for evil was generally recognized, and the recipients of the chowder promptly came to the conclusion that the witch was at the bottom of the trouble, all but "Poddy". He had a light, and hastened home with it, but there sat Phœbe, placidly spinning and greatly surprised at his tale of woe, and though he tried to get up an argument over the mat-

ter it lacked success, being much too one-sided, and it was many years before he was allowed to verify his suspicions. In the meantime fish dinners at the Point House went out of fashion, the new method of serving chowder not being looked on with favor.

THE POINT HOUSE WORKS FOR A LIVING.

For several years the Duncans carried on the printing and dyeing of silk handkerchiefs in the Point House, probably the first enterprise of this sort established in the vicinity of Newark. They secured the raw silk in New York and, after converting it into the finished article, one of the brothers would make up a bundle of handkerchiefs and trudge to New York with it. On leaving this place the Duncans established the woolen mills in Franklin, N. J., which have since been known as the Essex Works.

Apparently the next use to which the point was put was for the transshipping of freight, for we are told that rather more than fifty years ago this was a landing where vessels unloaded coal and other commodities which those from the back country, even so far as Bloomfield, were wont to cart home by way of the Division road and Murphy's lane.

About 1855 our old Point House, which some say was built 150 years ago, was owned by George Jackson, who manufactured fireworks here, while his brother Charles followed the same trade in a small building just north. He is said to have paid $400 for the property. About once in so often the fireworks factory would explode, and it made such a nuisance of

itself because of these irregular excursions heavenward that Mr. Gould, who lived just across the way, purchased the property in order to quiet his nerves.

From fireworks to firewater sounds like an easy transition, and so we come to the Holt regime. The Holts and a brother of Mrs. Holt, Ed. Moorehouse, lived in the King house (which we have passed without knowing it, and to which we shall go back shortly) and some time before 1865 removed to the Point House, and here again was trouble for the neighbors, for while this was not a regular tavern, it would appear that a certain black bottle was part of its furniture, and that that black bottle was a magnet which no servant girl of the time and region could resist. Now a drunken cook is not generally regarded as any great addition to the family menage, as I am informed. It was no small undertaking to find a cook who would go so far into the country as this region then was, and when found, to have her almost immediately go astray via the Point House, was considered highly provoking.

The Holts made their own root beer, and there is a story to the effect that while a party of well known Newarkers was in the place one day a keg of this same beer, which stood on the bar, exploded and deluged the visitors with a combination of liquid sassafras and wintergreen that was shocking to see and worse to bear, and it is recorded that those inundated failed to discover a funny side to the experience.

THE FLOATING PALACE.

The "Floating Palace", kept by Ed. Holt, ap-

pears to have been a laudable effort on his part to benefit his friends and neighbors by catering to those who frequented the river. This was a boat anchored in the middle of the stream, which was reached by customers in small boats. It appears to be commonly thought that Ed. had a government license, but no local permit to retail liquor, and the boat was supposed to overcome the difficulty by straddling the county line. But one who knew Ed. well and knew the kind of a place he kept tells me that he sold nothing stronger than beer, and endeavored in every way to keep the boat of such a character that respectable parties could stop for refreshment, and that he was ably seconded in this by his Scotch-Irish wife, whose influence was all for good. Under more favorable circumstances Ed. Holt might have developed into a leading citizen. He was a man of character and of very temperate habits himself; a carpenter by trade, he always refused to employ men who were habitual drinkers.

For a short time there was a second floating palace anchored in Dead Man's bend, nearly opposite the lower end of Green Island, which was thoroughly disreputable, and it is probable that the reputation of this was unjustly extended to Holt's place, for many people are to-day of the opinion that the latter was not as clean as it might have been. The Floating Palace burned to the water's edge while Ed. Holt was still proprietor, and the experiment was not tried again.

The Point House was long known to oarsmen as

the training ground of some of the famed scullers of the world. Captain Chris. Van Emburgh, mariner, was one of the noted characters who frequented the place; he was an old Passaic river skipper and came originally from its eastern bank.

Quite within the memory of those who are now beginning to be numbered with the older inhabitants, the place was one of the picturesque features of the river. Here were benches placed beneath the graceful willows which adorned the banks of the point; it was a good vantage ground from which to view the boat races when the local Tritons were trying their powers of endurance against outside barbarians. There were boats to let here, as full many a lover knew. But as the river became more and more foul such diversions ceased, and to-day the Point House stands shorn of all its old time attractions.

OLD BLACK TOM.

Old Black Tom was a well known, and many times damned, neighbor of the Point House. This was a large rock which lay almost in the middle of the channel, which at this point came close in to the western shore; at low water it was just covered, and one of the amusements of the boys was to step on the rock from a boat, when the person so doing had the appearance of walking on the water. But what was not so amusing, at least to the river men, was for a boat to run on the rock when the tide was falling. The canal boats which carried bricks or coal above frequently fell victims and, as every one knows how ear-

nestly a rusty canaler talks when excited, there is no need to attempt a reproduction here.

It seemed natural to step from Green Island to the Point House and now, having disposed of the latter, we shall go back as far as the Gully road.

THE KING PROPERTY.

Just at the bend of the road on the north side stood, within the memory of man, a pump which was long a popular warm weather resort. This was on the old King property. Just when the first King came here, or where from, has not been ascertained; all we know is that a Jasper King was living at the junction of the Gully and River roads, an old man, at the time of the Revolution, and that his son, whose name is not now recalled, was a soldier under General Anthony Wayne and was killed in action. He is said to have been one of those who crossed the Delaware with Washington.

This son left one child, a son named Jasper, born July 18, 1775, who was brought up by his grandfather. Because of the confusion of tongues due to the similarity of name, the younger Jasper was nicknamed "Poddy", this being a sort of explanatory title which is supposed to have described his midship section.

This grandson enlisted for the War of 1812 and was stationed at Sandy Hook, he never saw active service in the field, but served his time out and was honorably discharged. He married Phœbe Budd, January 6, 1795, and about 1817 built the house which formerly stood in the bend of the road. Mrs. Henry

Davis, a granddaughter of this Jasper, recalls having heard her mother relate how, when Jasper was a very young child, he was taken by his mother to see the husband and father off to the war, and how the mother lifted him up so that the father, who was on horseback, could kiss the child good-bye. The father was killed in action and the child never saw him again.

The poorly shod condition of the soldiers at this time led to the throwing of their caps in the snow to stand in while waiting for the order to march. (This same tradition has also been handed down in the Phillips family, as noted elsewhere).

A story current in the King family indicates that a detachment of British or Hessian troops was camped at one time near the King house. For it is told how the young child Jasper was induced by these soldiers to bring them apples and potatoes from his grandfather's cellar. He was too young to appreciate what he was doing, but the grandfather soon caught him at it, and put a stop to it. This story would indicate that the invaders were not always such merciless marauders as is generally supposed. The orchard from which these apples came was situated on the Gibbs' hill and was noted for the fine quality of its fruit.

The last Jasper, who died October 1, 1854, had two sons, William and John, and eight daughters. John was a ship-builder, his yard being located in North Belleville. William was a brass molder and later had a sash and blind factory in Newark; he was noted as

a temperance lecturer and traveled the country over in the cause.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

One of the incidents of the Revolutionary period had somewhat to do with the King house. A son of Joseph Hedden, Jr., "the martyr patriot" of Newark, escaped from his father's house while the British soldiers were dragging the senior out of his bed and into the street. The boy, though but half clad, jumped from a window and ran to the Passaic river at Lombardy street and up the river on the ice and snow to the Gully road.

He stopped at the older King house for information and such scant clothing as they could afford to share with him and, believing that the soldiers were after him left by the Gully road for the Long Hill or Bloomfield road, where he found refuge in the house of a friend named Morris and was furnished with stimulants, food and clothing, and had his frozen feet treated.

The King house was later included in the Gibbs purchase and was occupied by the gardener employed by Mr. Gibbs, and while so used it was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Gibbs remembers the building as a typical old frame farm house snuggled down under the shelter of the hill, embowered in roses and so picturesquely situated as to make her long for the simple life.

BURIED TREASURE.

There have been many stories in the past of Cap-

tain Kidd and his buried treasure, and there has been much digging in the fields hereabout by those who would acquire riches without due process of labor, but the only find that I have heard of occurred where the Gully road joins the River road.

The building of the Erie Railroad necessitated a change where the Gully becomes the River road, and a strip some eighty feet wide was lopped off the Gibbs property. When the fence was moved back certain articles of silver were dug up by the workmen in the slender triangle which now lies between the drive and the railroad. The matter was kept quiet, presumably through fear that the stuff would be claimed, and the pieces disappeared before any one could inspect them.

Where this occurred would have been just in front of the older King house and it is possible that these articles were family treasures buried during the Revolution in fear of a British raid.

WHEN BRITON MET BRITON.

A story has come down from the elders to the effect that at some point in the game of war two detachments of British troops were foraging in this region apparently each "unbeknownst" to the other, for the legend has it that while one was on the River road nearly opposite Jasper King's, the other, which was on higher ground, mistook them for the enemy and fired a volley among them, whereupon the hirelings rushed for the cover of the river bank, which was much higher then than now, and in their excitement

threw their guns into the river. Some of these guns were recovered after the war by fishermen.

THORNHILL.

What has been known to most of those now living as the Gibbs house is an imposing brown stone edifice which was built by Governor Pennington for his daughter Mary when she became the wife of Hugh Toler. In due time the place was sold to Mr. Alfred H. Gibbs, and has since been known as Thornhill. It was a sightly place with the river at its feet.

THE TERHUNE PLACE.

The next place north was that known of late as the Terhune place, which stands just above the Riverside station. The original dweller on or near this site is said to have been a Maverick, but nothing more than this is known. Then came one Matthew Banks who, according to story, was so lazy that he hoed his corn on horseback. Mr. Banks was quite as much fisherman as farmer, and spent much of his time on the river, and they do say that the old fellow would turn a penny now and then by selling herring for shad to the unsophisticated. Older residents tell me that there was formerly a hill of some altitude between this place and the river which cut out any view of the water from the house, and to which children were taken on Fourth of July nights as a vantage point from which to view the fireworks. Mr. Banks came here about 1820 and was possibly the last slave owner in this neighborhood. He is said to have purchased

a negro from John Hawthorn, the quarryman, and, when he sold the place, among the chattels he wished to dispose of was a colored boy aged 14 years, "used to farm work".

After Matthew Banks a Mr. Small, who was the head printer in the Daily Advertiser office, took up his residence here, and following him, if I have the history right, came Mr. Terhune, who built the present house. Here also lived Mr. Horace Carter while his own dwelling was building on the Gully road, and thus we come to modern times.

SANDFORD.

"Second day of July in the year of our Lord one "thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, Abraham "Sandford, Jr., of New Barbadoes Bergen County, "bought from Thomas Eagles and wife Mary a certain "parcel of land. Beginning at the road that leads from "Newark to Second river at the east corner of the land "of Abraham Stivers", etc. So runs the old deed which announces the advent of the Sandford family on this side of the river.

Captain William Sandford, the original settler of the name in this country, came from the Barbadoes Islands in 1668 as the representative of Nathaniel Kingsland "of the same Island of Barbadoes, Esq." He purchased "all that Neck of Land lying and being between Pisaick and Hackingsack Rivers". The lower seven miles of this tract beginning at Newark bay and extending to the copper mine, and "Commonly then known by the name of New Barbadoes" fell in due

course to Captain Sandford. The Captain was a noted man in his day. In 1682 he was commissioned Attorney of the Province, in 1699 he was appointed by Governor Carteret one of his two deputy governors during the absence of the Governor in England; he was for years in the Governor's Council and prominent in affairs of church and state.

The Abraham Sandford, Jr., who was the first of the name to settle on the west bank of the Passaic, was a great-great-grandson of William Sandford. He built the house (1794-5) which still stands, but in a greatly remodeled condition, just below and opposite the Point House, and which is to-day occupied by his grandchildren. As the family grew and multiplied this particular branch was known as the "Pine Tree Sandfords", owing to the fact that a magnificent tree of the species long flourished near the dwelling.

The tract originally purchased by Abraham Sandford, Jr., comprised about thirty acres, extending to the Back road. In 1801 he added to his possessions by purchasing the river front from Simeon Stivers, and in 1817 bought an adjoining half acre from Stewart Elder. Abraham, Jr., had three children: Susan, Maria and Abraham A. The son married Charity Yansen, whose father was a soldier of the Revolution; they resided on the homestead; their children were Elizabeth M., Emma L., Mary O. and Frank. The first and last of these still live in the old house.

POLLY VAN WINKLE.

Polly Van Winkle was one of the picturesque

figures of the River road some two or three generations ago. The neighbors appear to have stood in some fear of her lest she take offense and vent her displeasure by setting fire to their property; thus she came and went much as it pleased her. She appears to have had no home of her own, but carried all her worldly goods in a pack on her back, and when she appeared at some door it was to walk in and make herself at home, declining to go no matter how broad the hints that were dropped. She never wished a bed, always preferring to sleep on the floor close to her bundle, which was never allowed to leave her sight.

MUNN.

Next as we progress northward is the Munn house.

The Munns came to America from England or Wales, and were among the early Newark settlers from New England. Captain Benjamin Munn of Hartford, Conn., served in the Pequot Indian War of 1637. He removed to Springfield, 1649; was probably killed by the Indians, 1675. His two sons, John and James, were in the Indian fight at Turners Falls, 1676. John settled in Westfield, died 1684, leaving a widow and two sons, John and Benjamin. The widow married, 1686, John Richards, the schoolmaster of Westfield, and removed with him and her two boys to Deerfield, where his house was burned in the destruction of the town by the French and Indians in 1704. A few years afterward he removed to Newark, N. J., where he was the schoolmaster in 1718. His stepson, John Munn, married Mary, sister of John Richards

and widow of John Ward, about 1720, and had Joseph, Samuel and Benjamin. Benjamin was born 1730 and died 1818—lived all his life on his farm, now the town of East Orange. Two of his sons, David and Amos, served in the Revolutionary War. After the war Amos married a daughter of Silas Dod and settled in Bloomfield—died in 1808, leaving Silas and other children. Silas continued his business till 1825, when he removed with his wife and two boys, William Alonzo and Bethuel, to the old Col. Van Cortland place on the Passaic, just below the mouth of Second river. Here he resided five years—1825-1830—during which time his son Henry Benson and daughter Emeline were born. He then moved to Belleville, where he lost his daughter Emeline, and where his son Silas, Jr., was born.

In 1850 he purchased the Van Emburgh place, consisting of four or five acres, opposite the old Point House.

This tract was conveyed on June 7, 1790, by Gaspars Van Winkle and wife and Aurentee Due, heirs of Gideon and Mary Smith, to Abraham Van Emburgh. Most of the property remained in the Van Emburgh family until sold to Silas Munn, March 16, 1850. At this time there were two small dwellings on the land, one was moved back and converted into a barn, the other was moved, remodeled and added to in 1893 and is still standing. Here Silas died in 1873.

The children of Silas were William Alonzo, Bethuel, Silas, Henry Benson and Emeline. William

Alonzo married a sister of John Boyd of Woodside, and removed to New York; his second wife was Hannah Wilson, with whom he removed to Milwaukee, where he died in 1876. Bethuel married Sarah, another sister of John Boyd, and after the death of his mother, in 1866, occupied the house on the River road until his decease in 1899. Henry Benson studied law, moved to Madison and Portage City, Wis., of which latter place he was elected mayor, and from which he was sent to the Legislature. He finally removed to Washington, D. C., where he still resides; he has owned the homestead for many years. Silas, Jr., followed civil engineering, went west and finally settled on a farm near Grant City, Mo., where he now resides.

THE MELIUS HOUSE.

Next in order stands the Esley Melius house. Old deeds in the possession of Mr. Theo. Melius tell us that on December 11, 1799, Abraham Van Emburgh and Rhoda, his wife, sold to John P. Sandford for the sum of $3.84, at a place called Belleville, a part of a water lot, which the said Abraham Van Emburgh purchased from Elisha Boudinot, Esqr., by a deed bearing date November 12, 1799; this adjoined the lot "now conveyed" to Charles Hedenburgh.

March 20, 1866, John I. Sandford and Rhoda, his wife; Asa Torry and Mary, his wife; Catherine Udall and Sarah Hopson quitclaimed the above water lot to Rachael Sandford, this being part of the real estate of the late John P. Sandford.

March 20, 1860, Rachael Sandford deeded the above water lot to Ezra Gould for the sum of $500.

These transfers show the ownership of the water-front of the Melius place since 1799, and possibly some time before that date.

The north part of the present Melius house was erected by John Stimis, probably at the same time that he erected his own house, just above, 1805. Amos Munn, son of Benjamin, of East Orange, and father of Silas Munn, ancestor of the River road branch, born 1763, died 1808, was at the time of his death building a dwelling on the lot now occupied by the Foster Home; his executors exchanged the unfinished building for a two-acre lot, which is now part of the Melius homestead. In 1811 the executors sold the lot to Jean Baptiste Bacque. Later there dwelt here one Hedenburgh, if I am correctly informed; then a Vincent whose daughter, Dorcas, married Gilbert Pullinger—the Pullinger reign lasted from 1830 to 1836. Mrs. Pullinger appears to have been a character with more loves than come to most of us. After her came the Duncans, a Zeiss, William Patterson, Ezra Gould and Esley Melius.

By a deed dated October 1, 1853, John R. Sked and Sarah C., his wife, sold the property, which was in shape like the letter L, and which inclosed on two sides the property of Charles Daugherty, to Ezra Gould, subject to several mortgages held by William Patterson and others. And on May 1, 1857, Charles Daugherty and Rachael, his wife, sold to Ezra Gould

a lot purchased in 1849 from William Patterson, which squared the Gould property.

April 12, 1866, Peter M. Myers and wife sold the Ezra Gould property to Sarah A. Melius, wife of Esley Melius, and the property has since remained in the Melius family.

Mrs. Melius was a daughter of Samuel Rust, the inventor of the Washington press, which was the foundation on which the great firm of R. Hoe & Co. was builded. The daughter received the best education that the times afforded girls, being placed first at a leading school in Poughkeepsie, then at the West Point Academy on Lake Champlain, and was given a finishing polish at Mrs. Jackson's school on Broadway, New York, which was located just above Prince street on the site later occupied by the Metropolitan Hotel. She was a woman of strong convictions and was in her day a magazine writer of some note.

There is a story current that Mrs. Melius once held the Erie Railroad up at the point of her parasol by standing in the middle of the track and shaking that weapon at the approaching engine, which naturally stopped all a-tremble, whereupon the lady climbed on board a car and enjoyed a ride to New York. Just how much of this is fact and how much is fancy is not altogether clear at this distance.

STIMIS FAMILY TRADITIONS.

The next house that can claim the dignity of age is that built about 1805 by Mr. John Stimis, son of

Christopher, and occupied during our early days by Col. Gilbert W. Cumming, and at present by the Andersons.

Christopher Stimis was the first of the name to settle in this neighborhood. He came some time before the Revolution, from a place then known as Weasel which, according to the Erskin Map No. 82 (made for the use of General Washington during the Revolution), was situated along the Passaic river, west side, some 3-4 miles north of the "Achquackhenonk" bridge (the present town of Passaic).

Christopher married a daughter of the house of Coeyman and built his home, on land that had come to his wife from her father's estate, a few hundred feet north of the present Melius house. When the Revolutionary war came Christopher enlisted, and while in the army took a heavy cold and died of hasty consumption.

Christopher had two sons, John (1) and Henry (1).

John (1) had five sons: John, Peter, Christopher, Henry and William (the latter is the only one of this generation now living).

Henry (1), who lived in the old homestead just south of John, had four sons: John, Abraham, James and Thomas.

The above information comes from Mr. William Stimis, now 87 years of age, a grandson of Christopher. His memory is clear and he is quite certain of his facts.

While the first Stimis did not keep a tavern in

the ordinary sense, he did know how to brew beer, and for many years the house was a stopping place for thirsty souls. Even as late as the Revolution the brewing of beer was continued, for I am informed that the place was frequented both by Hessians from across the river and by such Continental soldiers as happened in the neighborhood.

HESSIANS BURY LOOT.

There is a story which has been handed down in the Stimis family to the effect that some Hessians, while on this side, were hard pressed by a superior force of Americans, and in their haste to get away were compelled to bury certain treasure or loot of some sort in the field back of the Stimis house, toward Washington avenue. This treasure has been dug for within my own recollection, but so far as known was never found. The Hessians also left behind in the Stimis house some muskets and a camp kettle which are still in the possession of members of the family.

OLD TWO BOTTLES.

One of the characters of the River road some fifty or more years ago was "General" James or "Old Two Bottles", as he was more familiarly known. General James was a shoemaker who lived under the bank, two hundred feet or so below the limekiln; in fact at about the spot known to my youth as "the Cedars", where we boys learned to swim and had our clothes tied in knots to a chant which, as I remember it, went something like this:—

"Chaw roast beef,
The beef was tough;
Poor little nigger,
He couldn't get enough."

By wetting the article of clothing and pulling hard two boys could draw tight a knot which took both hands and all the teeth the owner of the aforementioned article had to work loose.

The General lived near the water's edge in a little hut of stone and wood. The old shanty leaked so that when the rain fell he and his wife sought refuge under the family umbrella, so the story goes.

Near his house was a spring of good water, but what interested the youth of the neighborhood more was the legend of a cave close by where Captain Kidd is said to have stowed treasure. This was supposed to be at a spot where were more stones than nature would seem properly to have gathered together, and this the boys would now and then pry into, but so far as known nothing came of it but an occasional backache.

Presumably his close contact with the river bred a contempt for water that became more and more pronounced as the old fellow advanced in years, when to the few who can now recall him he was a well known character. Possibly he once drank some water which did not agree with him—possibly he supposed it was only intended for the floating of boats (none has as yet made this point clear), but, whatever the cause, our friend was very particular not to tamper with his constitution by drinking any more of the

stuff. Hence the jug which was his constant companion when visiting Newark.

The General had a private path, just above the reach of high tide, which came out on the main road near the Point House, and every Saturday afternoon wife Rachael and he would journey southward. They always walked single file, the old lady some fifty to one hundred feet in the rear—presumably this was to insure the safety of the jug, a rear guard, as it were, to protect the supplies, a precautionary measure which would naturally occur to a military man.

Possibly our "General" was a veteran of the war with nature: that certainly is a satisfactory way to account for his title. Just how he came by the secondary title of "Old Two Bottles" is not quite clear, but it is said that it was the result of high words in the family. Mrs. General, it seems, longed for something more substantial than the rear to guard, and appears to have made an unwelcome suggestion that two bottles would be better than one jug and, being some distance behind the conversation was carried on in an elevated tone of voice, and as the General's rate of locomotion was about a mile an hour the neighbors came easily by the story.

The General and his wife occupy unmarked graves in the neglected burial ground above the Weiler house.

THE ALEXANDER PLACE.

The next house of which there is any memory was a brick structure at the southwest corner of the River

and Division roads. This was the property of, and presumably built by, "Jim" Alexander (James G. Alexander?), who came from Newark and passed the place many times as he drove the stage from Newark to Belleville. Alexander was a North of Ireland man who came to Belleville after a brief sojourn in Paterson. For a time he drove a stage between Belleville and New York, and also between Belleville and Newark. He married a Coeyman and thus came into possession of a farm which extended from Grafton avenue south to the Henry Stimis place, and from the river back to Summer avenue. He is said to have run the limekiln at one time.

Alexander's house burned and he removed to Belleville, where he became somewhat eccentric, parading the streets barefoot and with a silk hat on his head, in which costume he would preach whenever the curious were willing to form a congregation. There are stories current which indicate that he had a ready wit and a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword.

THE LIME KILN.

We have come to the Division road, now Grafton avenue, so far as this end of it is concerned. Opposite, on the river bank, stood for many years the limekiln erected by three Englishmen: Thomas Vernon, Thomas Farrand and John T. Grice. This performed its offices without doing serious damage to the landscape. The last to burn lime here was Mr. Francis Tompkins, but the old Newark Lime & Cement Com-

pany was finally too much for him, and he went under. Between the burnings of lime there was little activity about the place, and as time went on it became little more than a picturesque wreck, and thirty years ago or more the old kiln ceased work entirely. Then came Mr. Benfield who, as some of his facetious neighbors were fond of saying, had a process for extracting gold from stone fences. So far as I have any knowledge of the matter, the process was all right, but it cost more to extract the gold than it would bring in the open market, and so in a certain sense the experiment was not a success, and it resulted in the erection of unsightly buildings which have been added to from time to time by others who would do things here, until from being a picturesque ruin the place has grown to be one of the ugliest sights on the river bank.

HOUSES ABOVE GRAFTON AVENUE.

Above Grafton avenue, on the corner, stood the frame house of John McDonald, who married a Coeyman (he was a calico printer by trade), and opposite, between road and river, stood a small frame house occupied by James Coeyman. Above, on the west, was the brick house of Levi Coeyman, and next the frame house of John DeHush Coeyman, while on the site now occupied by the large brick house built by Peter Weiler stood the home of Minard Coeyman, the hive of the Coeymans. Just above, where the brook crossed the road, was the house of Henry Coeyman, and just beyond that of John Coeyman, later occupied

by William McDonald and by one Worthington. A cannon ball and numerous Indian relics have been ploughed up on this property. The last three buildings were torn down by Mr. Weiler when he built about 1860. The only other house below Second river was the original Van Cortlandt stone house.

COEYMAN GENEALOGY.

Peter Coeymans of Utrecht, in the Netherlands, had seven children. His five sons sailed from Holland in the ship Rensselaerswyck, October 1, 1636, and settled in Albany, N. Y. The youngest of the boys was Lucas Pieterse Coeymans. "May 14th, 9th "year of William 3d of England (1698) Leukes Coe- "man of the towne of Newark yeoman", bought of Gerrit Hollaer of the city of New York, land lying on the Passaic river, in the "toune" of Newark and County of Essex, "where the said Leukes Coeman now livith". This deed was acknowledged January 17, 1699.

The children of Lucas Peterse Coeymans and Arientie, his wife, all of whom were born in Albany, N. Y., were:—

Geertie Koemans, who married Harmanus Bras, October 5, 1695, at Hackensack.

Marytie Koeymans, who married Cornelis Tomese, August 8, 1696, at Hackensack.

Johannes Koeymans, who married Rachel Symen Van Winckle (of Acquackanonk), March 6, 1708, at Hackensack.

Januetie Koemans, who married Gideon Symen Van Winkle (of Acquackanonk), March 13, 1708.

Very little has been preserved concerning the Coeyman family, and probably the only way to trace the line from Johannes down to Minard would be by a long search of old titles. Minard Coeyman is said to have served during the Revolution under Colonel Van Cortlandt.

Minard had sons: Henry M., Peter, William, Thomas and John.

Henry M. had a son, James A., whose son, Albert J., now lives in Belleville.

Peter had sons: Levi and Minard.

EXTENT OF THE COEYMAN POSSESSIONS.

There is a legend in the Coeyman family to the effect that it at one time owned all the land between Second river and the Gully road, and that the land purchased by Van Cortlandt was sold to him by a Coeyman. That, if correct, would carry the property north to Second river. Its southern boundary has only been traced as far as the present Melius property. Mr. William Stimis tells me that the first Christopher Stimis who came here married a Coeyman, who received as her portion of the estate six acres, which included the land occupied by the late Henry Stimis and extended to the present Melius property. Mr. William Stimis thinks that his grandmother, the wife of Christopher, above, was a daughter of Andrew Coeyman and a sister of Minard Coeyman, but he is

not sure of this. Mr. Daniel F. Tompkins has made the statement that the Coeyman property once extended from the Gully road to Second river and westward to include Forest Hill.

A COEYMAN REMINISCENCE.

A Coeyman reminiscence tells how, in order to save their bedding and household linen from the rapacity of the soldiers it was placed on the barn floor and covered deep with hay, and how the soldiers came along and began to use up the hay and the pile went down and down and down, until there were only four feet between the invaders and discovery, but at this point the troops left the locality and the bedding remained in the family.

The army lay on the Coeyman farm long enough to cut down every forest tree that stood thereon, and all the fine old trees that we knew thirty years ago are said to have come into being since then. The same story is told of General Wayne's troops, who camped along the Back road, and probably the above refers to this same time.

WASHINGTON MARCHES DOWN THE RIVER ROAD.

November 21, 1776, General Washington and the troops from Fort Lee left Hackensack by the Pollifly road, crossed over to the old Paramus road and reached the bridge at Acquackanonk (now the town of Passaic) about noon. Crossing there the bridge was destroyed to delay the pursuing British under Corn-

wallis. On the 22d Washington and 3,500 or more troops left Acquackanonk for Newark. The forces were divided, some going over the hill to Bloomfield, the others keeping down the River road and thus entering Newark.

This was one of the most bitter periods of the Revolutionary struggle; everything was apparently going against the American cause, and it was a bedraggled and disheartened company that marched down our River road on that 22d day of November. Thomas Paine participated in this retreat across New Jersey, and it was this that inspired his "Crisis", which begins: "These are the times that try men's souls", and it was at Newark on November 23d that Washington wrote: "The situation of our affairs is "truly critical, and such as requires uncommon exer- "tion on our part." The way in which Washington handled this, as other desperate situations, has placed him in the front rank of commanders the world over. His "Fabian" policy of masterly inaction in front of forces vastly superior to his own, combined with his ability to recognize and take advantage of the opportunity when it arrived, was marvelous.

Cornwallis did not attempt to cross the river until November 26th. Apparently he had no wish to capture the American troops, as he spent something like a week in the Passaic Valley, foraging on the country as he went, and progressing in a most leisurely manner.

STEPHEN VAN CORTLANDT AT SECOND RIVER.

Stephen Van Cortlandt, twelfth child of Col. Stephanus Van Cortlandt by his wife, Gertrude Schuyler, was born 11, August, 1695; married 28, August, 1713, Catalina Staats, daughter of Dr. Samuel Staats by his first wife, Johanna Rynders. He resided at "Second River" (now Belleville), Essex County, N. J. Issue:

1. Johanna Van Cortlandt, born 3, February, 1714; died without issue.

2. Gertrude Van Cortlandt, born 23, February, 1715; married Johannes Van Rensselaer.

3. Stephanus Van Cortlandt, born 19, September, 1716; died without issue.

4. Samuel Van Cortlandt, born 22, December, 1717; died without issue.

5. John Van Cortlandt, born 16, February, 1721; died 29, June, 1786. Married Hester Bayard.

6. Philip Van Cortlandt, born in 1725; died 1800 without issue. He commanded a New Jersey Regiment in the Revolution.

7. Sarah Van Cortlandt died without issue.

John (above) had a son Stephen, born 11, August, 1750, and Stephen had two daughters—Elizabeth, who married John Van Rensselaer, and Hester, who married James Van Cortlandt. (The above is from Mrs. Catharine T. R. Mathews, nee Van Cortlandt, an authority on the family genealogy.)

THE OLD VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE.

The old Van Cortlandt house, which is described below, stood about midway between Second river and

the G. L. R. R. tracks, facing the Passaic, and also the road, for at that time the highway kept very close to the water's edge but, owing to the frequent flooding of this low land and consequent washouts, the road was finally set back to its present line. Fifty years ago this was known as the "new" road.

There is some uncertainty as to when this house was built, for if Dr. Staats gave the house now known as the Belleville Hotel to his daughter at the time of her marriage, as some think, Stephen Van Cortlandt would hardly have erected a second dwelling, at least until a son or daughter married and desired to start a new establishment. During the later years of its existence the old house is said to have been haunted by a ghost nine feet high and hump-backed, and the place had an uncanny reputation—misfortune was said to follow its tenants. Old residents told of skeletons in its musty closets, and one of the Van Cortlandt family is said to have become insane while living here, but what the tragedy was, if any, has not been recorded. [See note on p. 63.]

NOTES ON THE VAN CORTLANDT PLACE.

Mr. Silas Munn says in his fragmentary diary that when he moved into the old Van Cortlandt house many people said that it was the abode of "hobgoblins" and that ill fortune followed its occupants—then followed the statement that at the end of two years he was taken down with malarial fever—lost a flock of sheep—two valuable horses, one of which was killed

by a foul with another on the road, and lost so much money in his business that he was obliged to suspend and take boarders. Bad luck seemed to follow all its subsequent occupants till finally, in 1878, the old house was destroyed by fire.

The house was after the pattern of those built by the Dutch farmers at an early day. A broad hall ran through the centre, at either end were heavy doors, divided horizontally, so that only one-half need be opened at a time and thus leave the occupant free to talk with a caller without intrusion. A broad garden extended from the road to the house, a spacious barn was nearby, while orchards of rare apples and pears extended on either side and on the opposite side of the road was another orchard of fine fruit. The property in 1829 adjoined that of Minard Coeyman. It was then known as the estate of Colonel Van Cortlandt. Silas Munn, under date of September 2, 1829, writes that he was requested by Minard Coeyman to attend with G. Dow and fix the line between his land and that of the estate of Van Cortlandt, when it was found that the estate had inclosed 300 rods of Coeyman's land.

ADVICE TO GIRLS WHO WOULD MARRY.

The first Mrs. John Van Rensselaer, who has been heard by Mrs. Kay to say that she was married in the house south of Second river, used to caution the young girls of her acquaintance against too long delay and overmuch prinking, and she was somewhat fond of citing herself and her sister as examples.

It seems that when John Van Rensselaer came down from Albany to spy out the land and its fair daughters, he came to the Van Cortlandt house, where the two girls were living, and word was brought upstairs to the young ladies that the gentleman was below awaiting them. Whereupon "Bess" was for going down immediately, dressed as she was, but the sister, thinking that a few more furbelows would add to her charms, remained behind and spent a half hour or so before the glass.

This, of course, gave "Bess" an opportunity with the visitor which she improved to such good purpose that the matter of the future Mrs. Van Rensselaer was practically settled by the time the much beautified sister appeared on the scene. The story I have from Mrs. Mary E. Tucker who, when a girl, was told the incident by Mrs. Van Rensselaer herself.

JOHN VAN RENSSELAER II.

About 1830 an Englishman named Duxbury was living in the Van Cortlandt house. He had been brought over to act as general superintendent of the print works. John Van Rensselaer, whose father married Elizabeth Van Cortlandt, became very much interested in Margaret Duxbury, and they were finally married. Thus two John Van Rensselaers in succession went to the old house for their brides; the children of John 2d were James, Cortlandt and Catherine.

WHAT AN OLD MAP SHOWS.

On the Erskin map No. 79, known as "From Newark, through Acquackononk to Gothum" this house is marked "storehouse", while to the house north of Second river (now the Belleville Hotel) is attached the name of Stephen Van Cortlandt.

This same map shows the old Coeyman house to have been occupied by Hendrick Coeyman; another house just north of this is not named, and these three are the only houses noted on this map on the River road between Second river and the Gully road, though the old Stimis house must have been standing at this time, and it is probable that the first King house was also then in existence.

CANNON BALLS FROM THE RIVER.

Mr. James S. Taylor tells me that in hauling for shad on the reef just below Second river, which was formerly only two feet under water at low tide, it was no uncommon thing to scoop up occasional shells from the bottom of a bigness of three to four inches in diameter. The Decatur Powder Works were formerly situated just above on the north bank of Second river, and whether these shells were a relic of that institution or were some reminiscence of the Revolution no one seems to know.

COEYMAN BURIAL GROUND.

But few of the stones are left in the old Coeyman burial ground, which lies just north of the Weiler house. The following is a complete list of those standing at the present time:—

Anthony Wauters,
who died April 9, 1800
Aged 52 years
also his wife
Margaret
who died Oct. 8, 1802
Aged 52 years
and his daughter
Mary
who died April 23, 1832
Aged 66 years.
O what were all my sufferings here
If, Lord, thou count me meet;
With that enraptur'd host to appear
And worship at thy feet.

Rachel Wat———
Departed this life April
17th, 1833
Aged 62 years 1 day
The Lord taketh pleasure ———
that fear him. In those ———
in his mercy.

Peter L. Coeyman,
Died April 6th, 1869, Aged 76 years, 11 mo. and 4 days
Come all my friends as you pass by
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare yourselves to follow me.

In memory of James,
son of Minard and Catherine Coeman who
died August 5th, 1801, aged 1 year, 10 mos. and 7 days

Minard Coeyman died November 12, 1833, aged 75 years and five months.
Catherine, his wife, died July 13, 1841, aged 76 years, 10 months and six days.
Lean not on earth, 'twill
Pierce thee to the heart.
Caroline, daughter of James and Catherine Alexander, died October 1st, 1841, aged 1 year, 6 mos. and 9 days.

Levi Holden. 1806

Sacred to the memory of Thomas Holden, oldest son of Levi and Hannah Holden, who was born in Massachusetts on the 5th day of September, 1779, and departed this life 20th day of May, 1820, after a very protracted and severe illness. Aged 40 years, 8 mo. and 15 days.

His heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
The lids that he seldom could close,
By anguish forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in the sweetest repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
His soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the Kingdom of love.

L. H. In memory of Levi Holden, son of Thomas and Anne Holden, who was born in Massachusetts August 19th, 1799. Drowned 19th July, 1806.

When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear,
Then shall ye also appear with him in glory.
O grave where is thy sting,
O death where is thy victory.

John MacDonald
Born Jan. 3, 1820, Died May 30, 1881.
With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course and kept the faith
And wait the sure reward.

Frank H. Smith
Died December 2, 1885, Aged 14 years and 2 days.

Carrie A. Smith,
Died November 8th, 1888, Aged 10 years and 11 mos.

INDIAN RELICS.

The New Jersey Historical Society has in its possession two Indian stone hatchets and a number of arrow points which were dug from the river bank 300 to 500 feet above Grafton avenue by Mr. William Jackson. Indian relics have been dug up at numerous points along the River road.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

About 1837 there was much mystery concerning a certain "Button" factory on Second river, near the Passaic, which was run by one Thomas Thomas. Twice each year a vessel would ascend the Passaic and drop anchor opposite Grafton avenue; no one ever came ashore from her, and all sorts of rumors

were spread in regard to her. Some said she was a smuggler, others a pirate. After nightfall there were mysterious trips from the "Button" factory to the schooner, men trundled heavy casks down to the water's edge and these were transferred to the vessel which, in due time, sailed away with the awful secret buried deep in her hold.

It seems that Thomas was engaged in manufacturing money which was sent to Brazil. Mr. William Stimis, who ran the milling machine in the "Button" factory states that copper coins of two sizes were made. One marked "40" was the size of a silver half dollar, and one marked "80" the size of a dollar. Jos. Gardner was engaged to engrave the dies. The place was raided two or three times on the theory that counterfeiting was going on, and Gardner was arrested at least once.

ADDITIONAL ON THE VAN CORTLANDT HOME.

NOTE — The following was received from Mrs. Mathews too late to insert it in its proper place (pp. 55-57). Mrs. Mathews thinks that the house south of Second river was built by John Van Cortlandt (5), son of the Stephen Van Cortlandt who married Catalina Staats. It was his grand-daughter Elizabeth who married John Van Rensselaer in the old house.

NOTE—The inscription below was omitted from its proper place in the list of those stones now standing in the Coeyman burial ground:—

In memory of
Christina, wife of
Anton King who
died Dec. 10, 1791,
In the 91st year
of her age.

DIVISION ROAD.

Division road, or Root Log lane, was merely a cross road, connecting the River and Back roads. This followed the present lines of Grafton avenue and Halleck street with that bit of Washington avenue which lies between, the jog being accounted for by a hill, which it was necessary to circumvent.

The first house built on the lane was that of James Campbell, a silk printer by trade, who worked in the factory of his brother, Peter, in Belleville. This was situated at the foot of the hill in what is now the northeast corner of Washington and Grafton avenues. It was later occupied by Mr. Kennedy, the Burst. The next house was built by Mr. William Stimis (who gives me these facts) about opposite the above on Washington avenue.

The third house erected was that of Mr. William Dubey (Halleck street), an Englishman who was employed in the Bird factory. Mr. Dubey is described as a stocky man, genial, full of story and pleasant wit, and he appears to be remembered as something of a character. The place was added to by Morrison and Briggs, and here Charles Morrison is said to have lived for a time. Then came Mr. Stent, the architect,

who designed the present entrance to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The house is at present used for beer bottling purposes. Halleck street was at one time known as "Tobey's" lane.

The fourth house was that of Gilbert Stimis, on the south side of Halleck street, and the fifth and last until we come to modern times was the Edgecombe house, erected about 1852. The family consisted of the mother and three daughters. They are said to have come here from Paramus.

BACK ROAD.

Mrs. Charles Holt, who is 71 years of age, recalls the time when the Phillips farmhouse was the only house on the lower Back road, between the cemetery and Elwood avenue, and when this stretch was known as "Phillips's lane".

As Mr. James S. Taylor remembers it, the only houses along the old Back road, as far back perhaps as 1850, were, beginning at the south:—

First, the John C. Bennett house, built in 1852, at the S. E. corner of Chester avenue; then, almost opposite, the Miles I'Anson house, which now stands on a knoll along the northern border of Chester avenue. Next the Phillips homestead, on the west, just below Delavan avenue, which has since been moved back to Summer avenue. Above this there was no house until the bend, now known as Elwood place, was passed. Some distance beyond here stood a small stone house on the right occupied by an Irishman. This was probably Pat Brady, who in the fifties built just below the present Bryant street. Pat had the reputation of being a child of fortune. It is remembered that, while very poor, he suddenly became well-to-do, and this was only accounted for by the fact that he might have

"found a purse". About opposite the Brady house stood the "Magazine" house back in the field.

Probably the next was the Thomas Coeyman (son of William, who comes next) frame house, opposite the Elliott street school. Then came the William Coeyman house of stone, on the left and just above the head of Halleck street. William Stimis states that his father, John Stimis, worked on this house, which was erected about one hundred years ago. About half way between Irving street and Montclair avenue stood the house of Peter Coeyman (Peter and William were sons of Minard Coeyman of the River road). Next was the Alexander house, a long, low, story-and-a-half frame on the left just south of Verona avenue. Following this was the Jesse Bennett house on the S. W. corner of Verona avenue and opposite this on a lane which probably ran to the River road stood the Riddle house, formerly the J. F. King house. Next the house of Benson, the miller, which still stands at the S. E. corner of Summer and Sylvan avenues. While still further afield, toward the rising sun, stood the house of Jonathan Bird.

The Back road, in a deed made in 1812, is called the "Drift road", while in 1820 it was "the road lead-"ing from Garrit Houghwort's to Captain Stout's mill "dam" (present cemetery to Second river). Now this highway of other days answers to three different names: as Lincoln avenue, Elwood place and Summer avenue. Mr. William Phillips has heard that in 1805 this road was merely a farm lane running not

further north than the present Elwood avenue; that here it stopped at a farm, the owner of which would not allow it to pass through his property, and presumably this accounts for the turn at Elwood place, it being a laudable effort to get around the obstructionist. But, as will appear a bit later, General Anthony Wayne marched up this road in 1779, and it seems probable that the date, 1805, is too recent.

THE "STRAWBERRY" LOT.

When we were boys the Back road began at the "Strawberry" lot, a great ball field where the "Waverlys", the "Newark Amateurs" and others furnished forth many a holiday. A member of the latter was, I have heard, the first in this neighborhood to pitch a curved ball which, in those days, was a great event. Part of the "Strawberry" lot is still the home of the athlete, for here the Riverside Athletic Club reigned for many years.

RIVERSIDE ATHLETIC CLUB.

Chronologically speaking the history of the Riverside Athletic Club belongs to the second part of this book, but this seems the best place to dwell briefly on the subject.

The club was organized about 1882, with some twenty-five members, among the more prominent of whom were L. P. Teller, William H. Brown, Paul E. Heller, Henry W. Heller, Frank Cadiz, Edmund Pierson and one Linehan. It was known as "the school of the bowlers", and turned out more good, success-

ful bowlers than any other athletic club in Newark; in fact it almost immediately took a prominent place in athletics generally, its track team was among the best, it was successful in football and had a fine reputation for square, manly sport.

Starting without money, the members laid out the grounds and built the track and tennis courts themselves, but so popular did it become that within two years there were something like three hundred members and the club continued to thrive for many years. Interest began to wane, however, as time went on, and about five years ago the club disbanded.

Shortly thereafter the Park Presbyterian Church purchased the clubhouse, and it was turned over to the Park Athletic Association, a church organization, and is still so occupied, though I believe the association is at present independent of the church.

A MILLERITE.

On the slender point made by the opening of Washington avenue stands the house erected by Mr. Scharff, and which was the home of a Millerite in the early days of Woodside, one Flavel by name, a baker by trade. Whether working over the hot fires of the bakery awoke in Mr. Flavel a desire to reach Heaven before his time, or whether he was one of those uneasy mortals who do not like to stay long in any one place, has not been explained, but he was a Millerite, that point is established. The neighbors still remember how he used to adjourn to the roof, "in his night-

PAGES 70 AND 71 HAVE BEEN TRANS-
ED IN PRINTING. READ THE LATTER
R THE FORMER AND ALL WILL BE WELL.

the same stretch, H. H. Nichols, John C. Bennett, Stoutenburg & Co., Romaine and Parker & Keasbey.

A LESSON IN MANNERS.

There is a story of one of the old residents here who was not given to taking impudence from anyone, particularly from those in his employ. He at one time had an obstinate Irishman to deal with, and dealt with him after the following fashion:—

It seems that for some piece of impertinence our citizen knocked his Irish employee down and jumped on him, remarking as he did so: "I'll teach you to be a gentleman", to which the under dog as promptly responded, "I defy you". Our friend soon had his misguided opponent by the ears and was thumping his face into the dirt with a right good will ("laddy-holing" I believe this particular process is called), and with each movement of his arms he repeated over and over again his earnest desire to make a gentleman of the Irishman, to which the latter continued vehemently to respond, "I defy you! I defy you!" Whether he succeeded in his laudable efforts is not recorded, but he can at least be commended for his zeal in the matter.

MR. MILES I'ANSON AND PREVIOUS OWNERS OF HIS PROPERTY.

About 60 years ago a number of Englishmen settled in the northern part of Newark. This immigration was due to two causes: financial depression in the mother country and the Chartist agitation,

gown", as one unsympathetic informant puts it, for the purpose of being translated, but there was always some hitch, and I believe he finally gave it up and ultimately took the route that is open to all of us.

NAMES OF SOME EARLY OWNERS.

The "Strawberry" lot belonged to Joseph West, whose house stood, according to the map of 1849, where Washington avenue now cuts into the brotherhood of streets here. The old pump presided over by "Mose" in the days of our youth, and from which the street car horses were watered, was probably the pump attached to the West house. This house may have been built by Gerard Haugevort; it was occupied by him probably 75 years ago. It was also occupied, about 1845, by old "Mammy" Pullinger, who started life on the River road, as a groggery and a rather low resort. When Washington avenue was cut through Mr. Nichols moved the building a few hundred feet down the Gully road, where it stands today.

Adjoining the West property on the north, and on the west side of the Back road was a narrow strip of land owned by Jesse Bennett, then came the Miles I'Anson property, which extended to that owned by John Morris Phillips, who also owned to the bend in the road, now Elwood place—this on the left. On the right the earliest map giving the names of owners, and which is probably not older than 1865 shows, for

1839-1848. Among those who came over at this time was Mr. Miles I'Anson, who settled in the Woodside district, where he purchased a farm of about 30 acres, including the property south of the Phillips homestead, extending about as far as the present May street, on the west side of Lincoln avenue.

It was Mr. I'Anson, it is said, who first suggested the name of Woodside for this locality.

A search of the I'Anson property made by Mr. Daniel F. Tompkins for Mr. I'Anson contains many interesting items and names, and is here quoted from at length.

By a deed dated December 10, 1812, Richard L. Walker and wife sold the Back road property to Peter Maverick. It is described as being located on the "Drift" road, being bounded southeast on the Drift road northeast by land now or late of David Phillips, northeast (northwest?) and southwest by land now or late belonging to Isaac Plume.

Peter Maverick and his wife Mary on October 5, 1820, mortgaged to Hannah Spencer the above lot and a lot beginning at the southeastern corner of John Hawthorne's lot on the western side of the "New Road" (probably the Bloomfield turnpike and below the Woodside line), leading from Garret Hogwart's to Francis King's; thence on the eastern line of said John Hawthorn's lot of wood; thence to the northern line of the lot of land belonging to the estate of Isaac N. Kipp, dec'd; thence to the western line of said "New Road".

January 19, 1833, William Dow, Sheriff, sold to Hannah Spencer the above two tracts of land.

April 1, 1833, Hannah Spencer sold both of these tracts to James Flintoff and George Flintoff.

May 11, 1839, the administrators of James and George Flintoff sold both tracts to William T. Haines.

January 5, 1842, William T. Haines sold the Lincoln avenue lot to David Day.

January 7, 1842, David Day and wife sold the property to Miles I' Anson.

November 19, 1841, William T. Haines and wife sold to William Barnett a part of the tract (as supposed) above referred to as situated on the western side of the "New Road".

June 9, 1846, William Barnett and wife sold their land to Miles I'Anson.

April 7, 1803, the executors of Isaac Plume, deceased, sold to John Hawthorne land at the northwest side of "the Road or Drift Way Leading out of the Public Road from Newark to Belleville", thence east to Ebenezer Smith's land, thence north to David Walker's land, thence west to the road. (This is copied as the search gave it.)

September 14, 1822, Abraham Reynolds, Sheriff, sold the same land to James Kearney, Esqr., except in the 6th course "sold under Decree in Chancery, dated April 2, 1822, wherein Gerard Haugwort (the various spellings of this name follow those in the search; the correct spelling is probably Haugevort), adminis-

trator of Hester Sip, dec'd, is complainant, and John Hawthorn and Margaret his wife, Aaron Munn and Nathaniel Lindsley are defendants.

September 14, 1822, James Kearney sold to Gerard Haughworth the same land last above.

August 13, 1823, John Hawthorne quitclaimed to Philip Kearney for all his interest in the last above described land.

The last will of John Hawthorne, dated August 18, 1841, and proved April 22, 1844, gives to John P. Hawthorne the lot of land containing 14 acres, called the Hogworth lot.

April 1, 1845, Philip Kearney quitclaimed to John Hawthorne for all his interest in the same land last above described.

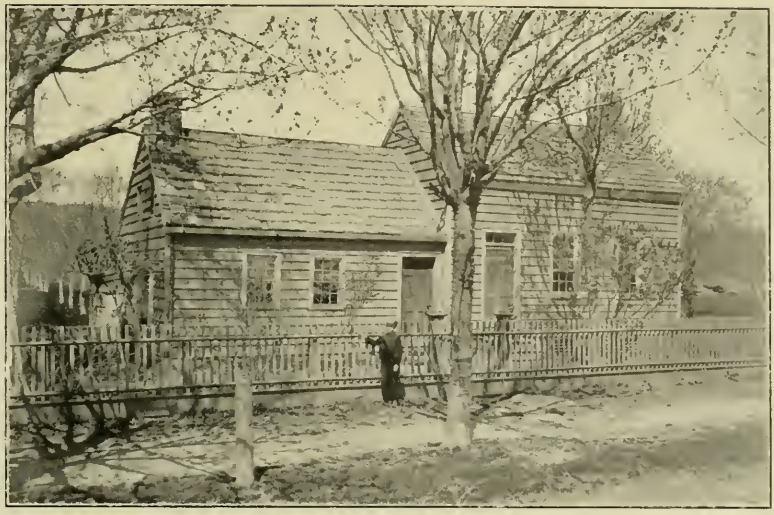
March 28, 1845, John P. Hawthorne sold to Miles I'Anson land beginning at a corner of the said Miles I'Anson's land on the west side of the Road leading from Newark to the Belleville Paint Works; thence south along said road, etc., the lot containing about 14 acres and bounded south, west and north by land owned by Miles I'Anson.

December 14, 1853, Miles I'Anson sold to Robert Smith about an acre and a half, apparently to straighten the latter's line.

THE PHILLIPS FARM.

Not so very many years ago, those who journeyed back and forth to Belleville by way of the old "Back road" passed the Phillips farm.

At the south end of the estate stood a quaint lit-



THE PHILLIPS FARM HOUSE

Erected before the Revolution. Picture taken in 1869 shows one of the cherry trees that then lined the sidewalk

THE OLD PHILLIPS WELL

Said to date back to the time of the Indians

tle dwelling, bearing unmistakable marks of antiquity upon its weather beaten boards and crumbling shingle roof. This house had been the dwelling place of several generations of the name.

Colonel Phillips, the founder of the family in America, was an officer in the English army under Oliver Cromwell, and on the accession of Charles II. to the throne of England, in 1660, he with others was obliged to fly to America. He first settled in Killingworth (now Clinton), Connecticut, and subsequently removed to New Jersey, purchasing nine hundred acres of land near Caldwell. One of his grandsons, David Phillips, settled in Newark and married Sarah Morris, grandaughter of a Doctor Morris, who was also an officer under Cromwell, and who fled to America with Colonel Phillips.

David Phillips had this property from Morris Phillips, and he from Samuel Morris. David Phillips began his housekeeping in the little house which stands on the Lincoln avenue property, "purchasing 16 acres of land for which his family received a deed from the proprietors of East Jersey in 1696", and here Morris Phillips, the father of John Morris Phillips, was born and here he died. This Morris Phillips was one of the proprietors of the quarries at Belleville which furnished the stone used in building Fort Lafayette, Castle William on Governor's Island, old St. John's Church in New York, which has recently been closed by the Trinity corporation, and the old State House in Albany.

The farm house still stands on the property, though it has been moved back to Summer avenue in the rear of the house erected some years ago by Mr. John M. Phillips near the original homestead site. The old farm had gradually acquired that human interest which only comes of long tillage and close association with man, its fine orchard of ancient apple trees, the wood lot on the eastern slope of the hill which lapped over into the Mount Prospect avenue region, and which held for the man so many boy memories of dog and gun, and the fertile flat lands which stretched north along the old road. All these combined to entice the man back to his boyhood's home, and it is small wonder that Mr. John M. Phillips, who had a keen sense of the beauties and wonders of nature, acquired the place for his own at the first opportunity. Here was an ancient well of delicious water, which tradition tells us was known to and used by the Indians. Up to very recent times this stood with its long well-sweep picturesquely adorning the landscape.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

In the winter of 1779 General Anthony Wayne marched his troops up the Back road to the fields between the present Elwood avenue and Second river, where he went into camp. Mr. Frank Crane tells me that when a boy it was a common thing to find along this hillside, all the way to Second river, hollows in the earth which are supposed to have been dug by the soldiers for shelter.

Just about the time the troops reached the Phillips farm, Mrs. Sarah, wife of David, mentioned above, had finished a baking of bread; this she took out and gave to the hungry soldiers with pretty much everything else in the house that was eatable. It has been handed down in the Phillips family, as elsewhere, that the soldiers when they halted stood with their feet in their caps to protect them from the snow —those poor naked feet which had been cut and torn by the sharp crust of the snow until they marked the white highway with a trail of blood. The old grandmother many times told the tale to the family gathered about the warm hearth of the old farm house on wintry nights, and the boy John never forgot it.

THE PEROU TRACT.

A rather interesting tangle over the northern end of the Phillips tract has taken much patience to unravel. This concerned a small slice of land now largely occupied by Phillips Park and Elwood avenue.

About 1825 Benajah Perou purchased a certain parcel of land from John Morris Keen, of which the above was part. Perou was a seafaring man and, in the spring of 1828, sailed for New Orleans, and nothing was afterward heard from him. Being unmarried his heirs were his six brothers and sisters, and in 1845 this property was divided amongst them, each receiving a long narrow strip, 66 feet wide, fronting on the "road from Newark to Belleville Paint Works", and running back into the sunset.

Daniel Perou received as his share the northernmost strip, known as lot No. 6. He was living back in the country and, in 1849, died intestate and unmarried; thus his 66 foot strip fell to the five remaining brothers and sisters, or their heirs, none of whom appear to have paid any attention to the property. In the meantime said brothers and sisters had been getting married and having children, and these children had insisted on growing up and doing likewise, until generations arose who knew not that they were interested in the property.

Naomi Perou, one of the sisters of Benajah, married Morris Phillips, and in due time became the mother of John M. Phillips, who was one of the last of the line to be born in the old farm house. And as time went on and John M. prospered he began to buy up the interests of others in the adjoining property until he owned all of the Perou tract, or thought he did. But by the time an attempt was made to definitely fix the title to lot No. 6 there were found to be more than three hundred shares into which this lot must be divided, each one amounting to something less than three inches in width, and extending from Lincoln avenue to Mount Prospect.

The hunt necessitated to clear this title led all over the country. One heir was traced as far as New Orleans, and lost; another vanished in the Civil War; another moved to Mystic, Conn., and could not be traced to his final end, and so it went. One was found in Kansas and another in Western New York.

It cost more to perfect the title than the land was worth, and when it was perfected the lot—or all that was left of it—was given to the city for a park, a memorial to the late John Morris Phillips.

THE ANTHONY WAYNE CAMP GROUND.

It is family tradition among most of those whose ancestors resided here during the Revolution that Gen. Anthony Wayne camped along the old Back road, but so far as can be ascertained the books are silent on the subject. The New York Historical Society can find nothing in its archives, and if the New Jersey Historical Society has anything bearing on this point it does not know it.

The only mention of the event that I have been able to find is an unsigned article which appeared in the Daily Advertiser of December 12, 1884, which is quoted here entire, as it contains much of interest. The Advertiser says:—

"The attention of an Advertiser reporter was re-
"cently called to a tradition that Gen. Anthony
"Wayne with 2,600 men was camped for a consider-
"able time during the severe winter of 1779 in the
"vicinity of what is now Elwood avenue, and the old
"Belleville road in this city. It was rather doubted
"whether this could be possible, and all accounts of it
"lost. Such an event would certainly have left an im-
"pression which could not be entirely obliterated even
"in a hundred years. From information obtained,
"however, from the late John M. Phillips, whose

"grandfather was a revolutionary soldier; William A. "Wauters, whose grandmother owned the woods in "which it is alleged Wayne camped, together with a "personal inspection of the ground made by Mr. "Daniel F. Tompkins, of Woodside, his son and the "writer, the following facts were ascertained:—

"General Wayne, with a detachment of the Ameri- "can Army, after the evacuation of New York, re- "mained for a portion of the winter encamped in the "Coeyman woods, in what is now Woodside. His "encampment extended from a point a little west of "and in line with the old Belleville road and north of "Elwood avenue, along the ridge up to Second river. "Traces of this encampment are found in the excava- "tions which the soldiers made for their huts. The "excavations are found also along the line of the "Montclair & Greenwood Lake Railroad at the south "side of the bridge across the Second river. They are "found also on the side of the hill west of Mount "Prospect avenue, and south of the line of Elliott "street, and extending north several hundred yards, "the most marked being at the northern limit. In "one of these excavations the stones which marked "the temporary fireplace still remain. The troops cut "down the growing timber from these woods, and the "owner, Minard Coeyman, was paid for it by the gov- "ernment. About half a mile northwest of this ridge "the old barn, in which were slaughtered the cattle for "the use of the army, still stands. It belongs to the

"Crane family. Mr. Nathaniel Crane, who was born "in 1808, well remembers hearing his father and uncle "talk about the encampment. Wayne had several "field pieces with him, and the men used to take the "horses down to Second river to water at a point 100 "yards from the railroad bridge, and near the ruins "of the old copper works, opposite Woodside Park. "In February Wayne moved his army to Morristown. "The close proximity of the British is given as the "cause of Wayne breaking camp. In his position at "Woodside he was liable to be flanked. Jasper King, "father of the late William King, of East Orange, was "a boy at the time Wayne was at Woodside, and his "father was a soldier in Wayne's army. Jasper went "with his grandfather and his mother to say good-by "to his father at the encampment in Coeyman's woods.

"Jasper King related to the late John M. Phillips "that when the roll was called the soldiers came out "from their tents and some of them threw their caps "on the snow and stood on them with their bare feet. "He said it began to snow as the troops started on "their march to Morristown and some of the soldiers "left marks of blood on the snow as they marched. "Their way was along the old Bloomfield road, which "may have been reached by crossing the fields past "the old Crane Mansion, or by the way of Keen's "lane, the outlines of which can still be traced south-"west to the Bloomfield road. From Bloomfield the "march was through Caldwell, where the snow be-

"came so deep that the artillery was left behind and "remained imbedded in the drifts on a by-road near "where the penitentiary now stands, until spring. At "Bloomfield a picket was posted to guard the rear. "One of the men climbed onto the fence to see if the "British were pursuing. In the act his gun was dis- "charged, killing him instantly.

"The story of Jasper King is corroborated by the "known fact that on February 3, 1779, a snow storm "set in, which lasted three days, and the snow was "said to be eight feet deep on the Bloomfield road. "The inference that Wayne's encampment at Wood- "side was in the winter of 1779 is made more proba- "ble from the fact that in his attack on Stony Point "in July, 1779, he had no artillery. That Wayne was "on the coast and near New York in the winter of "1779, is made exceedingly probable also by the fol- "lowing letter from Lord Stirling, which if he had "been at Morristown with Washington would have "been directed to the Commander-in-Chief:—

" 'Ramapogh, Jan. 5, 1779.—Dear Sir: From every " 'intelligence I have received I am induced to be- " 'lieve that Count D'Estaing is on this coast; in con- " 'sequence of it I need not explain matters to you. " 'Notwithstanding my situation of body, I will be at " 'Paramis to-morrow and should be glad to see you " 'there as soon as possible, to concert every neces- " 'sary measure that may occur to us both.

" 'I am, D sir, your most ob'd sev't.

" 'Gen. Wayne. STIRLING.' "

"That Wayne had artillery is evident from the "fact that Mr. Tompkins found a grape-shot on the "ground of the encampment. He also found a sword, "which, evidently, had been worn by a noncommis- "sioned officer.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

"During the winter of 1780-81 the British were at "Belleville and may have used the same encamp- "ment previously occupied by the Americans. It is "known that they occupied ground near where the "new steel works of Dodge, Blake & Lyon now are. "During this time a party of British stopped for the "night on Keen's lane, mentioned before on what is "now Mr. Henry J. Winser's lot, on Washington "avenue, opposite Carteret street. Another party "coming from Newark along the Passaic, stumbled "on the pickets of the first party and immediately "began firing. There was quite a skirmish in the "darkness before the true state of affairs was learned.

PHILLIPS FARM HOUSE.

"The old house in which the grandfather of the "late John M. Phillips lived stood flush with the old "Belleville road at the time of which we write, and "was visited frequently by the American officers. It "now stands in the rear of the new house on Lincoln "avenue, and is well preserved. A middle-aged Irish "woman came to the door at the knock of Mr. Tomp- "kins the other day and seemed inclined to deny an "inspection of the premises; but when it was made

"known to her that the visit was to see the house "where the men who whipped the British a hundred "years ago had lodged, she accorded a right royal "welcome. A mere glance was sufficient to prove "that the house was not of modern date. There is no "plastering, and the joists that support the upper "floors are thick and strong and as substantial as "when put in, more than a hundred years ago.

THE BRITISH ON WOODSIDE SOIL.

"While the British were encamped on this side of "Second river, near the steel works, the grandfather "of Mr. Tompkins, who was a scout in the American "Army and noted as an athlete, was reconnoitering, "with four companions, on the old Belleville road. "They accidentally came upon a picket post in the "dusk, the officer of which rode up and cried out: "'Who you be for?' Tompkins, to gain time, asked "the same question, 'Who you be for?' 'For King "George', said the English officer. 'We be for the "Continental Congress', shouted Tompkins as he "sprang into the woods. There was a fence that "stood in the way, and as Tompkins vaulted over it "the entire picket guard fired. Two of Tompkins's "companions who, instead of jumping the fence had "climbed over it, were killed, but the former escaped "by the balls passing under him as he jumped. One "of the scouts who was killed on that occasion lies "buried in the old Bloomfield grave yard. The enemy "probably not knowing that they had killed any one, "left the bodies where they fell."

THE MAGAZINE HOUSE.

The march of improvement, in the opening of Woodside avenue, has recently caused the destruction of the "Magazine house", a low stone building which stood back of the present Summerfield M. E. Church. This dated back to about 1812, when it was built for the storing of powder made at the Decatur Powder Works, which were located on the site of the present De Witt Wire Works, Belleville. There was a spirit of mystery and adventure about the place that somehow tickled my boyish fancy greatly, and I always passed it with a sense of adventure, but the above is all that can be said of the spot. When Jacob Rutan was building the calico print works on Second river he lived here and his wife, Elizabeth, a member of the King family, formerly of the River road, boarded the men who were doing the mason work. How they all slept in this small building is a mystery.

EARLY LANES.

Just below the powder house; in fact, opposite the point where Elwood place runs into Summer avenue, the John Morris Keen lane led away to the Bloomfield road. This, it appears, was part of a lane from the River road, the easterly section of which was known as the Stimis lane. Whether the latter was opened for the purpose or, being established, was merely used because convenient, has not been made plain, but I am told that formerly a paper mill stood on the Bloomfield road, and that the paper was made

from reeds gathered on the Hackensack meadows, brought up the Passaic river, landed possibly at the Point House landing and carted from there via the two lanes to the mill.

THE HAUNT OF THE HIGHWAYMAN.

The Back road, in the Elliott street neighborhood, seventy-five or more years ago, entered a deep gully surrounded on all sides by dense woods. It is possible that this gave the early name of "Drift" road to the highway, as it was a place into which snow could easily drift and cause trouble to travelers. This was a noted spot for highway robberies, many such having occurred here, and the place was long dreaded by those who were compelled to pass this way.

The only actual hold-up of which I have heard is said to have occurred in 1856, when four men who came out of the woods from the direction of the Magazine house attempted to rob a passing farmer. What success they had I do not know, but it appears that they were recognized and later arrested. One of these, at least, was a Woodside man, but the names of the others have been forgotten.

Tom Coeyman built about sixty years ago at the upper edge of this gully. His house stood near the junction of Summer and Grafton avenues, and this seems to have relieved the gloom of the place, for so far as known there were no robberies after the one mentioned above.

NOT A CHRISTMAS CARROLL.

Probably before our time the Back road was the dwelling place of "Owney" Carroll and his good wife Peggy. Both were convivial souls, and each a character in his or her way, but our most vivid memories cling about the old lady. One old resident recalls that in his youth the couple lived where now stands the Elliott street school, and that one time when he was passing with a load of wood Peggy was discovered in a somewhat awkward predicament.

It seems that one or the other—or possibly both—had been looking on the wine when it was red, as was their custom, and that the husband had concluded that his better half would be improved by a bit of fresh air and, having thrust her forth, locked the door. Now Peggy does not appear to have taken this in good part and, finding an open window, she proceeded to crawl within; but, when about half-sill over, the sash came down on her back and pinned her fast—just as our informant was coming down the road with a load of wood.

In the course of years Mrs. Carroll became a sort of attache of our back door, and I have a general recollection that the old lady's methods did not always meet with the entire approval of my mother. She certainly thoroughly disagreed with one of Peggy's capers. My mother was a great lover of plants, and among her treasures was a lemon tree which actually bore lemons; these Mrs. Carroll discovered one day while cruising about the back yard and, carefully

gathering the treasured crop, she brought the fruit to the back door and tried to sell it to my maternal ancestor. Mrs. Carroll did not call at the house again for some time.

THE WOODS OF THE OLD BACK ROAD.

Those who sought knowledge at that fount known as the Elliott street school, when it was but a country schoolhouse, delight to recall how they were allowed to roam the woods that then bordered the old road on the west, for the first flowers of spring, and how the schoolmaster would ring the bell from the schoolhouse door summoning a return to study, and the children would come scampering back with hands full of bloom—windflowers and hepaticas mostly, whose blue and white are so emblematic of the springtime heavens. To those who can hark back so far that patch of woods is remembered as a wonderfully attractive spot.

JESSE C. BENNETT.

Jesse C. Bennett came to this country from Stockport, England, in 1833, to superintend the calico print works, which lined the south side of Second river from the Back road to the De Witt mill pond, and he built a house at what is now the southwest corner of Summer and Verona avenues.

Mr. Bennett was an Episcopalian, and as dancing was one of the accomplishments of the day and not barred by that creed, he engaged a master of the art who once in so often gave the small Bennetts (there were twelve of them) lessons in an addition

at the rear of the dwelling which provided a suitable room. As time wore on Mr. Bennett became a Second Adventist and turned this rear room from a dancing hall to a place for prayer. One of the fervent brothers of these times was Mr. Harry Harvey, who was given to long prayers; in fact he thought nothing of praying for an hour at a stretch. For these exercises the children were brought in and ranged under the long mantelpiece on one side of the room, but an hour was a long time to be good in those days, and generally one or two or three would steal awhile away without being noticed. This gradually emboldened the others, and one time while the heads of the elders were bowed in devotion the entire youthful congregation managed to get out unnoticed, and there was considerable commotion when the fact was discovered and, as I understand it, the commotion was not entirely confined to the elders.

Later Mr. Bennett became a Methodist and joined the church of that denomination in Belleville.

Mr. Bennett once had a man working about the place who was fresh from the Emerald Isle and he, venturing out one evening shortly after his arrival, came running back a badly scared Irishman, and announced that the woods were full of fairies, for he had seen their lanterns. It proved to be his first acquaintance with fireflies.

THE CALICO PRINT WORKS.

The calico print works which lined the south bank of the Second river from the Back road to the De

Witt mill pond developed into a large industry under Messrs. George and Jonathan Bird. This part of the river bank has been a mill site for more than one hundred years.

The first on record was the grist mill of Captain Bennett. His mill was a small affair which stood on the bank where the Back road crossed. Next came a Captain Stout, who rebuilt the mill. Both of these lived in the dwelling later known as the "Bird" house.

About 1824 the Stout mill and lands were sold to the Eagle Printing Company, which erected a large factory for the printing of calicoes along the south bank of Second river, extending from the Back road to the De Witt mill pond. The concern employed several hundred hands and conducted a business of great magnitude for those times, but it finally fell on evil days and failed about 1855.

At this time the Back road was so narrow that wagons could hardly pass; indeed, so much of a country lane was it that even as late as 1850 the passing of a load of calicoes from the mill was an event to call the few inhabitants to the windows to see the sight.

After this Andrew Gray and one Wright successfully conducted the business for some time, and finally George and Jonathan Bird became the proprietors. Jonathan Bird lived in the stone house that has since been known as the "Bird" house, and here dispensed a hospitality that was famed for many a mile around. In due course George Bird died, and

THE "BIRD" HOUSE, SYLVAN AVENUE

Legend has it that this was built by an Englishman who was compelled to leave the country when the Revolutionary war broke out

later Jonathan sold to a stock company, of which John Eastwood was a member. This company put in some expensive machinery but, owing to internal strife, the business was abandoned after a brief existence.

After remaining idle for some time the hat manufacturing concern of Moore & Seeley purchased the buildings, but before they did much the factory burned, and was never rebuilt. The story given out to account for the fire was to the effect that it was due to Chinese cheap labor. According to this version the hatters introduced Chinamen and the Irish element, which predominated at the time, objected, and the fire gave point to their objections, but there are some still living who account for the fire in a wholly different way.

A FLESH AND BLOOD GHOST.

There was a time when the Back road bridge across Second river was haunted by a headless ghost —at least I am so informed—but it seems that when off duty the ghost was known as old Sam Adams's daughter, Mary Ann.

When I was a boy the ruins of the old grist mill still stood close to the southeast corner of this bridge. It was then known as Benson's mill, a man of that name having been the last miller. Some time some one was either murdered and thrown into the mill race here, or else was accidentally drowned. In either case the situation furnished the proper material for a mystery, and it would appear that there was talk of

an apparition having been seen on the bridge shortly after the occurrence.

This was taken advantage of by Mary Ann Adams to frighten the boys, and as a result few people cared to cross the bridge after dark, as too many had actually seen the ghost to leave any doubt of its existence. This, of course, was long ago, when Mary Ann was young. She died some six years ago, an old woman.

WASHINGTON RESTS AT SECOND RIVER.

There is a legend that Washington once rested at the grist mill, and that here his troopers purchased feed for their horses. This was probably during the retreat from Fort Lee.

Somewhat south of the mill stood the miller's house; in fact the building is still standing on its old foundations, at the southeast corner of Summer and Sylvan avenues. Here was born Col. Henry Benson, whose accidental death at Malvern Hill during the Civil War furnished Belleville with its first military funeral.

J. M. KEEN

THE OLD BLOOMFIELD ROAD IN 1903

ooking north to houses at the corner of Clifton and Berkley Avenues. This part of the old road is now obliterated. Those who laid out this hill top had no appreciation of the fact that a crooked road is a line of beauty, both this and Murphy's Lane having been suppressed in favor of a series of right angles. What would New York above 59th Street be if the curves of Broadway were straightened?

THE OLD BLOOMFIELD ROAD.

The old Bloomfield or Long Hill road is frequently spoken of by the older inhabitants as a former Indian trail "from the mountain to the river". This may have been one of the many paths which intersected the great Minisink trail extending from the Shrewsbury river to Minisink Island, in the Delaware river below Port Jervis, where the council fires of the Leni Lenape constantly burned. This particular branch probably passed through Great Notch on the First mountain, meeting the main path near Little Falls.

The white man's road began where what is now Second avenue joins Belleville avenue, and labored up the grade to the present Prospect place, where it turned toward the north for Bloomfield. The old road is less prolific in story and incident than any other part of this region. Those interviewed have invariably wished that I might be able to talk with some one now gone who was full of ancient lore, but as dead men tell no tales I have found myself at a disadvantage.

Not only have the inhabitants gone, but the old road itself is largely a memory, for those who are now

exploiting this region have almost obliterated the former highway, finding that its meandering course interfered with their straight lines, and not having in mind the attraction that a bend in the road, the curving line of beauty, with its mystery of a fair, unknown country beyond, has for the stroller.

LORENZO DOW.

Along this road during the early days of the last century passed the eccentric preacher Lorenzo Dow, on his way to the little Methodist church beyond Sunfish pond. Dow was an occasional visitor in the vicinity and left a memory of peculiar sayings and doings that flavored the local gossip for the better part of a hundred years. It is said that a toll-gate once stood near the canal bridge, which was kept by Archibald Jacobus, and those who were boys when I went skating on Sunfish pond will recall the ruins of an ancient grist mill whose wheel was turned by the waters of the pond. Concerning this Mr. Walter S. Nichols remembers when a boy making regular journeys to this mill with a grist of corn for the grinding —this was in the fifties, after the Searing mill on the canal had been abandoned.

THE OLD ROAD A HIGHWAY.

Until the toll-gates were removed, some twenty-five or more years ago, from the Turnpike or "New" road, as the present Bloomfield avenue was called, the old road was the avenue for pleasure driving and also for much heavy traffic between Newark and Bloom-

field. This made the highway of prime importance and may help to explain the inflated values set on land in this region before the panic of '73.

ADRIAN SCHARFF.

The Adrian Scharff house, which stood just within the Woodside line, was erected some time before 1850. It seems that Mr. Scharff brought his old world ideas with him to this country and thought he must either have a river frontage for his home or a view. He had almost decided on the site now occupied by the Mount Pleasant Cemetery, but finding that that was not available, contented himself with the next best spot near the hilltop.

THE "WHITE-HOUSE" SMITHS.

Beyond the Scharff house the road ran through dense woods for a short half mile to the Robert Smith property—known as "White-house" Smith to distinguish him from "Brick-house" Smith further north. The records show that this property was sold by Thomas Saffin to Thomas Havens, and by him to Ebenezer Smith. When this house was built is not known, but probably it was erected by Ebenezer Smith, father of Robert.

Ebenezer Smith, born February 24, 1791, who was one of a large family, was the son of Scotch parents who immigrated to this country before his birth. Ebenezer had two sons, Robert and Ebenezer, Jr., and one daughter. Robert fell heir to the "White-house" Smith property. Ebenezer, Jr., married a daughter of

Matthias Baker, and thus came into the property on which his son, Matthias Smith, erected the home of the "Brick-house" Smiths. Ebenezer, Jr., had two sons, Robert (2) and Matthias. Robert (1) lived in New York and used this as a summer home; he died in 1858. Robert Smith was a lover of fast horses and was in the habit of driving from Jersey City to his home. He had one horse, of which he was particularly proud, that would cover the distance in an hour.

In those days the Hackensack meadows were covered with a dense cedar growth which was a hiding place for those whose deeds were evil, and the road was the scene of many hold-ups. On one occasion Mr. Smith, while driving home, overtook a woman who asked for a ride, and he took her in his trap, only to discover that the supposed woman wore heavy boots; he then concluded that they would later meet with others who would assist in relieving him of the necessity of carrying his money home. Having made up his mind to rid himself of the passenger, he dropped his whip and requested her to get it, as he could not leave his restive horse; and, of course, once she was out, he did not wait for whip or passenger.

The children of Robert Smith all of whom are now dead, were Charles H., Eugene B., Robert A., Sarah and Agnes W.

LAND VALUES BEFORE THE PANIC OF '73.

This property was purchased by Peter H. and John H. Ballantine just before the panic of 1873 (the deed is dated January 31, 1873) when prices were

greatly inflated, and they paid therefor the sum of $217,000, paying $50,000 down and giving a mortgage and bond for the remainder. It was not long before the new purchasers saw the error of their ways and desired to relinquish the property and the $50,000, but to this the Smith estate would not agree. It is hardly probable that they will ever see a profit on the investment, as interest at 5 per cent (and it was more than five in those days) would in itself now amount to almost twice the original outlay, and when the taxes and assessments to which the property has fallen heir are added to the loss of interest, even eighty dollars a foot can hardly seem a large sum to the Ballantine estate.

WHERE JOHN MORRIS LIVED.

Passing the Robert Smith place we come to the home of the Bartholfs, which was erected more than sixty years ago, as it is so designated on the map of '49. Who Mr. Bartholf was or where he came from I have not ascertained. The records show that John G. Bartholf purchased the property from Samuel Morris, who had it from Zebulon Morris, to whom it came from John Morris. This was probably that John Morris who was a resident of the old Bloomfield road during the Revolution.

Mr. John Morris Phillips, in the Daily Advertiser of February 19, 1880, stated that John Morris was his great-grandfather, and that it was to his house that the son of Joseph Hedden came when he fled from the British (referred to elsewhere), having nothing on

but his night clothes and a pair of stockings. His feet were frozen to the bone as a result of the exposure.

Some time in the sixties Mr. Albert Beach acquired this property which he at first used only as a summer home. The house was taken down in November, 1909.

KEEN FAMILY TRADITION.

The Keen homestead adjoined the Beach property on the north. Just when the farm house was erected is not known, but that it is pre-Revolutionary there is no question.

In 1765 Thomas Keen, a native of England, and Miss Clorinda Lake, of Holland, were married on Long Island, and subsequently settled at Belleville, Essex County, New Jersey.

Their son, Joseph Lake Keen, was maried to Abigail Morris in 1790.

Their son, John Morris Keen, was married to Peninah Sanford in 1820.

Their son, Zebulon Morris Keen, was married to Hanna Maria Garrabrant in 1863.

Their surviving son, John Morris Keen, was married in 1908 to Helen Virginia Brainard.

The grandfather of the present John M. Keen was born in 1797, and Peninah Sanford was born in Kearney (New Barbadoes) in 1792. She was a descendant of Capt. William Sanford, mentioned elsewhere.

The Keen homestead still remains, the house being substantially unchanged, but the barns, cribs and

J. M. Keen

THE KEEN FARM HOUSE

Pre-Revolutionary. This shows the building as it stands to-day

smoke house have long since been removed. Pear trees standing in the yard over twenty years ago were said by Mrs. Peninah Keen to be over two hundred years old. This same grandmother, who began life in 1792, has stated that Washington, in one of his journeys to and fro, came up the old Keen lane and stopped at the farm house for a glass of water. This lane has been in use for at least one hundred and fifty years, as seventy-five years ago trees lined its borders which were then not less than seventy-five years old.

THE "BRICK-HOUSE" SMITHS.

Almost opposite the Keen home lived the "Brick-house" Smiths. This building was erected fifty-three or fifty-four years ago by Matthias Smith on the site where formerly dwelt his maternal grandfather, Matthias Baker. The latter had the property from Isaac Soverhill.

THE SIDMANS OF OTHER DAYS.

The Sidman family dates back to the time of William the Conqueror, when the first ancestor of whom there is any record is said to have come to England from Normandy. He appears to have been a favorite of the great William and received from him a considerable grant of land on the river Syd and from this the family derived its name—Sydenham, which was later shortened to Sidman.

The introduction of the Sidman family to this neighborhood began with a romance, when John Sydenham ran away with Susannah Handcock, in 1711. It seems that Edward Handcock, "yoeman" (or

Handcook, as one document gives the name) was living on this property in the year above mentioned, and that John Sydenham, who happened along from no one knows just where, fell desperately in love with Susannah, an only daughter, but the stern father frowned on the young man's suit and Susannah was locked in an upper room.

However, John brought around a ladder one night, and the two adjourned to the parson. That they were promptly forgiven is evidenced by the following extract from a deed, made in 1711 by Edward Handcock, in which he says: "for and in consideration of "the love, good will and affection which I have and "do bear unto my loving son-in-law, John Sydenham, "etc., and my only daughter, Susannah, his wife". He then deeds to his son-in-law four acres of his land situated on the "highway to Acquacanong", and six acres on the "highway to Watersson", which latter adjoined land owned by Jasper Crane and by John Godon.

The following genealogy of the family is furnished by Miss Laura M. Sydenham of Plainfield, and is taken largely from the family Bible:—

John Sydenham (1) married Susannah Handcock, 1711. They had issue: John (2), born March 16, 1714; died in 1754. Samuel, who died intestate and unmarried in 1759. There is some doubt about this Samuel, there being but slight mention of him in the records, but it is presumed that he was the son of John Sydenham (1).

John Sydenham (2) married Martha Longworth, December 8, 1741. They had issue:—

Dorcas, born November 30, 1742.
David, born October 11, 1744.
William (1), born July 8, 1746.
John (3), born May 10, 1748. He removed to parts unknown on the upper Hudson river, and nothing further has been learned concerning him.
Susannah, born February 15, 1750.
William (2), born November 15, 1751.
Thomas, born November 4, 1753; died August 12, 1816.

Thomas Sydenham married Sarah Fordham, in October, 1779. They had issue:—

Susannah, born 1780; died 1852.
Martha, born 1783.
John (4), born 1785; died 1859.
Mary, born 1788.
Sarah, born 1791; died 1831.
David, born 1795; died 1822.
Bethiah, born 1798; died 1844.

John Sydenham (4) married Amelia, daughter of Matthias Baker, August, 1817. They had issue: Mary E., Martha A., Albert T., Sarah E., John E., Matilda L., Harriet and Julia.

John Sydenham (2) married Martha Longworth, as stated above; she was born August 23, 1724, and died May 12, 1804. Her sister Mary (born April 22, 1737, died September, 1793) married a Mr. Eckley.

The sisters both resided in the Sidman house now standing. One Isaac Longworth, who owned a store in New York in 1759, and was the owner of a sloop which traded up the Passaic river, is believed to be the father of Mary and Martha, and also of a son Nicholas, who removed west to Cincinnati, and became the progenitor of that branch of the family.

The house now standing is not the Hancock house of 1711, though it is known to be more than one hundred and fifty years old. The Dutch oven, where bread and pies were formerly baked, is still a part of the structure, and the long-handled, wooden shovel, used to remove those edibles when baked, is still a part of its furnishings.

The present spelling of the name Sidman has been in occasional use for at least one hundred and fifty years, as the name is so spelled in the grave-digger's bill for John (2), who died in 1754. In the paper detailing the settlement of the estate of John (2) the name is spelled Sidnham. In an inventory of his goods is mentioned "Hagar, a negro girl", who was valued at £40. In a document dated in 1816 the name is spelled Sidingham. The present spelling came into general use with David, son of Thomas, who refused to sign his name other than Sidman.

Miss Laura M. Sydenham tells me that when she was a child a certain hollow on the crown of the ridge which had the appearance of having been surrounded by a heavy stone wall, and which was situated in the fields, she thinks, somewhere between the house of

THE SIDMAN (SYDENHAM) HOMESTEAD

Date of erection not known. Picture taken in 1909

Mr. Elias G. Heller and the Presbyterian church, was pointed out by the elders as the site of a fort erected for protection against the Indians, but nothing more definite than this is known.

Miss Sydenham also remembers having been told that a Tory, whose house was burned because of his unpatriotic tendencies, resided between the present Sidman house and Murphy's lane.

The woods on the Sidman place were used to some extent as a camping ground by certain Indians. Miss J. A. Sidman recalls having heard her grandmother tell of an invitation extended to her by these Indians to dine with them and, as she preferred not to offend the red-skinned neighbors, the invitation was accepted; but this proved to be one of the times when a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, for she arrived in time to see the dinner preparing and the careless and uncleanly methods of her hosts so nauseated her that she invented some excuse and came away.

Another of the early memories is Mollie, an old Indian basket maker, who frequented the neighborhood, securing her material from the Sidman woods. She frequently slept on the floor of the kitchen, always in a sitting posture. One day other Indians came this way and the wild instinct returned to the old basket maker who, after an excited conversation with her new-found friends, departed with them never to be seen again in the neighborhood.

The upper end of Branch Brook park, which was

formerly a part of the Sidman domain, was known as "Blue Jay" woods.

FOREST HILL BEFORE MORRISTOWN.

Some years before his death Mr. Daniel F. Tompkins called at the Sidman house and made the statement that he had found in New York a document which contained information to the effect that Washington contemplated establishing his winter camp at "Sidman's (Sydenham's) Clove", but owing to its proximity to the British lines the idea was abandoned and instead he fixed the camp at Morristown. Mr. Tompkins believed that this referred to this Sidman property which then covered a considerable tract, but no member of the family had ever heard any part of the estate called the clove, and nothing further was developed. A brief search among the records of the New York Historical Society fails to reveal the source of Mr. Tompkins's information.

A KEEN HOMESTEAD.

On the corner of the old road and Murphy's lane stands another Keen homestead. The original house, which has been added to until it has lost much of its identity, was part of the Crane estate and came into the Keen family through the marriage of Alfred Keen with a sister of Nathaniel J. Crane. The older part of the house was probably built a hundred years ago. The front part was erected by Alfred Keen about fifty years ago.

THE FARRAND FAMILY.

The old Moses Farrand home formerly joined the

Keen property, extending to the canal. The building was torn down some years ago. It was a fine old place in its day, having been erected, it is said, near the close of the eighteenth century. The rooms were spacious for those days, while a great central hall extended from front to rear. The walls were thick and massive, the brown stone of which they were constructed is supposed to have been taken from the quarry at Soho.

Dr. Edward D. Griffin pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Newark from 1801 to 1809, was in the habit of riding out to this house to conduct religious sevices for those living in the neighborhood.

The family record in the old Farrand Bible, now in possession of Miss Anna B. Farrand, begins with Moses, who was born in October, 1728, and died September 19, 1805; following him comes Samuel, born July 25, 1759, died December 26, 1826; he married Sarah Andruss, who was born December 30, 1769, and died in June, 1874; Joseph, born December 20, 1801; born January 10, 1792; Moses Andruss (2d), born October 11, 1793, died January 26, 1862; Rachael, born August 13, 1795, died August 19, 1816; Sarah Ann, born August 4, 1797; Charles, born July 29, 1799, died in June, 1874; Joseph, born December 20, 1801; died August 19, 1830; Phœbe, born November 23, 1802; Samuel Edward, born June 2, 1803; John Herman, born June 2, 1805, and Samuel Edward (2d), born May 19, 1807.

The oldest Farrand home in this region was situ-

ated on our old road, but across the line in Bloomfield. Here Washington is said to have been a guest. This property fell to Charles, father of Miss Anna B., who has given me most of the family history.

The Farrands, name originally spelled Ferrant, were Huguenots, and presumably were part of the emigrants who left France owing to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, following which several hundred thousand Frenchmen were compelled to seek refuge in other lands. A considerable colony of these settled in the neighborhood of New York during the early part of the eighteenth century.

There is nothing further of interest concerning the old Bloomfield road; the short stretch beyond the canal which lies within the confines of Woodside offers no discoverable history or legend that may be used for this sketch.

J. M. Keen

THE WATERFALL ON SECOND RIVER AT BIRD'S WOODS

Picture taken in 1903, before all the beauty of the region had been destroyed

MURPHY'S LANE.

The Lower Road From Belleville to Bloomfield.

THE VAN RIPER FLOWER GARDEN.

One who knew Murphy's lane in years gone by would naturally begin with Charlie Van Riper's flower garden. When we were young, Charlie Van Riper lived in a frame house, the northern windows of which overlooked Second river. The foreground of his view was a neglected expanse through which meandered Murphy's lane, and also a second cart track which, as I recall it, merely shortened the distance a few feet for those seeking "Murphytown" from the south. This cart track, which is now Sylvan avenue, west of Summer avenue, ran close by the old-fashioned flower garden, which Charlie knew so well how to encourage to do its best, with its marigolds and hollyhocks, and all the old friends set out in little odd-shaped beds bordered with box. Charlie was as generous with his flowers as his flowers were generous to him, and many a child who stopped to gaze through the picket fence into that wonderland of gorgeous color went on his way with a bunch of blossoms given to him by the kind old soul.

That portion of the wild land which was not inter-

fered with by the traffic of Murphy's lane offered inducements to the youngsters that I am inclined to think they rather preferred to the Van Riper flowers, and these were the hazel bushes which grew in abundance, the ripened fruit of which was a great attraction.

BIRD'S WOODS.

"Bird's Woods", where "The slant yellow beam "down the wood-aisle doth seem like a lane into "Heaven that leads from a dream", should have had a Sidney Lanier to immortalize its cool and delicious depths. It was the picnic resort of many a Sunday school, but picnics in the early days were simple affairs and did not call for changes that seriously marred the beauty of the forest. The growth was almost wholly pine and hemlock, and the balsam-laden air is refreshing even yet to think of. A few swings and a sheltered platform, where lunch was served, were the only attempts of man to improve on the situation.

Second river with its babbling waters, the ruins of the old paint mill, and the old dam, with its waterfall at the woods' end, all combined with the forest to lend enchantment and to a child furnished possibilities for entertainment that were inexhaustible. How well I remember the rush of small feet when the Sunday school children reached the entrance to the woods, and how they spread out like a fan through its coverts of mystery, each one intent on finding something new or re-discovering some old friendly spot.

Then the woods were full of sound, and I can still recall the infectious laugh of Mr. Hine, who, as superintendent of the school and chief promoter of jollity, urged the children on to a full enjoyment of the occasion and his call to a stray robin that might at the moment be voicing his approval of the place, "That's right, old fellow. Go it!" and then he would whistle to the bird in the tree in a way that started him all over again. We will never see the like of "Bird's Woods" again.

NAMES OF FORMER DWELLERS ON MURPHY'S LANE.

As nearly as can now be recalled the line of houses on Murphy's lane was in the following order: Joseph Johns (later John Tyner), William T. Wauters (later John Beardsley), John Murphy, Thomas Murphy, James Murphy, Pat Murphy (the chief ingredients of "Murphytown"), Bill "Whitehead" Bennett, N. J. Crane and Alfred Keen (on the corner of the old Bloomfield road).

The Shields Guards was, before the Civil War, one of the institutions of Murphy's lane. The armory in which the guns and accoutrements, loaned by the state, were stored, was situated some distance back from Charlie Van Riper's house, near the present Mt. Prospect avenue. There were many Irishmen in the neighborhood and they formed this company as a rival to the Continental Blues, which numbered Belleville's best among its members.

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN WOODSIDE.

Among Mr. Hine's papers is a note to the effect that about 1822 a Sunday school was carried on in Woodside (for how long he could not ascertain) in the house of Mr. Joseph Johns, on Murphy's lane. This was an old stone house containing two rooms on the ground floor, in one of which, about fifteen feet square, the Sunday school was held. The house stood at the lower end of Murphy's lane, very near Second river. It was torn down during the winter of 1886. Mr. Hine says:—

"Mr. Johns himself does not appear to have been "exactly a saint, but his wife, Peggy, was a woman of "exceptionally fine character and a devoted Christian. "She died thirty-three years ago (this was written by "Mr. Hine in 1887), and those who were children dur- "ing her later years speak of their visits to her house "as among the bright spots in their child life. From "the best information I can obtain, it was she who "gathered the children of the neighborhood together "for Sunday instruction, but I learn also of students "from a seminary in Bloomfield who came down there "to teach, and who also established a school in Frank- "lin; they called it Pobishon. Whether that was an "Indian name of the region or merely a local title, I "do not know, but children from Belleville used to go "to both schools.

"I have not been able to find out whether this an- "cient Woodside school was divided in classes or "taught in a body by the person conducting it; but

"the exercises were simple and now and then a tract "would be given to a child, who in those early days, set "great store by the simple gift. I only know of two "persons now living who attended this school of sixty- "five or more years ago: they are Mr. Henry Stimis, "who lives on the River road in Woodside and his sis- "ter Eliza, who are well known to many of us. Mr. "William Wauters, who was a cousin of Mrs. Peggy "Johns, has for many years, and until recently, been "a resident of Woodside, and is the father of two "former faithful workers in this school, the Misses "Lizzie and Lucy Wauters."

In view of the fact that the first Sunday school in Newark was held in 1814 (Daily Advertiser, Oct. 27, '83.) it speaks well for this country region that one was held here only eight years later.

AN EASY WAY TO DIVIDE EVEN.

As nearly as I can gather from current remark, Mr. Joseph Johns was a remarkably fine specimen of an awful example for a temperance lecture—certainly that appears to be the impression he left behind among the neighbors. A story still survives which indicates that Mr. Johns was also somewhat original in his method of doing things.

It seems that he once had a sum of money in shape like a parcel of bills of tempting thickness, and Mrs. Johns, believing that it would be rather more safe in her possession than in his, tried to persuade him to give it up, but, failing in this, she firmly in-

sisted that half of the amount belonged to her, and that he should at least divide. To this proposition he agreed and, taking the package to the chopping block, with one whack of an axe he cut it in two and handed one bundle to his wife, saying "there's your half".

When he came to and realized the destruction he had wrought, he was at great pains to paste the bills together again, and in this condition they were put into circulation. For some years it was a common thing to find some of "old Johns's money" among change received at the Belleville stores.

WAUTERS—WAUTERSE.

Beyond the Johns house stood the dwelling of William T. Wauters—Wauterse, as his Dutch forefathers spelled it. The house is shown on the map of 1849, but could not have been erected a great while before that date.

POLLY VAN WINKLE AGAIN.

It seems that Polly Van Winkle, mentioned in connection with the River road, was an inhabitant of Bloomfield and used Murphy's lane as one of her routes to and from the water side. She left the same general memory here that she did elsewhere—a little, old woman, bent nearly double with years and the weight of an enormous pack, which was her constant companion.

MURPHYTOWN.

Not much has been learned of the Murphys, who appear to have been brought over to work in the

A BIT OF MURPHY'S LANE

As it was twenty years ago

calico mills, and who settled so thickly about midway of the lane that the spot became known as "Murphytown".

THE GYPSIES DO BUSINESS.

Some time before the Civil War a small band of gypsies, headed by one James Trail, who had been in the habit of camping in the woods on the south side of the lane, purchased some of the Murphy property for the purpose of establishing a winter home. In those days this was an out of the way spot and quite suitable for the nomads.

During the warm months these gypsies wandered over the country and at one time, while in Tennesee, they came upon a gullible person named Ferris. Him they induced to bury a pot of gold, or at least to allow them to bury it, at an auspicious moment when the moon and stars favored increase, on the theory that if left a certain length of time, long enough to allow them to get well out of the country, it would multiply the dollars to a marvellous extent.

At the proper time Mr. Ferris dug up the pot and found it heavily laden with—lead, and was sorely vexed. So far the plans of the gypsies had worked as they wished, but what they had not counted on was the persistence of their victim, who managed to trail them to their winter lair. He then sought out 'Squire Sandford of Belleville, and offered him a reward if he would capture the thieves and get the money back, which the 'Squire did in short order.

All who knew 'Squire Sandford in his active days know how useless it was to attempt to bluff him, and it is hardly necessary to state that the gypsies promptly came to terms. This resulted in their giving up the property on Murphy's lane in order to avoid further trouble, and the 'Squire received half of the land in lieu of a money reward.

THE BENNETT PROPERTY.

On the far edge of Murphytown stood the home of Bill "Whitehead" Bennett. There were many Bennetts in the neighborhood, and it was necessary to distinguish one "Bill" from another—this one appears to have been a blond. The records show that the heirs of Joseph Crane sold this property to John P. Durand, and he to Simon Sainsimon, he to Daniel Crane, he to Aaron I. Crane, he to William Bennett, he to Abram S. Hewitt, and he to Dr. Grenville M. Weeks. The following items in regard to the ownership of the property I have from Dr. Weeks.

PETER COOPER OWNS LAND HERE.

Early in the fifties Peter Cooper and Abram S. Hewitt bought a tract comprising about 38 acres just beyond "Murphytown", their intention being to make a homestead of it, but they did not build. In 1860 Dr. Grenville M. Weeks who was then a young man, living in Bloomfield, discovered the place and, liking it both for its beauty and for what he thought would be its future possibilities as the city grew, saw Mr. Cooper and asked if he would sell. The latter said

no, as he had purchased intending to make his home here, but that since then he and his son-in-law had been looking at a place near Greenwood Lake, and they might sell a year hence, if they decided on the latter place, as Hewitt thought the city would crowd them out of this spot.

DR. GRENVILLE M. WEEKS COMES ON THE SCENE.

In '61 the Doctor again called on Mr. Cooper, who said, "Well, are you as hungry after that place as ever?" and when the young man said yes, the owner wanted to know how much he would pay down. The Doctor who was only twenty-one, had a half interest in a small drug store in Bloomfield, which had netted him $500, a very considerable sum to him, and when he said he had $500, Peter Cooper said, "$500! Young "man, have you any idea what the relation of $500 is "to a $10,000 place?" The Doctor then thought he could raise another $500, and the owner said, "I will "make a contract and give you a deed when you can "save another $1,000 and give me a mortgage for $8,- "000." The Doctor had by this time entered the Navy, and was thus enabled to secure the second thousand and the deal was consummated.

In the course of time John I. Briggs bargained for the property, agreeing to pay $15,000, and paid $100 down to bind the contract, but he never paid interest on the mortgage, and the Doctor was compelled to foreclose.

MR. JAS. YEREANCE A RESIDENT.

Next came Jeremiah Counsellor, a conductor on the M. & E. R. R., and a well-known character, and he asked the Doctor for an opportunity to sell the property, stating that he would sell it inside of a month, and that he wanted as his commission half of all he could get over $50,000. This was just before the panic of '73, when prices were largely inflated and the Doctor was naturally pleased, as, having been attached to the government service most of the time, he had not appreciated the rise in land values. Shortly thereafter the sale was made to Mr. James Yereance, a New York business man, for $57,000, $25,000 being paid down. The interest was paid for some years, but Mr. Yereance was finally unable to meet the payments, and an amicable arrangement was made whereby part of the property was deeded to the father of Mr. Yereance and the remainder was bought in by the Doctor at Sheriff's sale. The Doctor speaks very highly of the honest manner in which Mr. Yereance treated him all through these transactions.

DR. WEEKS AND THE MONITOR.

Dr. Grenville M. Weeks carries with him a useless right arm as a memento of the Civil War. He was surgeon on the Monitor when she sank, and tells such an interesting story—not only of this event, but also of the conception and building of the Monitor, many points of which he says are not commonly known—that a brief outline of his story is embodied here:—

DR. THEODORE RUGGLES TIMBY.

Dr. Theodore Ruggles Timby, who died November 10, 1909, at the age of 91 was, the Doctor believes, the real inventor of the Monitor. In 1843, Dr. Timby gave thought to the immense unprotected stretch of coast which this country presented to an enemy, and recognized how impossible it would be to construct forts that would cover its vast extent. It then occurred to him that if floating forts could be constructed which could be taken to any point threatened, the difficulty would be met. It is said that the old circular fort on Governor's Island first suggested a revolving turret to him.

By much thinking he gradually evolved the Monitor type, and fifteen years before the Civil War broke out had perfected his plans and submitted them to the various European governments, even sending them to China, but they all scouted his idea, some one of them remarking that every inventor had his soft spot, and evidently that of Dr. Timby was the thought that he could float an iron ship.

Dr. Timby returned home and continued to work over his plans, placing airtight compartments in bow and stern, and in such other ways as he could devise meeting the objections that had been raised.

When the Civil War came the inventor managed to get his plans before Mr. Lincoln, who immediately became interested, and who used frequently to visit his workshop in Washington to discuss them. Finally Mr. Lincoln, who had some knowledge that the Mer-

rimac was being constructed and knew that something must be done to meet the emergency, sent Dr. Timby with his plans to three of the wealthiest and most prominent men in New York, with a request that they submit the plans to the best engineer they could find.

These took the model and plans to John Ericsson, then regarded as the best engineer in the country, and he, after shutting himself up with them for ten days, submitted a report in which he stated his belief in the feasibility of the plan, and that he could construct the vessel in one hundred days. The order was immediately given to go ahead, and at the end of the one hundred days the "Monitor" was floating on the waters of New York harbor, to all appearances a success.

An interesting addition to this story, which belongs here, comes from Mrs. Lucy Cate Abercrombie of Forest Hill, and, while it is not part of the Doctor's narrative, it helps to complete the history.

When Ericsson announced that the Monitor could be built, he was called to Washington for consultation and, among other questions, was asked where the plates necessary to armor the proposed vessel could be secured. He responded that he did not know, that such plates were only made in Glasgow, and that it was impossible to secure them from there, but that there was a man in Baltimore who had invented machinery for rolling large plates, and perhaps he could do the work.

MR. HORACE ABBOTT MAKES THE MONITOR A POSSIBILITY.

This was Mr. Horace Abbott, the grandfather of Mrs. Abercrombie, who had perfected a machine for rolling heavy plates, by the invention of the third roll, but he had put his last dollar into the invention and the stagnation of business due to the war was writing ruin for him in very large letters. Mr. Abbott was sent for and a contract was signed, and in forty-eight hours thereafter the first plate had been rolled, and this led to other government work. Thus the Monitor not only saved the fortunes of the Union, but also those of one of its inventive citizens.

Mr. Abbott's invention revolutionized the methods employed in rolling heavy plates; it has never been materially changed and is in use to-day in every rolling mill in the country.

THE MONITOR GOES TO HAMPTON ROADS.

Word was sent to Lincoln that the Monitor was afloat and he, knowing that the Merrimac was almost ready, ordered it to proceed immediately to Hampton Roads. Ericsson, however, responded that this was impossible, that the vessel was intended only for harbor defense and would not last in a sea, as she was merely an iron deck set on a scow with an overhang at each end of twenty-five feet, and that the force of the waves under this overhang would lift the upper works from the hull. He had not followed Dr. Timby's plans as to the hull, which would have saved the vessel in the storm off Hatteras referred to below.

The only excuse for the twenty-five foot overhang that can be thought of now is that the short hull was sufficient to float the structure and cost less than a longer hull. The President, however, sent peremptory orders that the Monitor should go, and we all know the result.

TALE OF THE MERRIMAC'S ENGINEER.

Some years after the close of the war Dr. Weeks met the engineer of the Merrimac in Dakota, and as the conversation drifted to the days that had been, the engineer told how the Southerners were highly elated at the first success of the Merrimac, and felt that nothing could stop them, and when they came out of the James river on the morning that the Monitor arrived, the captain was annoyed to see what he supposed was a raft lying between him and his intended prey, the Minnesota, and not realizing what it was or that it could offer resistance, ordered full speed ahead, expecting to ram and destroy the obstruction.

"You can imagine our amazement", said the engineer, "at the shock of the impact, which threw us to "the deck; it was like running on a ledge of rock. "The iron prow of the Merrimac, which was made "for ramming, was bent and useless, and had we not "struck a slanting blow the result to the Merrimac "would have been serious.

"But what finally overwhelmed us were the "enormous balls, eleven inches in diameter, which "came thundering at our railroaded sides until they "began to make breaches. Finally one of these ripped

"through us from stem to stern, killing or wounding "seven or more, upsetting gun carriages and causing "terrible devastation. Then it was that we realized "that destruction awaited us unless we could escape."

DR. WEEKS TRANSFERRED TO THE MONITOR.

One of the mistakes made by Ericsson was the placing of the conning tower, from which the vessel is fought, aft of the turret instead of on its top, as the plans called for. Because of this the officer in charge was compelled to swing the bow forty-five degrees out of her course in order to see ahead. This delayed the fight greatly and also caused Lieut. John L. Worden, who fought the Monitor, to be almost blinded by smoke and burned powder. This fact led to the transferring of Dr. Grenville M. Weeks to the Monitor, as it was necessary to relieve Lieutenant Worden and the Monitor's surgeon, Dr. Daniel C. Logue, went with him to the Brandywine, while Doctor Weeks, who was surgeon on the Brandywine, was ordered to replace Dr. Logue.

CAPTAIN BANKHEAD IN COMMAND.

Captain Bankhead succeeded Lieutenant Worden in command of the Monitor and, as the Doctor says, there was a certain poetical justice in the succession of Captain Bankhead to this command. It seems that a board consisting of General Bankhead, the Captain's father, and Colonel Thornton of the army, and Joe. Smith of the navy, had been appointed some years before to determine whether this was a great piece of

folly, as the Europeans thought, or whether it was of value, as the inventor believed. Thornton and Smith reported against the invention, while General Bankhead made a minority report in its favor. The Bankheads were Southern men, but loyal when the Civil War came.

SINKING OF THE MONITOR.

The Monitor was ordered to Charleston, S. C., and on December 29, 1862, was taken in tow by the Rhode Island, a powerful side-wheel steamer. A West India hurricane was raging up the Atlantic Coast, and two days after the start that very thing happened to the Monitor that was predicted by Ericsson, the tremendous lift of the seas under the long overhang of twenty-five feet caused the deck to break away gradually from the hull, and soon the cabin was awash and the heavy dining table was crashing into the stateroom doors and cabin sides as the rolling of the clumsy little vessel rushed the water from side to side.

At this point the Doctor went below for something and found an engineer so sick in his stateroom that he did not realize their perilous position, and when the man refused to move the Doctor attempted to force him out, but now a wave swept over the deck and the Doctor, supposing the Monitor was going down, sprang for the companionway and had to fight his way up through a solid wall of water.

Once outside he sought the top of the turret with the Captain; in the meantime rockets had been set off to notify the Rhode Island that her tow was sinking

and the latter had cut her loose. By this time the fires were nearly out and the Monitor was so waterlogged that she did not rise to the seas, but dived into them, while her officers and men could with difficulty hang on, shutting eyes and mouth until the flood had swept astern.

The Rhode Island immediately proceeded to lower a boat on its port quarter, but while this was being done one of the most desperate situations of this desperate night occurred. In some way an end of the immense tow rope which had been trailing astern became entangled in one of the paddle wheels and stopped the machinery. Thus she lay helpless for the time being. In the meantime the Monitor, which was still slowly running under her own power, her fires as yet not having been drowned out, was bearing down on the Rhode Island. In the darkness the proximity of the two boats was not discovered until the Monitor was on the point of ramming. Just at this critical moment the paddle wheel was cleared and the Rhode Island began slowly to forge ahead, and consequently the blow was not severe enough to cause serious damage, but it was a heart-rending moment to those on both of the vessels, who felt that they were very close to eternity.

The collision smashed the boat which was being lowered but another quickly took its place and, recognizing how easily it could be stove, this was well guarded with rope fenders.

It was midnight and very dark, the two vessels had drifted apart again, but finally the small boat was discovered close in on their starboard quarter. It did not dare come alongside, however, for fear of being smashed, and the men were compelled to jump.

The Doctor was one of the last to leave the Monitor, and by this time the small boat had drifted so far off that he fell short into the icy water, but those on board caught him by the hair and collar and he was dragged to safety. The Doctor will never forget seeing one of the engineers, who had been the life of the party and who was loved by all, miss the boat by five feet as he jumped, and go down in the darkness never to be seen again.

There were sixteen in the small boat, but it was staunch, and they felt comparatively safe. The waves were tremendous; at one moment the boat was riding the crest of a mountain, the next it was engulfed in the depths. While thus momentarily between two great seas they dimly saw the bow of a second boat from the Rhode Island hanging above them, which the next moment would come down athwartships and grind them to pulp. A shout of warning enabled each helmsman to throw his tiller over and sheer off to some extent, but what saved the situation from becoming a catastrophe to all was the Doctor's quick wit. He tells the story very modestly himself. Springing up and bracing his feet he grasped the bow of the oncoming boat as firmly as possible and pushed

it to one side and this, with the prompt action of the helmsman, just prevented the impending collision, but, as the one boat came down on the other, the Doctor's arm was gripped between them and he was pulled down to the water, his arm was dragged from its socket and hung attached to his body by a few stretched muscles. The intense pain caused him to faint, and had it not been that the cold water revived him as his head went under he would have been pulled overboard.

When the boat reached the Rhode Island they found a spar extended from which depended ropes up which the sailors scrambled as only a sailor can, and then the Doctor thought of death, and it was not pleasant in spite of the intense pain he was enduring. One sailor lost his grip and fell into the sea, never to be seen again.

What could a man so maimed as the Doctor was do to save himself under such circumstances? Nothing. There seemed no hope for him, and he thought of descending into that watery grave and slowly disintegrating in the ooze at the bottom of the ocean; and the horror of it took hold on him, for he was a young man and wanted to live.

Finally all were out of the boat but the men at bow and stern, the Doctor, and George W. Tichenor, when the latter shouted that they must do something to save the man who had saved them all. A rope was then thrown from the vessel and a bowline passed

over the Doctor's right shoulder and under his left arm, and the poor, maimed body was dragged on board as a bag of potatoes might have been, but he was saved. It was good to feel the wooden deck under foot once more.

NOTES ON THE CRANE FAMILY.

The last property on this old road was the Crane estate. The first of the name to settle here was Jasper Crane (born 1680), and he is supposed to have come here about 1730. The family genealogy goes back to an earlier Jasper, born 1600, who is said to have been a son of Gen. Josiah Crane, who was in the service of King James I. of England. Jasper married in England, as his son John was born there in 1635. Jasper came from England about 1639 and was one of the early settlers of New Haven, Connecticut, where he was a magistrate for several years. From there he removed to Branford and from the latter place to Newark in 1665. Here he was a magistrate, was first president of the Town Council and was first on the list of deputies to the General Assembly of New Jersey for six years after the settlement of Newark. (See note page 127.)

John Crane, born 1635, had a son Jasper, born 1680 (the first to settle here). His son Joseph was born 1722; this Joseph had a son Joseph, born 1767, and his son was Nathaniel Jonas Crane, born 1808.

The old Crane stone house is supposed to have been erected about 1760 by Joseph Crane; this was taken down about 1890. The small wing at the right

CRANE HOMESTEAD

Supposed to have been erected about 1760. Picture taken in 1890. The barn which stood back of this house was the one in which cattle were slaughtered for the troops of General Anthony Wayne

of the building is believed to have been the older part of the house. Those now living remember that in the attic of this part were several swords of various descriptions which Nathaniel J. Crane has said were used by members of the family who fought in the French and Indian War. The barn which stood in the rear of this house is the one referred to elsewhere as having been used as a slaughter-house when General Anthony Wayne was camped under this ridge.

Beyond the Crane house is the Keen homestead, which is mentioned in connection with the old Bloomfield road.

Note for page 126.—Information concerning the Sidman family which was received after this book was in type and inserted at the last minute, shows that Jasper Crane owned land here as early as 1711. See page 100.

PART II.

C. C. HINE IN 1895

"There may have been men of greater and more beautiful character than his, but I never knew any and never read of any. I count it one of the most fortunate things of my life to have been for so many years so closely associated with him. While it (the portrait) does not do full justice to the subject (I do not think any photograph could), it is a face I am glad to look at and it recalls some of the pleasantest memories of my whole life and some of the things which, I am sure, have been of the utmost value to me in many ways. He left nothing but a trail of good wherever he went. My memory is of a *life* rather than of episodes; I only wish I could describe it as it was lived. The only two absolutely unselfish people I ever knew were Mr. Hine and my own mother."

JAY TENEYCK.

C. C. HINE AND HIS TIMES.

This second part is intended to cover as well as may be the period of time beginning with the opening of Woodside as a residence section. During these years Mr. Charles Cole Hine took such an active interest in the welfare of the neighborhood and was so wrapped up in and identified with its best interests that its history is his biography, consequently I feel that it will be proper to give here a brief outline of his life previous to the year 1867, when he settled in Woodside.

When women could lift their little children up to "take a last look at the best friend they ever had", as was done while the people passed by the coffin of Mr. Hine as it lay in the church, such as did not come in direct contact with the man may to some extent understand what a feeling of love he inspired in those who knew him.

For me he had a living reality that death has never removed; it was years before I could accept the situation. Concerning no one else have I ever had the same feeling. Death has removed others and I have accepted the condition as final, but for a long period

after the death of my father I had a feeling amounting to momentary conviction that he had opened the office door and was coming toward me, and have looked up from my desk many a time to welcome him. This could not have been a matter of local association, for I was occupying an office which he never saw. What it was I do not know.

"Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair."

CHARLES COLE HINE.

Charles Cole Hine was born in New Haven, Conn., December 21, 1825. When six years of age his parents removed to Hornellsville, N. Y. His father was a carriage builder, but of nomadic tendencies, and the boy had small opportunity for schooling, though as a matter of fact he went to school all his life; he had an instinct for acquiring knowledge that could not be suppressed, and as a result those who knew him best in after life took it for granted that he was a college-bred man.

With the versatility of many another self-made man he turned his hand to many things in his youth while finding himself. He once went on a concert tour with three other young men, driving from town to town through Ohio and western Pennsylvania. At one time he turned to art for a living and actually did support himself, after a fashion, for a brief period,

painting portraits. Mr. Hine's father moved to Massillon, Ohio, in 1837, and there the boy grew up and cast his first vote. Once when clerking in a store in Massillon, among the commodities of which was a line of books, the proprietor, who was of a kindly disposition, allowed the young man to read as he liked, and as a result he read every book in the place, including an encyclopædia, some six hundred volumes in all.

When the telegraph was young he became interested in that and established lines through parts of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, contracting for poles and their erection, selecting the local operators and teaching them the Morse alphabet, and doing any other missionary work that was needed. That he was something more in this than ordinary is evidenced by the fact that in Reid's "History of the Telegraph in America" Mr. Hine's name is frequently mentioned, and always in complimentary terms. While in charge of the office in Louisville, he invented a transmitter to repeat messages in order to save the time of an operator, for in those days the electric fluid only carried a message so far, and long distance messages must needs be repeated by hand. Later some one invented and patented the same thing and made, I believe, a fortune by it.

An operator in the early days of telegraphy was a more important personage than at present. Mr. Hine has told how, when he was stationed in St. Louis, 1848-9, P. T. Barnum was taking Jenny Lind around

the country and, upon reaching St Louis, he insisted on getting inside the telegraph office and making the acquaintance of the operator. As a result he took Mr. Hine riding with him and gave him two tickets for each concert, no mean gift when tickets were selling at $20.00 each.

The year 1849 was the year of the cholera and of the "great fire" in St. Louis. "The city was a charnel "house; funerals were the principal events and the "chief business of the hour; hearses went on a trot "when they could not go faster." Mr. Hine was convalescing from the disease and had been carried from a room at Olive and Main streets to his boarding house. That same night the "great fire" started on the levee. Four hundred buildings in the business heart of the city, which included Olive and Main streets, were destroyed.

While living in St. Louis Mr. Hine met Mary Hazard Avery, whose parents had also removed from Connecticut, and was married to Miss Avery in that city July 4, 1853. Before that time he had established himself in New Albany, Ind., where in due course he represented the Adams Express Company, and was secretary of a plank road, notary for two banks and agent for several insurance companies, fire and life.

While living here the New Albany Theological Seminary removed to Chicago, leaving a splendid set of buildings vacant, and Mr. Hine thought he saw the opportunity of his life in the establishment of a girls'

seminary. The property was easily obtained, and he spent all the money he had and all he could borrow fitting up the place but, as he once put it, "the New "Albany Female Seminary opened simultaneously "with the great panic of 1857". He lost every cent he had and came out of the crash many thousands of dollars in debt.

When Mr. Hine wished to enter active business again he bought up the outstanding notes against him in order to protect himself and, although his former creditors had no claim on him thereafter, he gradually paid back every dollar of indebtedness with interest. In this he followed the somewhat unique method of ascertaining who among his old creditors were most in need, and paying these first.

As an insurance agent Mr. Hine had represented the Ætna Insurance Company, whose western general agent had said to him: "Mr. Hine, if ever you should "want to go into insurance again, please let me know "first", and after the crash Mr Hine promptly sent word to the headquarters in Cincinnati that he wanted a position and as promptly got it. Thereafter he was connected with the western office of the Ætna until he removed to New York in 1865. Mr. Hine was brought east by the offer of the secretaryship of the International Insurance Company, but the methods adopted not being to his liking he resigned. He was then practically offered the position of Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New

York, but preferring to be his own master and delighting in editorial work, he purchased the Insurance Monitor in March, 1868, and that became his life work.

MR. HINE IN SEARCH OF A HOME.

As soon as his work would permit he began to look about for a home, and ultimately decided on Woodside, which was then beginning to be exploited as a residence section for toilers in the city. In this connection it can do no harm to tell a little story which he often told of himself.

As a young man he spent many of his leisure hours painting, and in 1844 painted much with a certain man in Massillon, Ohio, who was something of an artist, and during this time painted the man's portrait, but he had completely lost sight of his friend for more than twenty years.

In 1866, when looking for a home site, Mr. Hine answered, among others, an advertisement of a Mr. M., in Morrisania, and while inspecting the house saw a portrait which he recognized as that of his artist friend of 1844, and one which he had seen many times, but which the lady of the house told him was Mr. M., an entirely different name.

When the gentleman himself arrived Mr. Hine recognized him, but neither gave any indication of the recognition and an appointment was made for Mr. M. to call at the New York office of his prospective customer the next day.

In the meantime Mr. Hine got out his old portrait

HOME OF MR. HENRY J. WINSER

House erected in 1866. Situated at 201 Washington Avenue. In the foreground stands the old apple tree that was used as a talking point by Mr. Ananias

of the man and placed it in his office where the caller would see it, expecting a good time in resuming the old acquaintance, but Mr. M. never came, and inquiry showed that he had disappeared suddenly, leaving no address, and that his house was vacant and in the hands of an agent.

Mr. Hine's portrait of the man hung for many years over a door in the dining room at No. 209 Washington avenue, and he was fond of relating an entirely new supposition accounting for the mysterious disappearance of the gentleman, which was advanced by his pastor who, on a certain occasion, was dining at the house when the story was told, and who "looked "up from his plate, gazed at the picture a moment, "and then looking me square in the eye said, in a calm, "deliberate voice: 'Maybe he was afraid you would "paint him again.' "

MR. HINE FIRST VISITS WOODSIDE.

Mr. Hine first visited Woodside in August, 1866; the house at 201 Washington avenue was for sale, having been erected by a Mr. Babbitt, who was unable to occupy it. Mr. Hine concluded it could be made to meet his requirements, and immediately closed the bargain; but it seems that Mr. Henry J. Winser had before this discovered the house and, being attracted by the great trees growing on the place, secured the refusal of the property for a few days, and it was before this time had expired that Mr. Hine made the purchase.

Here was a state of things which was unpleasant for all except Mr. Babbitt, who had his money, and he referred Mr. Winser to Mr. Hine, thus dismissing the matter so far as he was concerned. Mr. Winser as city editor of the New York Times was then investigating the Tweed Ring and could not attend to personal matters, hence it devolved on Mrs. Winser to open the negotiations which resulted in a sale to Mr. W. and the purchase of property adjoining on the north by Mr. Hine.

THE FIRST HOUSES ERECTED ON WASHINGTON AVENUE.

The Winser family moved in on September 1, 1866. At this time there were five detached houses on this (east) side of what was then Belleville avenue; these were occupied by Messrs. Winser, Best, Baldwin, Neumann and Daniel F. Tompkins. On the west side were six houses, occupied (from south to north) by Messrs. Sommer, an artist; Shannan, Mrs. Van Wyck, James Gamble, George B. Callen and John P. Contrell. Between Elwood avenue and Carteret street the foundations for four houses were laid, and on the hill above Carteret street Mr. Charles D. Morrison who, with Mr. John I. Briggs, composed the firm of Morrison & Briggs, builders, was erecting his own dwelling. Below these groups on the south there was no building until we came to the spacious house, embowered in trees, of Mr. Horace H. Nichols, and across Washington avenue from Mr. Nichols, at the

point, the house built by Mr. A. P. Scharff, later occupied by Dr. MacKie, Mr. James A. C. Van Rossam and one Flavel.

THE FIRST HOUSES ERECTED ON LINCOLN AVENUE.

On what was then known as the Back road were the houses of Colonel Buck, Messrs. Samuel Royce, Miles I'Anson, E. A. Boyden, John Scharff, John C. Bennett; the first house of C. D. Morrison, present corner of May street and Summer place; the old Phillips farm house and the house of James Swinnerton, Jr., on the northeast corner of Elwood avenue, which was then Berkley street.

HOUSES ERECTED IN 1866-7.

Within the year there were built the houses of Mr. Hine, Mr. Harlan, C. D. Morrison, Miss Teel, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Faitoute, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. F. F. Mercer, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. McDonald and Wm. Chippendale, the latter a son of Richard Chippendale, who came to this country on account of the Chartist troubles in England, and about this time the house of Mr. Horace Carter on the Gully road was built.

Several new houses were built on the River road near Grafton avenue, and were occupied by Mr. Webster, Mr. Oliver Gordon, formerly of Brooklyn, who had a large business with China and was a colleague of the Lows; and Benjamin Brigg, son-in-law of Mr. Gordon and the representative of the Brigg woolen mills in Huddersfield, England.

HOMES OF AN EARLIER PERIOD.

Of the old settlers there were the houses of Sandford, Munn, Melius, Colonel Cumming, Stimis, John McDonald, Coeyman and Weiler, on the River road; Mr. Alfred Hardwick Gibbs on the high ground north of the Gully road, known as "Thornhill"; the "Cedars", built by Frank Forester (H. W. Herbert), which had been bought by Mr. Sanchez y Dolce, and was then occupied by him, and also a group of houses about the junction of Washington and Grafton avenues and Halleck Street, which is treated of elsewhere.

On the west side of Belleville avenue near Second river was the interesting old house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Bird and Mrs. Bird's two sons by a former marriage, Lewis and George Ashmun. This was a most delightful house, and the hospitality of the Birds was renowned. Mrs. Bird was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Strong, of Massachusetts, and inherited her gracious manner and charm of conversation from a long line of ancestors who were among the best people of New England.

They entertained with the grace of the early part of the nineteenth century, before the advent of that class of plutocrats that brought ostentatious pomp and more or less bad manners into society. Mr. Bird was a gentleman of the old school, and Mrs. Bird one of the most gracious and beautiful of women. It was always a delight to attend their evenings at home. One was sure of meeting all the charming people of

the surrounding country and Newark, and there was no lack of brilliant conversation. When the gatherings were not too large and the company could assemble around the hospitable board the table-talk was sparkling with wit, while matters of graver import were freely discussed.

It is impossible to say when this old house was erected; it bears every evidence of having been a very fine place in its day. One informant recalls having heard Mrs. Bird state that the house was built before the Revolution by an Englishman who sympathized with his king and was consequently compelled to leave the country when war was declared. This information Mrs. Bird secured from a daughter of Harry Coeyman, who had received it from her father. Presumably this is Henry M. Coeyman, a son of Minard, who is said to have served in the Revolution, and the son would thus have come on the scene early enough to know the facts.

The records do not go beyond 1790. On July 5, 1790, James H. Maxwell conveyed the property to Alexander McComb who, on May 21, 1792, conveyed it to Daniel McCormick who, on July 18, 1792, conveyed to Thomas Bennett. The next transfer is a sheriff's deed dated June 24, 1812, to Jacob Stout, and on April 9, 1825, his widow, Frances, conveyed to the President and Directors of the New Jersey Bleaching, Printing & Dyeing Company. On September 10, 1829, a sheriff's deed conveyed to Samuel Wright et

als. Then follow the names of owners as follows: Andrew Gray, Bolton et als., Edward Dwight et als., American Print Works, 1835; James K. Mills, 1853; George Bird, 1853, and Jonathan Bird, 1859.

During the time that the house was occupied by Mr. Bird the place was approached from Mill street by a bridge across Second river just above the present Washington avenue bridge.

INTRODUCING MR. ANANIAS.

After the many years of unclouded friendship that have existed between the families of Hine and Winser it is difficult to realize that there could ever have been any other state of feeling, but at the outset conditions were just the reverse and the cause of it is rather an interesting little story.

Both homesteads were situated within what was once a Stimis apple orchard and each contained several magnificent apple trees that were probably over one-hundred years old, and it was one of these trees and an unruly tongue that caused the trouble. The tree in question was a picturesque old giant that stood on the Winser premises near the street and near Mr. Hine's line.

A neighbor of both families, whom we will call Mr. Ananias, took a dislike to Mr. Hine, even before his house was finished, and undertook to make trouble for him. Knowing that both families admired and valued the trees which adorned their places he pitched on this particular apple tree, and first called on Mr.

Winser and during a conversation managed to introduce the subject of the new neighbor, incidentally remarking that Mr. Hine, who was a new-rich upstart from the west, had taken a dislike to the Winser family and, having learned of its love of trees, had announced that he was going to have that apple tree down, Winser or no Winser, under the pretense that it interfered with his view.

Having planted and properly watered the seed of discord he proceeded to sow tares in the next field by informing Mr. Hine that the Winsers had expressed themselves in a very disparaging way concerning him and his, proposing to annoy him in any way they could and, having heard of his admiration for this great apple tree, intended to cut it down to spite him.

After this it was quite natural that the families should pass by on the other side—in fact the one turned its back on the other in so pronounced a fashion that there was no overlooking it.

The Winsers saw the family move in and noted that it consisted of one gentleman, two ladies and three children, and concluded that the slender lady, who was in black, was a widow, and that the slender boy was her son. And thus matters stood until one morning there was a bad accident in the Hine kitchen and Miss Avery, the supposed widow, came over for help. The cook had been burned and Mr. Hine, in beating out the flames, had had his hands burned until the skin hung from them in shreds.

Carron oil was wanted and a doctor was wanted, and Mrs. Winser, who was home alone at the time, did all in her power to assist the distressed by sending her horse for the doctor and coming to offer personal help. When she first saw Mr. Hine he was sitting with hands extended to avoid contact with anything, and when she expressed a wish to help he gladly accepted, but voiced his surprise that, feeling as she did, the offer should be made. This led to a prompt retort, and almost before they knew it the situation was explained and the eyes of both opened, and thereafter there was a well-worn path between the two houses. During the ten days or more that Mr. Hine was confined to the house Mrs. Winser took down any matters he wished to dictate and made frequent journeys to his New York office in his behalf.

Much might be told in regard to the sayings of Mr. Ananias, but possibly one or two more of his pleasantries will suffice:—

Mrs. Winser recalls her first visit to Woodside and the swarms of mosquitoes in the horse cars that were on hand to greet her: they were the real Jersey mosquitoes of well-defined propensity. It was August, and as she and Mr. Winser alighted in front of the house, which was then building, and which later became theirs, they were met by Mr. A., and to him voiced their opinions of the pests, but he waived it off with the casual remark that Woodside only had mosquitoes for a week or ten days during the middle or

latter part of August, and while they were bad then, it was only for a brief period.

In July, 1867, Mr. Winser sailed for Europe on the destroyer "Dunderburg", built by Mr. Webb, but finished too late for use in the Civil War, and which had been purchased by the French government. The trip was considered dangerous, as the vessel had been intended merely for coast defense, and the traveler not only made his will, having been warned that he was going to a watery grave, but left the most minute written instructions to help Mrs. Winser over the rough places.

What was Mrs. Winser's astonishment when, as soon as her husband was out of reach, "the Woe of Woodside" (our friend Ananias) came to her with a memorandum saying that Mr. Winser had pledged himself to pay $300 toward the erection of an Episcopal church in Woodside. This was news to her, and she searched the book of written instructions in which all claims and all money matters had been entered by Mr. Winser without being able to find that he had made such a pledge as was claimed.

When she made this announcement to Mr. A. he promptly answered: "Well, if this amount is not paid "by you, your husband's honor will be at stake and "you will be the cause". Imagine the feelings of this wife of fifteen months when told that she must pay this moral (!) obligation or cover her husband's name with dishonor. Finally, without consulting any one

versed in the ways of the world, Mrs. Winser paid over the money and, according to Mr. A., the name of H. J. Winser was put down on the subscription list with others, but some weeks later she learned that the name was not down among subscribers, but headed the list, and was used as a means of extracting money from other Episcopalians in the neighborhood.

The Winsers had brought their letters to Christ Church in Belleville, and had had no thought of making any change; hence, on the return of Mr. Winser, and the facts being known, he was filled with wrath. It was too late, however, to do anything. The reason for this conduct on the part of Mr. A. is supposed to have been purely monetary, as he expected to profit by the work involved in the erection of the proposed church building.

Thus when one acquainted with all the circumstances once remarked that "the church was conceived in sin and born in iniquity" the statement is thought to meet the situation with a fair degree of accuracy.

Mrs. Winser was later appointed treasurer of the church guild, and had great satisfaction in making Mr. A. toe the mark when his part of the work was not properly done.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Until the building was under cover services were held in Morrison's Hall, Washington avenue, opposite Elliott street, and the Lenten services, morning and

evening, in the Winser house; but, as I understand it, when the church was organized some of the first services were held in Mr. Hine's house, as witness the following:—

"At the first regular meeting of the Vestry of St. "John's church of Woodside, N. J., the following "resolution was offered by Mr. E. A. Condit and "unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, that the Vestry of St. John's Church, "Woodside, hereby tender their acknowledgments to "C. C. Hine, Esquire, for his numerous acts of kind- "ness and courtesy in their behalf, and especially for "the free use of his house as a place of public worship "during the past summer.

"Resolved, that the Secretary communicate this "resolution to Mr. Hine and record the same in the "minutes of the Vestry.

"E. A. CONDIT,
"Secy. of the Vsty."

On September 15, 1868, St. John's Church was dedicated, the church building having been in use for some time previous to this. The annals of the parish pass this service over. Bishop Odenheimer and some twenty odd clergymen were present.

Rev. Mr. Lounsbury was the first rector; he remained only a short time and Rev. Samuel Hall succeeded him in February, 1868.

The following notes are from the parish register:—

"First meeting to organize, September 2, 1867.

"Cornerstone laid, November 29, 1867.

"Rev. Samuel Hall, rector, February 8, 1868, to "February 8, 1873, when he resigned to become rector "of the Church of the Redeemer, Morristown.

"Rev. H. H. Barbour, rector from April 17, 1873, "to November 1, 1875.

"November 1, 1874, rectory occupied. Rev. Fran- "cis A. Henry, rector from April 29, 1876, to October "2, 1876.

"Rev. I. B. Wetherell, rector from November 29, "1876, to April 18, 1877.

"Rev. I. H. McCandless, rector from April 18, "1877, to November 1, 1877.

"Rev. George C. Pennell, S. T. D., rector from "January, 1878, to January 15, 1880.

"Rev. Arthur B. Conger, rector from March 28, "1880, to April 1, 1882. Resigned on account of ill- "ness.

"Rev. A. L. Wood, rector from September 11, 1882, to September 1, 1891.

"Rev. Frank Albion Sanborn, B. D., rector, Sep- "tember 1, 1891."

He was followed by Rev. George W. Lincoln, who was succeeded by Rev. Rowland S. Nichols, the present incumbent.

A WOODSIDE MOLASSES JAR.

That the women of Woodside were unusually attractive there is no denying. Of one of them it is told that she found herself in Newark rather late one evening after the cars had ceased to run and, being

alone and unable to secure a livery team (for Newark was as primitive in its way forty years ago as was Woodside) she applied at the police station for help and an officer was sent with her on the walk home. They evidently had a very pleasant trip, for it was not more than three days later that the officer appeared at the lady's home, dressed in his best, only to find that she was married. An introduction to the husband somewhat cooled his ardor.

CAPT. KIDD IN THE WINSER BACK YARD.

There is a tradition that Captain Kidd buried treasure at a point in the Winser back yard where an ancient apple tree flourished when we were young, and the following facts seem to show good foundation for the belief:—

We are told that oft during the quiet of the night (this was before the day of the trolley and its outrageous roar) the sound of a pick being driven vigorously into the earth could be heard from the direction of the old tree, but when the hearers gazed out into the dark no one could be seen. Those watching with the sick frequently noted such sounds, and as there were no visible diggers and the following morning no indications that the earth had been disturbed, it seems impossible that the work could have been done by other than the shades of the departed pirates. What, indeed, is to prevent our supposing that the ghost of the pirate captain himself was on hand, superintending the work in his old burying ground?

Then there were the snakes that guarded this old apple tree—great black snakes of a peculiarly ferocious and menacing aspect—which, as is well attested by the most reliable witnesses, were known to deliberately simulate crooked sticks which, when about to be picked up by some unsuspecting human, would dart out a fiery tongue and with a terrible hissing sound drive the too venturesome explorer to the uttermost parts of the Winser lot.

MORRISON & BRIGGS.

Morrison & Briggs were the chief builders of the first Woodside houses. As nearly as can now be learned it seems probable that it was they who induced Messrs. Parker & Keasbey to purchase land here about 1865, open streets and lay out sites for residences. The builders at first had a very small shop on Berkley street (now Elwood avenue) immediately adjoining the house of Mr. Swinnerton, but it was not long before they erected a two-story woodworking establishment on Washington avenue, just north of Elliott street.

Charlie Morrison, of the firm, was a curious specimen, good natured to a degree it would appear, for he was seemingly so unwilling to disappoint any one that he would promise the impossible without a blink. His fondness for moving was epitomized by his better half (very much better) once when she remarked that if he died first she should have his coffin put on wheels, as he would never be content to rest in one place long.

Morrison & Briggs had not been exactly trained in the art of building but they managed to bungle it through in one way and another. The house at 209 Washington avenue is an example: this was built in 1866-7, and my recollection is of hearing that the cellar wall must needs be torn down twice before it would pass inspection. When the last payment on the house was due it was necessary to furnish the builders with a list (quite a long one) of those things left undone with a gentle intimation that the final check would be forthcoming when the deficiencies were supplied. There was then a very good feint at something doing, when another list, somewhat shorter than the first, was handed to the builders, and so by a gradual process of elimination, as it were, the house was pronounced complete.

THE SAD FATE OF THE WINSER HORSE.

During the winter of 1868 the Winser horse came to a bad end. It seems that a brother of a certain General S. had rented a house on Halleck street, and as the General was an old friend of Mr. Winser it was taken for granted that the Major, his brother, was of the same standing, and he was immediately taken into the Winser bosom.

About this time the Winsers, having small use for their horse, had arranged to board it for a period in Westchester County, but when the Major heard of this he suggested that he take the animal, and that then if they wanted it at any time it would be near by.

This was more than agreeable to the owners, and "Nelly" was soon installed in the Major's stable.

In the course of ten days Mr. Winser dropped in to see how his favorite was coming on, and was told by a stableman that his master had driven her to Paterson where he was superintending some road building. This seemed reasonable, but when a second visit some two weeks later elicited the statement that the Major had shipped "Nelly" from Paterson to Maryland, and it was found that the Major's house was closed and that he would not return until January, it seemed about time to move in the matter.

The case was laid before a well-known lawyer in Newark, who would not touch it because the Major and he were on the same Republican Committee. It was then given to Mr. Runyon, later Chancellor and Ambassador to Berlin, and he, not being of the same political faith as the Major, took the case with great gusto.

The Major turned up in Newark in the course of time and the case was heard before Judge Depue. The Major said that "Nelly's" bones were bleaching on the Eastern Shore of Maryland; that she was absolutely valueless, and that he had taken her out of pure pity to save her from ill-treatment. He had but one witness, who declared that he had driven with the Major, and had no hesitation in saying the horse was lame, half starved and not fit to be put in harness.

Mr. Runyon demolished this testimony by prov-

ing that this witness had no knowledge of the points of a horse, by showing that he was indebted to the Major for his position at that time and that he had not seen the horse until she had been in the Major's possession for some time. The Major was inclined to be flippant with the Court and, finally, when asked how he stood in regard to certain transactions, he answered that he "stood in his shirt and trousers". The judge warned him that he would have to answer for contempt of court.

After ten minutes' deliberation the jury returned a verdict against the defendant for $400 for the value of the horse and also assessed the costs on him, but it is needless to say that he never paid either amount, being a politician of note. The Republican party in Newark has certainly been loaded with a hard lot of citizens, first and last.

THE OPENING OF WASHINGTON AVENUE.

It will now be necessary to go back a bit in our chronology in order to get at the beginnings of the Woodside we know.

The opening of Washington avenue, about 1865, was the beginning of a new era for the neighborhood, for then Parker and Keasbey purchased a considerable tract in the vicinity of Washington and Elwood avenues and cut it up for suburban dwelling purposes and Morrison & Briggs, contractors, appeared on the scene.

To be sure "the opening of the new highway con-

"sisted merely in setting the fences back and making "a narrow cut through the hill just north of Carteret "street, the earth from which was used to fill the ra- "vine further north". A single car track was then laid from the cemetery to Second river, and Woodside was open for business.

But it was not Woodside in those days. The first name attached to the locality, and which appears to have come into use about 1863, was Ridgewood. There was, however, a postoffice of this name already established in the state, and when the town was set off from Belleville the name was changed to the present form.

In 1865 this was a part of Belleville, but it was not long before efforts were made for a separation, as the following documents indicate:—

ASSEMBLY—NO. 498. STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

An Act to set off from the township of Belleville, in the county of Essex, an election district, to be known as Woodside.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That all that part of said township of Belleville, lying and being south of the Second river, be set off from the township of Belleville, and made and constituted an election district to be known and called Woodside.

2. And be it enacted, That Alfred Keen, Charles D. Morrison, and Charles Akers be and

are hereby appointed inspectors of election with power to elect and appoint a clerk for said election, at the annual town election to be held in April eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, at Woodside polling district in the public hall known as Woodside hall, and who are hereby required and authorized to perform all duties required of inspectors of election, in and for said district, and shall preside at said first town meeting in said district, as inspectors of election.

3. And be it enacted, That at the election to be held in April, anno domini eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, and at each succeeding April, three persons shall be elected as judges of election for such election district for the term of one year, who shall possess the powers, be required to perform the duties, and be subject to the liabilities as other judges or inspectors of elections, according to the general laws of the State of New Jersey, as they now are or may hereafter be, and said judges so elected shall act as judges of all elections to be hereafter held in said district, no ballot for this purpose shall contain more than two names; in case more than two names are voted for, the ballot shall only be void as to said judge, and the three persons who receive the highest number of votes shall be deemed and taken to be elected judges of election, in case two persons shall have received an equal number of votes, the first person named on the ballot for judge of election shall be

elected, and the said judges and clerk shall receive two dollars per day for their services, and the said judges of election shall procure a proper box for said district, of which place and time of holding elections they shall give at least two weeks' notice in five of the most public places in said district, and the said board shall have power to appoint a clerk, who shall perform such duties as is required in the act to which this is a supplement.

4. And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

5. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

"Woodside, 13 Mar. 1868.

"Gentlemen — At a meeting of the citizens of "Woodside, held last evening to consider the matter "of a new Township it was resolved that the passage "of the Bill now before the Legislature was desirable "and Major Sears and Mr. Alfred Keen were ap- "pointed (with power to select three associates) to "proceed to Trenton and urge the passage of said Bill.

"It was also resolved that the means to defray the "expenses of these gentlemen be provided by a con- "tribution of one dollar each from the signers of the "Memorial, and I was appointed to collect such con- "tribution. It being impossible for me to spare the

"necessary time to call upon you all, I request that you "will hand the amount to my son, the bearer.

"Respectfully yours,

"C. C. HINE,

"To Messrs. C. D. Morrison, Lorenzo Hart, Wm. "A. Wauters, A. Bigelow, Edw. Carrigan, Jonathan "Bird, E. Coeyman, Sam'l Royce, J. S. Gamble, Louis "Dovell, T. H. Blake, E. B. Smith, Geo. W. Harlan, "H. McFarlin, B. Dodd, T. A. Roberts, E. F. Higgins, "P. Smith, J. P. Contrell, Dan'l F. Tompkins, N. "Caughlin, Edw. Morrison, Jas. Swinnerton, Jr., J. C. "McDonald, H. E. Joraleman, Geo. Ashmun, John H. "Meeker, Wm. Dixon, Geo. T. Teel, A. Van Riper, J. "P. Fowler, Alfred Sears, John I. Briggs, Geo. B. "Callen, A. C. Neumann, W. J. Harlan, B. R. Sage, D. "Evans, Geo. W. Keen, Owen Carroll, C. C. Hine, "B. F. Baldwin, H. J. Winser, Wm. Jacobus, Stephen "Joraleman, G. W. Cumming, E. G. Faitoute, Aaron "H. Keen, Anthony Epworth, E. Charlier, Henry "Farmer, Geo. W. Gore, Patrick Brady."

If there were more names than these they were on another sheet which has been lost.

The separation was effected apparently without much difficulty, and thereafter for a brief period Woodside was independent. For the gobbling of it by Newark see the early pages of this book.

REMINISCENCES BY MR. SWINNERTON.

The following items are taken from the "Reminiscences" by Mr. James Swinnerton, which were

read before the Woodside Sunday School on the occasion of its twentieth anniversary, 1887.

"At first a single stage which ran every hour was "the only public conveyance between Newark and "Belleville. This region was then a very primitive "neighborhood. Early comers recall the fact that "Washington Irving and his friends roamed over "these beautiful hills and wooded vales with gun and "dog. It was a veritable Sleepy Hollow, and Irving, "had he been a resident, instead of an occasional "visitor, might easily have rendered the Passaic and "its valley as famous as he did Tarrytown and the "Hudson. The hill above Carteret street through "which Washington avenue was cut was then a well "known spot to sportsmen, quail, ground-doves and "rabbits being the chief game as now recalled.

"The infusion of new blood in Belleville quickened "the old, a direct avenue to Newark was demanded "and a horse railroad determined upon. Farmers and "others gave their time and the use of their teams to "break through the ridge north of Carteret street, and "a rough pathway was made over the hills to the "bluff on this side of Second river. Those traveling "further north must do so on foot after descending "the bluff by a steep flight of steps and crossing the "river on a rickety foot bridge of logs."

THE WOODSIDE OF 1867.

"The early settlers found a country beautiful to "behold, but with the usual discomforts of a new

"place. There were no stores, when short of provi-
"sions neighbor must forage on neighbor; there were
"no schools, Sunday or secular; there were no
"churches, there were no Sunday horse cars—ride to
"church we could not. There were no sidewalks, but
"there was a superabundance of mud—walk, there-
"fore, we dared not. Those who were bold enough to
"do so found mud over shoe and usually arrived at
"the church door in a state of mind. Mud in Wood-
"side at this time came early in the fall, stayed the
"winter out and lingered through the spring. Go-
"loshes were at a premium and blacking brushes at a
"discount.

"A Woodsider of the period has been compared to
"a duck standing on one foot, with the difference
"that the duck stands thus from instinct, the Wood-
"sider for the reason that he had no spot on which to
"place his other foot.

"During the day the horse-cars ran on twenty and
"forty-five minutes' headway and seldom ventured
"out after dark, owing largely to the peculiar facility
"with which they ran off the track and the difficulty
"of setting them in the straight and narrow way
"again.

"Your present get off, cross over and wait for the
"bob-car arrangement is an improvement on the past,
"decidedly; as such it may afford you some consola-
"tion and hope for the future". (Mr. Swinnerton thus wrote in 1887 when there was loud and prolonged in-

dignation over the "bobtail" car service furnished Woodside).

These with other discomforts made life in Woodside interesting and will serve to show the situation during the first year. We were without the bread of life—often short of the bread that perisheth.

As there were no sidewalks the middle of the road was used as a foot path by those too early for the next car. "One day", writes Mr. Swinnerton, "in the "middle of the road, and in the spring of 1867, I met "and was introduced to Mr. Hine. After the usual "civilities Mr. Hine declared his purpose to start a "Sunday school just as soon as he had moved into "the settlement. This was good news, but I won- "dered how the ways and means were to be provided. "Many of us had spent our last dollar when moving "in, and there was not a spare room in the hamlet large "enough to accommodate a Sunday school."

"Several months before this the residents met un- "der an old apple tree before the door of a small car- "penter shop (Morrison & Briggs's) to consider church "and other interests, but the carpenter shop had dis- "appeared and the apple tree promised little comfort "beyond shade.

"When I ventured to ask 'where?' Mr. Hine's re- "ply 'In my own house' afforded me a new experience. "The notion of any one inviting the children of a "neighborhood to his home for religious instruction "was novel."

HOME OF MR. C. C HINE, 209 WASHINGTON AVENUE

In this house three churches have been organized, Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Dutch Reformed

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OF JUNE 16, 1867.

"Business engagements prevented my attendance "at the first session of the school, but its praises were "sung by the bairns at home and on the second Sab- "bath I went over, expecting to find a few scholars "and a teacher or two arranged around an out-of-the- "way room. To my surprise teachers and scholars in "crowds were pouring into the house by the front "door. On entering I saw chairs and benches in the "parlor and the room occupied by the larger children; "the library held the infant department, and there "was provision for a Bible class in the hall.

"The school was in full swing—children singing "—Mr. Hine leading and thumping a melodeon vigor- "ously with one finger and a thumb—his practice "when no five-fingered player was at hand.

"This show of life and activity was contagious. I "fell into line at once by offering to fill the position "of librarian. Mr. Hine's reply to my offer, 'we will "look no further, but you must find your own library', "was characteristic of the man and the school. "Money and books were in hand by the following "Sunday."

Church services were also held in the parlor of Mr. Hine's house. The Rev. Mr. Scofield, pastor of

the Central Presbyterian Church, Newark, preached the first sermon from the text, "What think ye of Christ?" Several city pastors filled the pulpit—or, rather, stood at the table, propping up the Bible with a pile of books.

Invitations to preach were frequently extended in this form: "We shall be very happy to have you "come, but there will be no fee and you must bring "yourself as there are no cars, and not a horse in the "whole congregation." Ministers from a distance came Saturday nights and "boarded round". Theological students accepted invitations, bringing their first sermon, and glad enough of an opportunity to try it on a real congregation.

The following letter from Mr. Swinnerton, found among some of Mr. Hine's old papers, is inserted here as it is interesting in this connection:—

"Newark, N. J., July 16, 1867.

"Mr. Hine:—

"Dear Sir—Send this just to let you know how we "got along with the meetings on Wednesday and the "Sabbath and, I am happy to say, first-rate. At the "prayer meeting there was a fair attendance. Mr. and "Mrs. Boyden led the singing. Messrs. Teal, Ben-

THE FRONT DOOR AT 209 WASHINGTON AVENUE

Through which the Sunday School teachers and scholars
streamed each Sabbath for eighteen months
beginning with June 16, 1867

"nett, Pettit, Teal Junior and myself took part in the "exercise.

"The Sabbath school attendance was 56 against 57 "Sabbath previous. Mr. Taylor gave us a new chap- "ter in Sunday school experience. Singing good.

"Mr. Dixon preached at night; the service very "interesting; good singing. Mr. S. was not very well "but remarked on Monday morning that it had done "him more good to come up and preach for us and "breathe the country air than if he had stayed at "home. We had a full house. We filled the aisle "with chairs and there were, besides, nearly a dozen "persons in the hall. Mr. Pettit led on Wednesday. "I report progress with books—bookcase painting.

"Shall see about preaching for next Sunday to-day.

"Yours truly,

"J. SWINNERTON."

A CHURCH BELL IS PROCURED.

Occasionally an expected supply would fail to come, and those who gathered for the services were then disappointed. To meet this Mr. Hine purchased a bell and hung it in the tower of his house and this, by clangor or silence, gave notice to all the country side. There were no street lights, and those attend-

ing evening service on moonless nights have been likened unto swarms of fireflies as they ranged over the fields toward the house, every man with a lantern in hand.

Building up a congregation without the help a pastor can give, and raising money for a church edifice, are no light tasks. Several of the families held cherished church connections in Newark which they were loath to give up; others were indifferent.

FAIRS, CAKE SALES AND LECTURES.

The few especially interested worked with varying experiences. Fairs were held, the ladies baked cakes and gave them to the fair, the cakes were purchased by their husbands and carried home again.

In October Mr. Henry J. Winser gave a lecture for the benefit of the church in the house of Mr. Hine, his subject being his recent trip across the Atlantic in the Dunderberg. As showing the capacity of the house, a circular issued at the time states that "about 200 persons can be seated".

The basement of a Newark church was secured for a midwinter festival (see copy of poster); we were snowed under, and with difficulty reached our firesides.

FAIR

OF THE

Woodside Presbyterian CHURCH,

IN THE BASEMENT OF THE

Dutch Reformed Church

MARKET STREET.

Wednesday, Thursday & Friday

DECEMBER 11, 12 and 13, 1867,

Afternoons and Evenings.

The managers desire to give special emphasis to the announcement that ALL ARTICLES OFFERED FOR SALE ARE MARKED AT THE SAME PRICES ASKED FOR THEM IN REGULAR ESTABLISHMENTS. In no single instance has extortion or imposition, either in prices or the quality of goods, been permitted, and purchasers may rely upon fair dealing at all the Tables and Stands.

Variety has been secured, and some new features introduced, at considerable cost and labor, and it is hoped that a generous public will appreciate them.

THE SUPPER ROOM.

Here may be had OYSTERS, COFFEE, TEA, MEATS, PASTRY, CAKES and other edibles of the season, all served in good style, and at reasonable prices.

Useful and Fancy Articles made by the Ladies.

Attention is invited to the variety here offered: Needle-Work, Knitted-Work, articles of Clothing and Ornaments, &c., &c.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

OUR little woman knows what to do. She SELLS her children! And, wonderful to relate, Philanthropists, Humanitarians, Anti-Slavery people, Fathers, Mothers, Children and all applaud her acts! Buy one—they never cry nor dirty their own faces.

Art Gallery and Museum of Curiosities.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

This feature must be seen to be appreciated. Do not fail to buy a Catalogue and visit the ART GALLERY. All who do so, enjoy the fun and recommend their friends to do likewise. About one hundred Gems of Art and effusions of Genius have here been deposited, for the delectation of admiring friends. They are mainly original contributions, although some copies from approved masters have been admitted.

The Fine Art Department.

A Beautiful Collection of Chromo Lithographs, and Fine Standard Engravings. These are all good goods, obtained from a wholesale house in New York, on terms that enable the ladies to offer them at prices never known before in Newark For example: "Irving and his friends," the beautiful steel plate, published at **$12** will be offered at **$5**. "Washington's Last Interview," which usually brings from **$3** to **$4**, will be offered at **$2**. Beautiful chromos of Niagara and Lake George, usually sold at **$5** and **$6**, at **$4** and so on.

This is a rare opportunity to secure beautiful embellishments for a very reasonable figure. Purchases will be delivered at the close of the Fair.

The Erection Fund Subscription.

This is the focus toward which all the other matters converge. Large or small favors *here* bestowed have *directness* and force nowhere else attained.

The Lemonade Well.---The Ice-Cream Stand.---The Cake and Confectionery Tables.

These all speak for themselves and confirm their attraction to all partakers.

Holiday Presents.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING. Fancy Holiday Goods and Rich Presents are here offered at reasonable prices. Make your purchases at our tables.

Silver-Plated Ware.

These are all Fine Goods, direct from the Factory, and will be sold lower than the same quality can be purchased in the city. Persons desiring this quality of goods cannot do better than to examine the beautiful specimens here exhibited.

Groceries and Family Supplies.

This Department will furnish any article of Family Supplies, in any quantity, large or small. Purchasers can rely upon getting precisely what they order, and the goods will be delivered in the morning. Buy a barrel of Flour, a box of Soap or Starch—anything from a Nutmeg to a hogshead of Molasses. Prices the same as at the best City Groceries.

OTHER DEPARTMENTS will probably be added as the fair progresses, of which due notice will be given.

NEWARK EVENING COURIER POWER PRINT, 309 BROAD STREET.

An auction of choice engravings and Prang's chromos was attempted in the third story of a desolate building in Newark near the Market one Saturday night. Few people attended the sale and none purchased the pictures. At a similar attempt in Belleville chromos to the value of $1.25 were sold and, on counting the cash, it was found to be thirty-seven cents short.

THE RETREAT FROM BELLEVILLE.

"Moscow to Napoleon was a trifle compared to "our retreat from Belleville that wintry night. Si- "lently we carried our goods through that long- "drawn-out village. Looked at through the mist of "time this appears like a trifling incident, but then "the giant Despair loomed above us, and it was only "the splendid courage of Mr. Hine and his indomi- "table energy and perseverance which kept us going. "Family interests he sacrificed for the common weal. "To every objection there came but one reply: 'I "have enlisted for the war, and until a permanent "building is erected my doors will stand open.' "

"They did stand open for eighteen months, or until "January 3, 1869, when the second building erected "for church and Sunday school purposes in Woodside "opened its doors—the Woodside Presbyterian "Church—St. John's Church having been opened "some months previous." (Here ends Mr. Swinnerton's very interesting paper).

THE ERIE RAILROAD.

One of the advertised inducements to settlers in

Woodside was direct railroad connection with New York. The Erie had leased the Paterson, Newark & New York Railroad, which was opened in 1868 and connected with the Newark & Hudson Railroad to Jersey City, also leased to the Erie. This promised blessing was slow in coming, for at least three years elapsed before the New York connection was made, and in the meantime those whose business called them to the greater city must take the occasional horse car or walk to the D., L. & W. (which in those days stood for "Delay, Linger and Wait").

The Erie has ever been to a Woodsider as a red rag to a bull. The extremely limited service of the "Newark Branch" and the absolute indifference of the management toward the convenience of travelers have been so pronounced as always to give the impression that the road regarded passengers as a necessary evil, to be endured but not encouraged and, as a result, hundreds in the old days turned from it in disgust and went elsewhere. It is safe to say that the Erie was the chief factor in holding the growth of this section in check, while to-day its foul breath blackens the heavens and desecrates the landscape as its engines vomit vast clouds of smudgy soft coal smoke with a villainous impudence that can nowhere be equaled. The Erie is the only railroad with more than one stop in Newark that charges more to one station than to another, and no other gives so little or so poor service. Such is its uniqueness.

THE MAKING OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Mr. Hine took up his abode in Woodside on April 1, 1867. The following circular shows how prompt he was in starting the Sunday School:—

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN WOODSIDE.

There will be a Sunday School at the house of Mr. C. C. Hine, on Belleville Avenue, on Sunday June 16, 1867, at Half-past Two o'clock, p. m. All who feel an interest in this work are cordially invited to be present at that hour. Arrangements have been made for good singing and plenty of it. This SUNDAY SCHOOL is intended to be permanent.

In the Evening, at Eight o'clock, Rev. Mr. Scofield, from the Central Presbyterian Church of Newark, will preach on "THE PRECIOUSNESS. OF CHRIST."

On Wednesday Evenings, at Eight o'clock, until further notice, there will be Social Prayer Meetings.

All these Services are intended to be permanent.

A "BEFORE-THE-WAR" STORY.

Mr. Hine's love for the Sunday school is so well known that no one will be surprised to learn that as a young man, and while traveling, he once taught a class in an Atlanta (Ga.) Sunday school.

This was before the war, and Mr. Hine used to tell as a good joke on his self-esteem, how adults gathered about his class to listen, until they outnumbered the scholars. This naturally made him feel somewhat elated until he found later that his auditors, learning that he was from the North, had gathered to ascertain whether he would inject any abolition talk into his teaching. The young man, however, was too wise to try anything of that sort, and was more than thankful that he had been when he discovered the true cause of his popularity.

THE MAKING OF A CHURCH.

Even before the Sunday school Mr. Hine had inaugurated church services in his dwelling, as is evidenced by this second circular:—

Presbyterian Church in Woodside.

Since the 9th of June public worship has been held in a private house in Woodside, the Presbyterian ministers of Newark officiating. A weekly Prayer Meeting has also been sustained since the same date. A Sunday School was organized on the 16th of June, and its roll now includes 84 names.

Application was duly made to Presbytery, and a committee of Ministers and Elders was appointed to visit Woodside and organize a Church, which duty they performed on the evening of Monday, Sept. 23d. Seventeen members united at that time, seven others have signified their intention of doing so, and it is thought the number will soon be increased to thirty.

An eligible lot of nearly a half acre has been secured, and subscriptions, sufficient to pay for it, made by the residents. An appeal is now made to the Newark Churches for means with which to build a Chapel. $4,000 or $5,000 will be needed.

The rapid growth and flattering prospects of Woodside are well known in this community, and the importance of FIRST occupying this promising field can hardly be over estimated. Generous encouragement promptly extended will, under God's blessing, result in the speedy up-building of a much needed place of worship.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CARTERET STREET

The first church organized in the house of Mr. C. C. Hine

THE FIRST CHURCH OF WOODSIDE.

The following "Annals of the First Presbyterian Church of Woodside" are copied from memoranda in Mr. Hine's handwriting:—

"Woodside, Essex County, N. J.
"June, 1867.

"The first Public Worship held in Woodside was "at 8 o'clock on the Evening of Sunday, June 9, 1867, "in the house of Mr. C. C. Hine on Belleville avenue.

"Rev. Wm. C. Scofield of the Central Presbyterian "Church, Newark, preached a stirring discourse from "the text, "What think ye of Christ?"

"After the sermon it was announced that a Sun- "day school would be organized in the same place at "2½ o'clock p. m. on the following Sabbath; and on "a vote to establish and maintain a Social prayer "meeting twenty hands were raised pledging attend- "ance.

"At this date the village of Woodside is a mere "suburban settlement, containing some forty houses "that have all been built within the past sixteen "months (this, of course, refers to the Washington avenue neighborhood). The want of Church privi- "leges has been deeply felt, and this movement is de- "signed to supply that want, draw the people of "Christ together and build up a Church wherein and "whereby He may be honored and souls saved.

"Saturday, June 8th, was a rainy day. The storm "continued furious over night and until after midday "Sunday. At sunset it was fair. Notice had been in-

"serted in the Newark evening paper, and on Sunday "afternoon forty-one houses were visited (by Mr. "Hine himself) and personal invitation extended. "About one hundred people assembled and the ac- "commodations were crowded to their utmost "capacity.

"Wednesday Evening, June 12, 1867.

"Twenty-five persons attended the first prayer "meeting to-night. Messrs. Hine, Teal, Bennett and "Pettit prayed—in the order written, and with sing- "ing and remarks and reading a part of Luke 12th "the hour was profitably spent."

MR. HINE'S HOUSE THE FIRST CHURCH BUILDING.

The parlor of Mr. Hine's house was left unfurnished; it was a room 15x25 feet and the arrangement was such that the hall and the "library" across the hall could be used as an overflow. He purchased benches for the main room and placed a speaker's table at the front end of the room, so that it commanded the hall and beyond, as well as the parlor. A bell so heavy that it shook the entire house, when in use, was hung in the tower, and his eldest, who, though young, was a husky lad, recalls with many a smile how he used to shift those long, heavy benches to meet the varying requirements of the day, displaying a species of muscular Christianity at this time which greatly pleased his sire, and how he would sit on the tower stairs and study his Sunday school lesson while he rang the bell for church or school.

But not all were of so becoming a disposition, for

I am told that Mr. A. P. Scharff, who taught a class in Sunday school, called his scholars a "Band of Hope", as that was the only thing he could do for them.

I very clearly recall being a member of the infant class—Class No. 9—under Miss Hannah Teel of blessed memory, and seating myself with other infants on the ledge of a book case in the library. If ever there was a good woman and a faithful one, it was Miss Teel, who watched over that infant class for many years, and who was wholly unconscious that she was doing anything more than her plain duty. That kindly face is indelibly impressed on the memory of many grown-ups who were once children of the infant class.

Of Miss Teal an old-time neighbor says: "Her "memory is dear to all who were children in the early "seventies. She was a woman of much executive "ability and, in addition to her Infant Class in the "Sunday school, she had a school for young children. "Her sway was mild, but firm, and she delighted in "teaching the little girls not alone the four necessary "branches and sewing, but also many gems of poetry "suitable for their young minds. In her home she was "the mainstay of the household."

Three churches were organized in this house, which can truly be called the First Church of Woodside: the Presbyterian, St. John's Episcopal, and the Dutch Reformed, the latter being formed after a split in the Presbyterian congregation.

A SPLIT IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION.

In organizing the first church the majority favored the Presbyterian denomination, and funds were collected for a church building, which was duly erected on Carteret street. The first minister was one Clarence Eddy, and he proved so very unsatisfactory that he was soon invited to resign. I believe that the governing body of the Church had had occasion to censure the reverend gentleman for something, and later found that the minutes containing the censure had been tampered with. This was the last straw, and Mr. Eddy was given an easy opportunity to vacate, as the following letter indicates:—

"Woodside, N. J.
"June 15, 1870.

"Rev. Clarence Eddy.

"Dear Sir—The undersigned, members of your "congregation, beg respectfully to express the belief "that a dissolution of your connection with the church "is, under existing circumstances, desirable.

"We, therefore, earnestly request that you will "take early steps to consummate the separation; and "this we do in a spirit of kindness to yourself and of "regard for the church. We entertain no sentiment "of personal hostility towards you and desire the "separation to be made in such a manner as shall least "disturb your own feelings and interests, both profes-"sional and private, and best conserve all the im-"portant relations involved."

This letter was signed by forty-six members of the

church, including the families of Messrs. Hine, Nichols, Halsey, Swinnerton, Beach, Dovell, Blackwood, Harlan, Briggs, Smith, Snowdon, McDonald, Whitehead, Coeyman, Boyden, Slater, Maclure, Carter, Snyder, Baldwin and Tompkins.

Mr. Eddy refused to accept the gentle hint and it then became necessary to take the matter before the Newark Presbytery, which held several highly spiced meetings, and which finally decided that "we must support the poor minister", as one of the other "poor" ministers incautiously stated in public, and there was nothing left for those who had organized the church and erected the church building but to resign.

The following, taken from a newspaper clipping, shows what the separation meant to the church. The writer, who merely signs with the initial D, states that of the $5,000 already paid on the church, less than $450 were paid by those who remained, while some $4,500 were raised and paid by those "who, from self respect, have been obliged to leave it", and more than two-thirds of the current expenses of the church were also paid by them. Personally I am just enough lacking in Christian charity to be pleased at the hole the Eddyites found themselves in, but that has long been a thing of the past and the bitter feeling then engendered is so completely forgotten that one who was in the front rank of the Eddyites can now say that "Mr. Hine was Woodside".

A PARTISAN.

Mr. Daniel Halsey, who resided on Carteret street, at one time did business in Petersburg, Va., and it became the custom to have Mr. Halsey send to Petersburg for a colored girl when any of his neighbors desired such help; thus there was gradually formed a small colony of Southern negroes, who were usually intensely loyal to their employers. One of these, a large, husky negress named "Milly", was employed by Rev. Mr. Eddy and thereby hangs a tale, as the story books say.

Shortly after the split in the Presbyterian Church, and when the feeling was very bitter and the entire neighborhood was divided into "Eddyites" and "Hineites", Mr. Hine had occasion to call on Mr. Eddy for some purpose and was conducted by that gentleman upstairs to his study.

Two or three times during the interview Mr. Eddy, who was an extremely nervous man, thought he heard some one on the other side of the closed door and, excusing himself, got up to look out into the hall, but, seeing no one, resumed his seat. The conference over, Mr. Hine was shown out, and as Mr. Eddy returned to his study he saw standing in a niche near the head of the stairs his colored Milly, with a flat-iron in either hand and, as he approached she brandished her weapons, shouting as she did so: "Ah was ready for him! Ah was ready for him!" expecting, of course, there was to be a fight and recognizing her duty to her employer. Probably Mr. Hine

never knew how close he came that day to a broken head.

Milly was one of the impulsive sort and, so far as her lights went, she lived up to them. Mrs. Perry tells how, when she used to stand on the corner of Lincoln and Elwood avenues, hesitating to engage the sea of mud which lay between her and home, and which was usually over shoe-top—the real, red, Jersey mud—Milly, when she happened to spy her beloved Sunday school teacher in this predicament, would rush from the Eddy back door to the corner, pick up the little woman, tuck her under her arm and carry her across the street as a child might carry a doll. It was of no use to resist; Milly was as large as a man and as strong as two.

PIONEERING IN WOODSIDE.

In these crude times many were the emergencies that arose, and much ingenuity was called into play to meet them, for between the Erie Railroad and that farce known as the street car, Woodside was almost as isolated as an island in mid ocean. Thus the making of a mistake that in these days would be a trifle was sometimes momentous in its consequences.

This gave a certain pioneer flavor to the situation and made of the community one great family where neighbor was dependent on neighbor, and thus brought out and developed character that the present easy times do not call out, and men and women loomed large or small as they actually deserved.

One of the small-sized emergencies which arose

had to do with a certain Sunday morning communion service in the Presbyterian Church, and the situation was like this:—

Mrs. Cumming had made objection to the use of wine at the communion, claiming that its very smell was intoxicating and its influence bad, and the discussion that followed led to a resolve to try unfermented wine, which was then just beginning to be introduced. As a consequence Mr. John Maclure, at whose house the vessels used in the service were kept, and who had charge of the preparations for the service, made a special journey to New York to purchase a bottle of the unfermented wine.

Mrs. Margaret Perry, a daughter of Mr. Maclure, tells how on the Sunday morning of this particular communion service, while she was practising the morning's music on the church organ and her father was preparing the communion table, she heard an exclamation of surprise, and looked up to ascertain the trouble.

Mr. Maclure was a Scotch Presbyterian, and was necessarily limited in his Sunday morning vocabulary, and there he stood in a momentary daze, and wholly unable to fit words to the situation, with a quart bottle in his hand which, instead of containing, as he had supposed, unfermented wine, was full of Carter's best black ink. The clerk in New York had wrapped up the wrong bottle.

Imagine the desolation of the situation when, after inquiring of Mr. Hall, rector of St. John's, it was

learned that he had only just enough for his own communion service, and there was no other where to turn, for there was probably not a bottle of wine of any sort in the small community.

But here was demonstrated the pioneer readiness to meet and conquer the unexpected. Mr. Maclure gathered his family about him and all repaired to his garden, where the grapes were just beginning to ripen, and while some gathered others pressed the fruit, and by straining the mass through cheesecloth enough "unfermented wine" was secured to meet the situation and save the day.

PASTORS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Following Mr. Eddy came Dr. James Evans, who served for five or six years; then the Rev. James A. Trimmer, four to five years; the Rev. Jos. W. Porter, five to six years; the Rev. Henry C. Van der Beek, who served nineteen years; during his pastorate the church was moved to Forest Hill. The present incumbent is the Rev. Frederick W. Lewis.

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE ELLIOTT STREET SCHOOLHOUSE.

Mr. Swinnerton writes that Mr. Hine did not favor the suggestion that another Sunday school be started when the subject was first proposed, as he was not willing to do anything that would appear like opposition or that might cause damage to his first love, but there were sixty-odd children among the families that had left the Presbyterian Church, and they were soon clamoring for Mr. Hine. In the meantime the

trustees of the public school which had just been erected on Cottage, now Elliott, street, Messrs. Albert Beach, John C. Bennett and James Swinnerton, offered the use of the building for Sunday school purposes, and though Mr. Hine hesitated, they kept on with the work of organization and, when he fully appreciated the feeling, he yielded and, once his mind was made up, took hold in good earnest.

FORMATION OF CHRIST CHURCH OF WOODSIDE.

The Sunday school was naturally followed by a church organization, and the services of the Rev. John M. Macauley, who was then living in Belleville, were secured, Mr. Hine and Mr. E. A. Boyden being appointed a committee for this purpose. As a burned child dreads the fire, it was but natural that the first thought was for a church organization independent of all denominational control but, this not appearing feasible, it was later decided that the Reformed Dutch Church would satisfy the larger number, and that denomination was adopted.

The following, taken from the church books, shows the method of procedure and gives the names of those who were active:—

"Woodside, N. J., May 16, 1871.

"At a meeting held at the house of Mr. Charles C. "Hine, and composed of representatives from thirteen "families of the neighborhood, it was resolved to or-"ganize a Church Society.

"After reading of the scriptures and prayer being

"offered by Revd. Dr. Macauley and Messrs. C. C. "Hine and H. H. Nichols, the meeting was formally "organized by the election of Horace H. Nichols as "Chairman and Jas. Swinnerton, Jr., as Secretary.

"It was then voted to organize without a denomi- "national name or connection, and on the standard of "belief of the Presbyterian Church, and it was also "decided, by a full vote, to call the Society 'Christ "Church of Woodside'.

"A committee composed of H. H. Nichols, C. C. "Hine, E. A. Boyden and Jas. Swinnerton, Jr., was "appointed to post the legal notice and arrange a "meeting for the election of officers, etc.

"The meeting then closed with prayer by Dr. "Macauley.

"The persons present at the above meeting were:
"Revd. Dr. Macauley,
"Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hine,
"Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Nichols,
"Mr. and Mrs. A. Beach,
"Mrs. Callen,
"Mr. L. Dovell,
"Mr. Stent,
"Mr. Warnock,
"Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Higgins,
"Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Boyden,
"Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Blackwood,
"Mr. Jno. I. Briggs,
"Mrs. Miller,

"Mr. Dowling,
"Jas. Swinnerton, Jr.
"JAS. SWINNERTON, Jr., Secretary.

"The following is a copy of a notice posted pur-"suant to vote of meeting held the 16th inst.:—

"NOTICE!

"Notice is hereby given that a meeting will be "held at 8 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, May "30, 1871, at the house of Mr. Chas. C. Hine, in New-"ark, Essex Co., N. J., to complete the organization of "a church to be known as 'Christ Church of Wood-"side', and to elect officers for the same and to "transact such other business in connection therewith "as may be necessary. Persons desirous of uniting "are requested to present their letters at that meet-"ing.

"H. H. NICHOLS,
"C. C. HINE,
"JAS. SWINNERTON, JR.,
"E. A. BOYDEN,
"Committee.

"Woodside, May 18, 1871.

"Woodside, May 30, 1871.

"Pursuant to notice given, a meeting was held at "8 o'clock p. m. this day at the house of C. C. Hine, "Esq.

"After prayer by Rev. Dr. Macauley, the meeting "organized by the election of Mr. H. H. Nichols as "Chairman and E. F. Higgins as Secretary.

"The notice calling the meeting was then read by "the Secretary and, after some discussion, a paper "was drawn up and signed by those persons present "willing to unite in the proposed Church organization.

"The following is a copy of said paper and signa- "tures:—

"We, the Undersigned, hereby organize ourselves "as a Christian Church, to be known as 'Christ Church "of Woodside', Essex Co., N. J., to be governed by "such standards and regulations as may be hereafter "adopted. (Signed by)—

"H. H. NICHOLS,
"MARY C. NICHOLS,
"AMELIA F. NICHOLS,
"C. C. HINE,
"MARY H. HINE,
"JANE A. AVERY,
"B. G. BLACKWOOD,
"R. T. BLACKWOOD,
"E. A. BOYDEN,
"JANE D. BOYDEN,
"LOUIS DOVELL,
"MRS. LOUIS DOVELL,
"ALBERT BEACH,
"MARIA A. BEACH,
"MRS. G. B. CALLEN,
"JAS. SWINNERTON, JR.,
"ELIZABETH E. SWINNERTON.

"Messrs. C. C. Hine and E. A. Boyden were ap- "pointed a committee to secure additional signatures.

"It being thought desirable not to proceed further "in the organization until the report of the committee "had been received, the meeting adjourned to meet at "the same hour and place on Tuesday evening, the "6th day of June, 1871,

"ELMER F. HIGGINS,
"Secretary.

"Woodside, June 6, 1871.

"An adjourned meeting was held at 8 o'clock p. m. "at Mr. Hine's house and, after prayer by Rev. Dr. "Macauley, the officers of the last meeting presiding, "the minutes of the first and second meetings were "read by the secretary and approved.

"Mr. Nichols reported having conferred with the "Gentlemen interested in the Reformed Church, who "stated that they did not intend to locate in Wood-"side.

"Mr. Boyden for Committee to secure additional "signatures, reported having seen several persons who "stated that they would attend this meeting if possi-"ble, and that some were present.

"Mr. Hine then read a form of covenant which "was referred to a committee of three, consisting of "Dr. Macauley and Messrs. Beach and Blackwood, "for revision or amendment, who at once retired and, "after about fifteen minutes, returned.

"Dr. Macauley reported that the committee "thought the paper remarkably well drawn up, but "that they would suggest that the clause reading 'that

"repentance to-ward God, faith in the Lord Jesus "Christ and assistance from the Holy Ghost are suffi- "cient to cleanse us from our sins and restore us to "fellowship with our God', be altered slightly in its "phraseology, which alteration would not materially "effect or change the meaning, as follows: 'That "through repentance towards God, and faith in our "Lord Jesus Christ, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, "we may be cleansed from our sins and restored to "fellowship with our God', which amendment being "accepted by Mr. Hine, this paper as amended was "adopted and reads as follows:—

"In the fear of God and with a sincere desire to "promote the cause of Christ and our own growth in "the divine life, we do now enter into covenant with "God and with one another in the formation of a "Church to be known as 'Christ Church of Woodside', "the following being a brief summary of our belief. "We take the scriptures of the Old and New Testa- "ment as the only rule of faith and practice; we "avouch the Lord Jehovah to be our God and portion "and the object of our supreme love and delight; the "Lord Jesus Christ to be our Saviour from sin and "death, our Prophet to instruct us, our Priest to atone "and intercede for us, and our King to rule over, pro- "tect and enrich us, and the Holy Ghost to be our "Sanctifier, Comforter and Guide.

"Unto this Triune God—Father, Son and Holy "Ghost—we do without reserve and in a covenant "never to be revoked, give ourselves to be his willing

"servants forever, and in humble reliance on the Lord "Jesus Christ we promise to discharge our several "duties, in the closet, in the family and in the com- "munity, and also to attend upon the stated means "of Grace, the preaching of the Word and the ordi- "nances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

"We do humbly confess the total depravity of our "natures, the enmity of our hearts against God and "the manifold transgressions of our lives, but we be- "lieve, nevertheless, that through repentance toward "God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, by the grace "of the Holy Ghost, we may be cleansed from our sins "and restored to fellowship with our God; and as a "further expression of our faith and belief we adopt "the creed commonly known as the Apostle's Creed.

"We do bind ourselves by covenant to this "Church, to watch over it in the Lord, to seek its "peace and edification, to submit to the discipline of "Christ as here administered and to strive together "for the support and spread of the gospel of our "Saviour in all ways as opportunity may be given us, "relying only upon Him who is able to keep us from "falling and to present us faultless before the pres- "ence of his glory with exceeding joy.

"On motion of Mr. Beach, Messrs. H. H. Nichols, "C. C. Hine and B. G. Blackwood were elected as "Elders for one year.

"Messrs. A. Beach, E. A. Boyden, E. F. Higgins, "Jas. Swinnerton, Jr., and L. Dovell were elected as "Trustees for one year.

"After prayer by Dr. Macauley the meeting ad-
"journed.

"ELMER F. HIGGINS,
"Secretary.

"Christ Church, Woodside, Newark, N. J., from "which the First Reformed Church of that place was "organized, held its first service of public worship in "the schoolhouse on the corner of the old Belleville "road and Cottage street, on the 19th of February, "1871, Rev. John M. Macauley, D. D., officiating. In "the following month—March 12, 1871—Dr. Ray "Palmer and Rev. Mr. Strieby preached; with this "single exception Dr. Macauley continued to preach "there for two years. During this time a call, signed "by every member of the church not absent from "home at the time, was tendered to Dr. Macauley to "become the regular pastor of the church.

"In September, 1872, the question of a denomina-"tional connection was decided in favor of the Re-"formed (Dutch) Church and application was made "to the classis of Newark for admission. This appli-"cation met favorable consideration and a committee "consisting of Revs. E. P. Terhune, D. D., J. P. "Strong, D. D., C. E. Hart, and Elders A. C. Wheaton. "James Browe, was appointed to visit Woodside and "organize the church in accordance with the regula-"tions of classis.

"Woodside, October 30, 1872.

"The committee appointed by classis to organize a "Reformed Church at Woodside assembled for that

"purpose Wednesday evening, October 30th, at the "schoolhouse. The exercises were opened by reli- "gious services. Rev. Dr. J. P. Strong preached a ser- "mon from Psalm lxxxvii., 3d verse.

"After these services the committee proceeded to "receive the members, thirty-two in number, applying "to be organized as a church.

"The organization was completed by the election "of Horace H. Nichols, Charles C. Hine and Baxter "G. Blackwood as Elders, and James Swinnerton, Jr., "Louis Dovell and E. A. Boyden as Deacons.

"The following resolutions were adopted:—

"Resolved, That the ordination of officers take "place on Sabbath, November 17, 1872.

"Resolved, That the title of the church be 'Christ "Church, The First Reformed Church, Woodside'.

"November 17, 1872, after morning service, and in "pursuance of previous action, the ordination of the "officers elected October 30th was taken up, Dr. Ma- "cauley officiating. Mr. Boyden having declined to act "as Deacon, Messrs. Dovell and Swinnerton were duly "ordained to that office, and Messrs. Blackwood, "Nichols and Hine as Elders."

During the summer of 1872 arrangements had been made for the erection of a neat chapel on an elevated piece of ground on Washington avenue and work on the same commenced. The building was completed during the following Spring and worship was begun therein on the 2d day of March, 1873. The house was dedicated shortly afterward (March 9th),

CHRIST'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON AND DELEVAN AVENUES

The first building of this congregation and the third church to be organized in the house of Mr. C. C. Hine. Note the horse cars

Revs. Terhune, Strong, Abeel, Hart and the pastor, Dr. Macauley, taking part in the services. The stained glass used in this building was a Woodside production, made by George Laerter in a small place in the neighborhood of Washington avenue and Halleck street.

DR. MACAULEY THE FIRST PASTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH.

On the 5th of March, 1873, at a meeting attended by all the elders and deacons, it was resolved to repeat the call to Dr. John M. Macauley, to become the settled pastor of the church. A committee was then appointed and instructed to proceed with that duty in conformity with the usages of the Reformed Church. The call was duly drawn up and, on the 31st of December, 1873, a meeting, moderated by Rev. Dr. J. P. Strong, of Belleville, was held, at which the instrument was completed and signed and ordered to be placed in Dr. Macauley's hands for approval prior to presentation at the next regular meeting of classis.

DR. JOHN M. MACAULEY.

On May 3, 1874, Dr. Macauley was installed pastor of the church. The Doctor was a man of rare education, a delightful companion with a brilliant mind and a forceful and graceful method of speaking; a pulpit orator of the old school, trained in gesture, word and manner as well as mind. Will Cumming, of the River road, then a young man studying law, and himself unusually clever, used to come regularly to the Sunday morning service in order to study the

Doctor's polished manner and language. The Doctor was one of the very few who could preach a long sermon and hold the close attention of his audience to the last word.

TWO UNMENTIONABLES.

After the Doctor came two who covered a period extending from 1881 to 1894, and concerning whom little that is agreeable can be recorded. However a search of the church records shows that on December 8, 1888, a bill for fertilizing the church lawn was submitted by the pastor and ordered paid; thus we see that his labors were not all in vain. During this period the church building was moved from No. 215 Washington avenue to the present location and a parsonage was erected in the rear.

REV. ISAAC VAN WART SCHENCK.

As is well known it is easier to get an old man of the sea on one's back than to get rid of him, but the spell was finally broken when, on August 13, 1894, a call was extended to the Rev. Isaac Van Wart Schenck, who proved to be the opposite in every respect of his two predecessors. Mr. Schenck was a whole-souled man who always gave his best to the church and he was greatly beloved by Mr. Hine.

It is interesting to note that the first trolley car ran through Woodside on the first Sunday that Mr. Schenck preached in the church.

REV. HENRY MERLE MELLEN.

Mr. Schenck was succeeded by the Rev. Henry Merle Mellen in September, 1900, and, under his ad-

CHRIST'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON AND DELEVAN AVENUES

The second church edifice of this congregation. Erected 1906–7

ministration, the present church edifice was erected, the success of this enterprise being largely due to Mr. Mellen's exertions.

On December 6, 1903, the mortgage of $1,900 on the old church property was burned and the church cleared of all indebtedness.

February 4, 1904, the question of erecting a new church edifice was publicly discussed by the congregation, and the minister was instructed to appoint a building committee of twenty members.

March 10, 1904, the building committee met and organized with Judge Alfred F. Skinner as chairman, William B. Abbey as secretary, and George S. Bruen as treasurer. It was decided to limit the cost of building and furnishings to $25,000.

April 29, 1905, Charles G. Jones of Belleville was selected as architect.

March 20, 1906, it was decided to move the old building to the back of the lot.

April 12, 1906, ground was broken for the new building.

June 14, 1906, the corner stone was laid under the auspices of the Classis of Newark.

January 20, 1907, the new church was opened for worship.

January 21, 1907, the building was dedicated.

Memorial windows to the memory of Mr. C. C. Hine and Mrs. Mary H. Hine, to Mrs. Anna W. Hine and to the parents of Mr. Mellen, the minister, were placed in the building.

The cost of the new church complete was a trifle over $46,000.

This brief outline by no means tells the story. As before stated, the inception of the church is due to the Rev. Henry Merle Mellen, and the raising of money was also largely due to Mr. Mellen's activity and unselfish devotion to the cause. The building committee was more than fortunate in its chairman and members, and the result of their work is an ornament to the locality.

INCIDENTS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CHURCH.

During the very early days of the church on the hill, sexton Budd introduced his patent gasoline lamps for lighting purposes, and no doubt was proud of his accomplishment, but why the crazy things did not blow up the first time they were lighted is the chief mystery of the situation. As nearly as we can recall the outfit consisted of the ordinary glass font with a small metal tube at the top through which the vapor arose, which gave light when a match was applied. These did not stay long, for Mr. Hine, who was an insurance man, very shortly discovered their possibilities.

The lighting of Christ Church was first accomplished with kerosene lamps, there being no gas in the neighborhood then, except that made on the premises of Mr. Hine for his own house. It occurred to that gentleman that he could attach the church (which then stood on the lot adjoining his home)

to that same gas machine, and thus do away with the dim and troublesome kerosene burners.

The idea was good, but the pumping machinery which forced the flow of gas through the pipes was inadequate for the extra work and, as a result, the pump must be wound up by hand two or three times during a Sunday evening. This usually fell to the lot of the small boys who did not go to evening service, they being strictly charged to visit the cellar every thirty minutes or so and do the necessary work; but small boys had a way of getting sleepy in those days, and there is a tradition that Mr. Hine, being warned by the gradual dimming of the lights, had to leave the church in a great hurry occasionally and operate the pump himself.

THE CHURCH CHOIR.

Mr. Hine was musical to his finger tips and found great enjoyment in the practice of the art. In his youth he composed a number of songs and ballads which were published in St. Louis. Naturally he had charge of the church music, and among the pleasantest experiences of his life were the choir rehearsals, and particularly was this the case when Mr. Jay Ten Eyck presided at the organ and the quartet choir consisted of Mrs. F. W. Schmidt, Mrs. Dr. J. E. Janes, Mr. Harrison I. Norton and Mr. Hine. One who knew him well at that time has said that "he was just like a boy "going to a ball game when he came down to the "church on choir rehearsal nights", such was his enthusiasm.

The selection and preparation of special music for Easter and other occasions gave him the most keen delight. At such times he would come home with an armful of carols and spend evening after evening trying them, usually with his flute, his daughter-in-law being at the piano. The possibilities were then taken up by the choir and the resulting music was reasonably good, though considerable good natured fun was poked at the choir-master on one occasion, at least, when, after having labored earnestly over a long Easter Sunday anthem the domine immediately began his prayer with, "Oh, Lord, we thank Thee that it is finished".

Mr. Hine was notably successful with the Sunday school music, having a peculiar faculty for arousing the enthusiasm of children. His "Now, children!" brought prompt and complete attention from all, and he was so absorbed himself in the work and was so much a part of it that the children abandoned themselves to his sway and responded with a gusto that made the singing of the school a great feature.

WOODSIDE, 1868-9.

Woodside was set off from Belleville in 1868 and lasted as an independent town just about two years. Again I fall back on Mr. Swinnerton, who was town clerk both years, for details. He says:—

"When the new element came it found a lot of old-"timers, very glad to welcome us and to benefit by "the church and Sunday school privileges, but unwill-

"ing to spend any money for street or sidewalk bet-
"terment. Belleville contained many of the same sort,
"but there were some there who helped us secure our
"set-off into a township."

WOODSIDE TOWNSHIP.

UNION TICKET.

For Judges of Election,
CHARLES AKERS,
EDWARD P. SNOWDEN,
HORACE H. NICHOLS.

For Assessor,
NATHANIEL J. CRANE,

For Collector,
JAMES S. GAMBLE.

For Town Clerk,
JAMES SWINNERTON, JR.

For Justice of the Peace,
ELIAS OSBORN.

For Town Committee,
CHARLES AKERS,
MILES I'ANSON,
JOSEPH I. DOWLING,
HORACE CARTER,
JOHN McMULLEN,

For Commissioners of Appeal,
JOHN C. BENNETT,
EDWARD G. FAITOUTE,
JOHN I. BRIGGS.

For Chosen Freeholder,
CHARLES AKERS,
HORACE H. NICHOLS.

For Constables,
JOHN BURKE,
BETHUEL MUNN,
PHINEAS M. SMITH.

For Surveyors of Highways,
TRUMAN H. ALDRICH,
GEORGE K. HARRISON,
JOHN C. BENNETT.

For Pound Keepers,
NATHANIEL J. CRANE,
JOHN C. BENNETT,
JOHN I. BRIGGS,
JOHN McDONALD,
GEORGE K. HARRISON.

Road Tax	$4,000 00
School Tax, per child	3 00
Poor Tax	500 00
Dog Tax, as the law allows.	
Incidental Expenses	500 00

"The village had scarce gained its independence, "however, when it was saddled with a heavy debt in "the shape of bonds for the Midland (now Greenwood "Lake) Railroad. This made it imprudent to attempt "the raising of money for local improvements, but "the year Mr. Hine was on the Town Committee $4,- "000 was raised for street improvements and divided "between the five districts of River road, Washington "avenue, Back road, Bloomfield road and the cross "road in Woodside. Mr. Hine spent $600 in making "a gravel walk from the cemetery to Carteret street, "and gave the remaining $200 to General Cumming "for use on the Gully road.

"Our portion went to Soho (which appears to "have been then a part of Woodside). The others "stirred the ground a little, leaving the mud as deep "as ever." Woodside was an awful mud-hole in wet weather.

The Town Committee met at night, usually in the house of Mr. Swinnerton, Town Clerk; none but the town officers attended these meetings. The two annual town meetings were held in a small hall on Washington avenue, opposite the Morrison & Briggs carpenter shop; this hall burned later. Two or three informal meetings were held in a small carpenter shop standing in Mr. Swinnerton's yard, on the northeast corner of Elwood and Lincoln avenues (this was the first Morrison & Briggs shop). Here Woodside was given its present name.

So far as can now be recalled the Town Committeemen were General Cumming, for the River road; Mr. Hine, for Washington avenue; either Mr. Phillips or Mr. Faitoute, for Lincoln avenue; Charles Akers, for the Bloomfield road; "a fine, old Irish gentleman for Soho", and Joseph Dowling for the cross street. James S. Gamble was Treasurer.

A WOODSIDE TRAGEDY.

Possibly the only tragedy connected with Woodside was the shooting of Albert D. Richardson on December 2, 1869. Mr. Richardson was a celebrated newspaper correspondent and an author of some note. He had traveled over a large part of the United States

and had settled in Woodside because of its rural beauty, having purchased the house built by Miles I'Anson, which now stands on Summer avenue, facing Chester.

A Mrs. McFarland, who was later known to literature as Abbie Sage Richardson, and who came of a good Boston family, married Daniel McFarland, the black sheep of a prominent New York family, and, after supporting him for a reasonable length of time, she secured a divorce. Mr. Richardson assisted her in establishing herself, and about this time McFarland, while under the influence of liquor, met him in the office of the Tribune and shot him down. Richardson was removed to the Astor House and lived for a week. He was a widower with three young children and, desiring Mrs. McFarland to look after them, he married her while on his deathbed.

WOODSIDE AND THE STREET CAR.

From the beginning and up to comparatively recent times Woodside has been compelled to make a continuous fight for proper street car service.

The first car track laid extended from the cemetery to Orange street, where it met the track which had been laid in 1862 from Market street. There was but one car, and that was pivoted on the trucks so that, a king bolt being drawn, the body of the car was swung around while the trucks remained on the track —this instead of reversing the horses to the other end of the car, as was done later. About 1865 the tracks

were extended north through Woodside to Second river, to what was then known as "Flanigan's station", and for six years they went no further.

It was many years before the Woodside section was treated as part of the main line, all sorts of bob-tail excuses being offered us. Cars would come as far as the "Pump" (cemetery), and there passengers could wait for the "bob-tail" or walk as they saw fit. There was no shelter against the winter's storm or shade from the summer sun. "Old Mose", who watered the horses at the pump, which stood just about where the Washington avenue sidewalk on the west now ends, was possessed of a movable bench which followed the shadows of the trees as the sun made its daily progress through the heavens, and this was the only spot whereon to rest our weary bones while waiting. Mose was a good natured old soul whom every one liked, and was as much of an institution as was the old West-farm pump from which he drew the water for the horses. His "Now, William, let her propel", when it was time for a car to start, became a by-word.

Naturally those living in Woodside were always grumbling at the poor car service furnished, and there was a constant fight with Mr. Battin, and later with Mr Barr, and many a delegation descended on the Board of Aldermen, and almost invariably its head and front was Mr. Hine who, while he loved peace, did not believe in peace at any price. The company's

charter required that all cars should run to the city line (Second river), and Mr. Hine, with his wonted energy, at once inaugurated an active campaign by writing to the papers as well as stirring up the City Fathers, and by dint of his "sticktoitiveness", as he called it, he won his point and the octopus was forced to loose his tentacles and be subject to the law governing its agreements.

In this connection a friend writes concerning Mr. Hine: "I remember, of course, his prominence in our "town meetings and meetings after Woodside became "annexed to Newark. He was the best speaker by "far in our section, and better versed in parliamentary "rules, so that he kept the meetings in better order "than they would otherwise have been. He had a great "faculty of leading people to state their views, thus "getting a subject well ventilated and adding much "interest to a meeting. In consequence of his great "ability for speaking he was always chosen leader of "our citizens' delegations whether to the City Fathers "for better horse car facilities, or to the Erie Railroad "officials for improvements on that 'system'."

NOTES ON MR. HINE'S CHARACTER.

Mr. Hine's character was of a grade not often met with. I was with him probably more than any one else, as for many years we came and went together morning and night and were closely associated during business hours, and I can in all truth say that never once have I heard him utter a word, even by implica-

tion, that could not have been uttered in any presence, nor did I ever hear him gossip of his neighbors nor offer a criticism of any one not present except once, and that was so gentle that, had it come from another, it would have passed unnoticed. In this one case he referred to an erratic genius who played the church organ for many years, and who sorely tried his patience.

But it must not be supposed that because of his gentle ways Mr. Hine could not fight. Nothing could stop him when a sense of duty impelled; not even the fear of death—if he ever had any such fear. As an instance: When traveling for the Ætna Insurance Company Mr. Hine, shortly after his marriage, and when a wife and baby were dependent on him, was sent to a town in Arkansas to establish an agency for the company, being instructed to select a certain man if he was found to qualify.

They met and Mr. Hine, being satisfied, gave the man his commission as agent, but during the following evening he discovered that his new appointee had celebrated by getting drunk, and immediately concluded to take up the agency. Those acquainted with the man, however, insisted that he do nothing of the sort, stating that his agent was a fire eater, who would accept it as a personal insult and would shoot.

Mr. Hine believed that only a coward carried arms and never did so himself, though he had been much in the Southwest and recognized the small value put

on life (this was about 1857 or 8). However he saw what he believed was his duty and, while admitting later that he faced the man with considerable fear of the consequences, he did face him, and as briefly and with as little sting as possible, stated his reasons for withdrawing the commission. Strange to say the "fire-eater" acknowledged the justice of the move and expressed himself as sincerely sorry at the outcome. Only the highest class of courage can compel a man to face such a situation.

I once by chance heard him tell an individual himself that he was either a knave or a fool, but neither knew that the remark was overheard, and Mr. Hine never again spoke of the matter so far as I know. He could tell the man himself, if necessity demanded it, but would never speak of it to others.

His contempt for money, except for the good it could be made to do, was genuine and deep seated. His charities, considering his limited income, were boundless, as evidenced by his check stubs after his death. An examination of these showed merely that the $50 or $100 had gone to "an old friend", or were marked with the one word "charity". While in many cases money thus handed out was ostensibly loaned, Mr. Hine early learned never to expect its return, and he was seldom disappointed. One of his pet aphorisms, "gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come", was frequently applied to this situation.

The fact that he was imposed on and defrauded by

charity fakirs time and again never made any difference; the next time he would take chances rather than run the risk of not helping where help was needed. He often said that "he could swallow anyting he could get through his shirt collar", and his shirt collar was a mighty easy affair, as many "a friend in need" discovered.

On the other hand, no matter how much it might curtail his income by antagonizing a customer, he would hit every head in sight if he thought it deserved it, and he knew how to hit—none better. He had a way of grasping a situation and clarifying its follies or crooked features that was at times merciless.

As before stated, Mr. Hine's opportunities for school education were limited in his youth. On the other hand, his knowledge was almost universal. How he kept abreast of the times as he did was a mystery, even to his own family, for he had no time to read, beyond his morning and evening paper between home and office. His evenings, when not filled with church matters, were largely taken up by those who were ever calling on him for help and who never went away without receiving the best he had to give, whether they were young or old, or the poorest of the poor. He would explain a matter to a child with as much courtesy and patience as to an adult.

On one occasion when he was confined to the house with some slight indisposition a small girl appeared at the back door with a straggling bunch of field flow-

ers in her hand and handed it in with the simple message, "Tell Mr. Hine that I love him". Hardly anything could have touched the recipient more deeply, and yet that small girl voiced a sentiment that was almost universal among those who knew him best.

Mr. Hine was as punctilious in doing for his own boys as for the church, and while he believed in making them earn those things they desired, that they might the more fully appreciate them, he always stood by his agreements, not only in letter but in spirit. His idea seems to have been to make the boy feel satisfied that he had been given a square deal. Possibly one or two small instances will do no harm here:—

One of the boys once saw a velocipede in a Newark store that he thought he wanted, and began to save his money for that purpose. As I recollect it, the machine was to cost $12. In the meantime the father saw one in New York for $10 that looked to him just as good, and told the youngster about it, and announced that he would bring it out. On arrival it proved to be a size or two smaller—a $10 size—and the boy was disappointed, but instead of telling him it was just as good, he seemed to get down to the lad's level and appreciate that it was a matter of importance to him, and he made good without a hint of grumble at the extra trouble involved in taking the machine back and bringing out the larger one, and he paid the added $2 himself. He had said he could get one just as good for less money. He seemed to expect

no particular thanks, merely giving the impression that he was only doing what he had agreed to do.

Mr. Hine's eldest was probably born with a streak of tar in his composition, for he has been an ancient mariner ever since I first knew him. No sooner was the boy large enough to run around a bit than he wanted a row boat on the river; but his father promptly responded to such a proposition with, "No, young man; not until you can swim across the river", evidently in the belief that this was still some seasons off. But the lad wanted the boat, and the moment he could stand the temperature he was in the river, and generally several times a day (his mother never suspected how often), and by hard work and much persistence he managed to get the hang of the thing long before the summer was out, and one day announced that he could swim across the river and wanted the boat.

Naturally his father was a bit incredulous, but they went to the water's edge, and while the elder hired a boat at the Point House, the son retired to the privacy of the Melius dock and stripped for the ordeal. His clothes were put in the boat and the two started, and you can be sure that the father kept close by in case of accident, but there was none, and the boy got across all right. Then his father asked if he could swim back, and he said he would try, and did.

No sooner were his clothes on again than he said: "Now, can I have that boat?" and quite as promptly

came the answer, "Yes; we will go down town now and get it". There was no quibbling or hesitation or delay, and no matter how the father may have felt in allowing his small son to have a boat, he had given his word and that settled it, and within the hour the lad was rowing up the river in his own boat, as proud as any small boy could be and without any idea of the situation except that both parties to the bargain had lived up to it.

His methods of punishment were usually well fitted to the occasion. I still recall one instance with a clarity of vision that omits no detail. Mr. Hine was left in charge of the Winser premises during the absence of that family in Europe and, during that portion of the year when "sling shots" are in vogue, a group of young highwaymen, of which the younger two hopefuls of the Hine family were members, thought it was fine fun to sling stones between the blinds of the Winser house, then vacant, and hear the glass smash. But one day Mr. Hine dscovered what was going on, and appointed himself a committee of one to investigate. He made no fuss whatever—just said we would have to replace the glass. It made no difference that others besides ourselves had helped in the mischief; if the others would help to pay for it that was all right, but none of his affair. Of course few of the other boys could see the thing from our point of view, and it took just about all of our little hoard, which had almost reached the point where we

could purchase a greatly desired printing press, to pay for the damage. It was a cruel blow, but we never broke any more glass.

Mr. Hine, just as a matter of course, did any little thing he could for friend or neighbor; it never occurred to him to hesitate when he saw the opportunity.

When the matter of a station agent was first being agitated for the Woodside stop on the Newark branch of the Erie, one who thought he wanted the job fixed up a petition and went to the depot one morning to secure the signatures of such commuters as he knew. Seeing Mr. Hine and hoping for his name to head the list, he offered the paper to him, asking that he sign it if he approved. After reading Mr. Hine not only signed, but himself took the paper to every man present and insisted that each one sign, responding to those who objected that they did not know the young man, that he did, and had known him almost all his life, and knew he was safe to indorse. The result was that twice as many signatures were secured from that group as were hoped for. It was a small thing, but the prompt and hearty way in which it was done made it a benediction, and that man still thinks of Mr. Hine with pleasure and likes to tell why.

MRS. MARY HAZARD AVERY HINE.

Mrs. Mary Hazard Avery Hine was born in Westport, Conn., January 29, 1821. Her parents removed to the West when she was a young woman,

and she met Mr. Hine in St. Louis, Mo., and there married him. Mrs. Hine was educated in New Haven, receiving the best schooling which that city could give a girl eighty odd years ago, and she grew up under favoring circumstances. She was a woman of fine mind and great breadth and strength of character, and a recognized leader.

Mrs. Hine was the third president of the Y. W. C. A. of Newark, and remained at its head through the many trying years of its youth, and when it was a very different institution from the present and very differently managed. She was also for many years president of the New Jersey branch of the Women's Indian Association, and one of its most active members.

Nearer home she organized and conducted a Zenana Mission Band which, in itself, would have been considered work enough by most women and, in addition, she carried on a large Bible class in the Sunday school—all this without interfering in the least with her household duties, which she was slow to delegate to others.

THE ZENANA MISSION BAND.

The Zenana Mission Band, which was started by Mrs. Hine, became quite an institution, with its bi-weekly meetings and annual fair, which were held in the home at 209 Washington avenue. Just when it was begun, or how, I am unable to state, but it was many years ago, and the meetings were only stopped

when advancing years compelled Mrs. Hine to give up the responsibility.

The meetings began early in the fall and lasted the day out. These continued until a fair was given during the following May or June, at which time the entire lower floor of the house was stripped of its furniture and devoted to the event. Tables and booths for the sale of all manner of articles, from embroidery to ice cream, being erected in every available corner.

Mrs. Hine designed the embroidery patterns used and both she and Miss Avery, being expert with the needle, began the pieces and set the pace for the others, they having been brought up at a time when household duties and the finer uses of the needle were a part of every girl's education. Some of those with whom I have talked look on the educational value to those who came to these meetings as possibly the more important feature, believing that many of the young women who attended would never otherwise have had their taste and skill for such work developed, for the embroidery was most rich and elaborate, requiring exceedingly careful manipulation.

When the fair fell on rainy times and the fancy goods did not go off as desired Miss Avery would take a bundle of the best to New York and there dispose of the articles among her friends, for just about so much money was wanted to send out to India each year, and if it did not come it must be gone after.

MISS JANE A. AVERY.

In this connection I cannot forbear from a brief word concerning Miss J. A. Avery, Mrs. Hine's sister and aid in all good works. Miss Avery was one of the most lovable persons I have ever met, her self-sacrificing spirit and constant thought of others being most marked. And with a saintly spirit she had an attractive personality quite beyond the ordinary.

She has been compared to a bit of delicate Sevres china, and possibly that is as good a comparison showing her daintiness as could be made, but Miss Avery was something more than merely attractive; her devotion to any duty in hand was such that she never had a thought of fear, nor did she allow the discomfort of pain to interfere. Before the day of trained nurses she was caring for an uncle—Judge Edward Avery of Massillon, Ohio—who required constant attention, and while so engaged the bones of one foot were crushed by the falling of a heavy iron. The doctor insisted that she must not stand on this foot, but this injunction she felt it was impossible to obey, and made that same doctor whittle out a thin board and bind it to the injured foot, and thus she hobbled about in constant pain, but giving the unremitting attention required by her patient.

One who knew Miss Avery well for many years writes that she "was one of those rare characters whose "mission it is to bring comfort and cheer to their fel-"lows. She was one of those large natures of whom

"Goethe says, 'They impress not by what they do,
" 'but by what they are'.

"Wherever she went she was welcome; she had "the remarkable faculty of seeing at a glance what "was needed, and without a word doing the right "thing, the wonderful gift of tact which, with a lov-"ing nature, makes the possessor a tower of strength. "So winning was her personality that she made friends "wherever she went, and always said laughingly that "she could travel all over Europe with only her "mother-tongue."

It is impossible at this date to go into details concerning all those who were active during the early days of this period, but there are a few in regard to whom I have been able to secure some bits of information.

MR. HORACE H. NICHOLS.

Mr. Horace H. Nichols was a man who left his impress on all those who came in contact with him. Mr. Nichols was a carpenter and builder in Newark before his removal to Woodside. He secured the contract for fencing the cemetery and that brought him this way, and the beauties of the country gave him a longing to turn farmer, and so he bought a considerable tract here in 1846, and in 1852 built the white house which still stands back from the road. Here he started the growing of fruit, and was very successful, as many of us can testify.

Mr. Nichols had the character of a saint and,

while not an aggressive man, was always ready "to dig down in his jeans" whenever the church called for help, and was ever looking for the opportunity to do his share—rather an unusual trait.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. HENRY J. WINSER.

Mr. Henry J. Winser was not with us during much of the very early period, owing to his appointment as consul at Sonneberg, Germany, during the eight years when Grant was President, and also through the term of President Hayes, and he had little oportunity for local activity.

Mr. Winser's earliest experience in the War of the Rebellion was as military secretary (with the rank of first lieutenant) to Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, whose blood was the first shed in the war.

The friendship with Ellsworth began in 1855 when he came to New York, a youth of seventeen, from his home in Saratoga County, hoping to be appointed as cadet to West Point. In this, however, he was disappointed, as the politicians desired the places for their friends' sons.

He then began the study of law in Chicago, but also kept up his study of the art of war and, becoming impressed with the tactics of the French Zouaves during the Crimean War, and being well known in military circles in Chicago, it was an easy matter for him to form a company. This was organized as the Ellsworth Zouaves, and was composed of the flower of the youth of Chicago.

The fame of the "Chicago Zouaves" had become so widespread that a year or two before the war Ellsworth was asked to bring his men East, and so great was the enthusiasm over their exhibition that Colonel Ellsworth's methods were soon widely copied.

At the time of Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency Ellsworth was employed in his law office. He accompanied him to Washington and remained near the President during the unsettled period which followed the inauguration. He was among the first to obtain a military commission from President Lincoln, and was sent to New York with instructions to form a regiment from the ranks of the Volunteer Fire Department of the city in the shortest possible time.

Mr. Winser was impressed into the service on this occasion. In a very short time Ellsworth had twelve-hundred men enlisted and mustered into the service of the United States under the call for three months' volunteers, and in the extraordinarily brief period of three weeks from the time he arrived in New York he marched at the head of a thousand well-equipped men to the steamship at the foot of Canal street. On reaching Washington this body of raw recruits was at first given quarters in the Capitol building, owing to lack of camp equipage.

There were many anomalous things connected with the organization of the volunteer forces in the early stages of the war, and not the least anomalous

was the fact that Ellsworth appointed Mr. Winser his military secretary, with the rank and uniform of first lieutenant.

The advance into Virginia had been determined upon and instructions were given to embark at two o'clock in the morning for Alexandria. Ellsworth then entered the tent which he and Mr. Winser shared and asked the latter to get some sleep while he finished his final arrangements. Then it was that he wrote that brief, but pathetic letter to his parents which drew tears from many unaccustomed eyes after it was published. The letter is in an old scrapbook of Mr. Winser's, and reads as follows:—

"Headquarters First Zouaves,

"Camp Lincoln, Washington, May 23, 1861.

"My dear Father and Mother:—

"The regiment is ordered to move across the river "to-night. We have no means of knowing what re- "ception we shall meet with. I am inclined to the "opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria "will be hotly contested, as I am just informed that a "large force has arrived there to-day. Should this "happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be in- "jured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cher- "ish the consolation that I was engaged in the "performance of a sacred duty, and to-night, thinking "over the probabilities of the morrow and the occur- "rences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept "whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who

"noteth the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose
"even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever-
"loved parents, good-bye. God bless, protect and care
"for you. ELMER."

Just as daylight was breaking on the morning of the twenty-fourth of May, the steamers carrying the Ellsworth Zouaves arrived at Alexandria. The commander of the sloop-of-war Pawnee, which lay off Alexandria, had already proposed terms of submission which had been accepted by the city, and it was supposed that there would be no resistance to the occupation of the town.

The following is Mr. Winser's account of what occurred:—

"Ellsworth was the first to land, and then Company
"E, Captain Leveridge, formed upon the wharf. With-
"out waiting for the remainder of the regiment to dis-
"embark the Colonel gave some hurried instructions
"for interrupting the railroad communication and,
"calling to me, said: 'Winser, come with me to the
" 'telegraph office. It is important to cut the wires.'
"Mr. E. H. House, correspondent of the New York
"Tribune, had accompanied the expedition, and he and
"the Rev. E. W. Dodge, chaplain of the regiment, who
"were standing near, asked if they might go with us.
"We had gone only a few paces when I suggested to
"Ellsworth that perhaps it would be well to take a
"squad of men as an escort. He assented at once and
"I soon overtook him with a sergeant and four men

"from Company A. We ran up the street for about "two blocks on a double-quick in the supposed direc- "tion of the telegraph office, meeting a few sleepy- "looking people on the way. The Colonel at this mo- "ment caught sight of a large Confederate flag which "had just been raised above the roof of a building ap- "parently two or three blocks distant to the left. He "at once said: 'Boys, we must have that flag!' and "told the sergeant to go back and tell Captain Coyle "to follow us with his entire company.

"Not heeding the mission to the telegraph office "for the moment, we pushed on toward the building "with the flag flying over it and found it was the "Marshall House, an hotel of second-class grade. As "we rushed into the open door the Colonel called out "to a man in shirt and trousers who was entering the "hallway from the opposite side: 'What flag is that "over the roof?' The fellow looked neither surpised "nor alarmed at the irruption of armed men, and an- "swered, doggedly as I thought: 'I don't know any- "thing about it; I am only a boarder here.' Without "further parley the Colonel ran up the long winding "stairway to the topmost story, the rest of us follow- "ing closely. It did not take long to find the attic "room, whence opened a skylight with the flagstaff "within easy reach, and the large flag was soon upon "our heads.

"I passed it down to the men below, and as I got "off the ladder I saw the Zouaves tearing off pieces as

"mementoes of the exploit. This I stopped, saying "that the flag must not be mutilated, but must be pre- "served as a trophy. The entire occurrence could "not have occupied more than a couple of minutes. I "was busy rolling the long flag over my arm when "Ellsworth turned to the stairway holding one end of "the flag. He was preceded by Private Francis E. "Brownell, of Company A. Mr. House and Chaplain "Dodge were close beside him, and I was a few steps "behind, still rolling the flag on my arm as compactly "as possible. There were two men in the attic room "whom we had not noticed at first in our eagerness to "get down the flag. They arose in great bewilderment "to witness our deed and were almost fully dressed. "They had, however, no connection with the tragic "event.

"In the order I have mentioned we began our de- "scent of the broad, winding stairway. My attention "was too much occupied in managing the bulky flag to "know by actual observation precisely what hap- "pened in the first instant of the lamentable tragedy. "I heard the clash of weapons and at the same mo- "ment the report of two guns, with so imperceptible "an interval between that it might have been taken "for a single shot. I saw Ellsworth fall forward at "the foot of the first flight of stairs, and I saw Brown- "ell standing on the landing near the turn to the sec- "ond flight, make a thrust with his bayonet at the tot- "tering form of a man which fell headlong down half "the second flight of stairs. No explanation of what

"had happened was needed. As Brownell reached the "first landing place, after the descent of a dozen steps, "a man rushed out and, without noticing the private "soldier, leveled a double-barreled gun squarely at "Ellsworth's breast. Brownell said that he made a "quick pass to turn the gun aside, but was not suc- "cessful, and the contents of both barrels, slugs or "buckshot, entered the Colonel's heart, killing him in- "stantly. He was on the third step above the landing "when he received the shot, and he fell forward in "that helpless, heavy manner which showed that every "spark of life had left his body ere he reached the "floor. The murderer's fingers had scarcely pressed "the triggers of his weapon when Brownell's rifle was "discharged full in the centre of his face, and as he "staggered to his fall the shot was followed by a bayonet "thrust of such force that it sent the man backward "down the upper section of the second flight of stairs, "where he lay for hours afterward with his face to "the floor and his rifle beneath him. This man proved "to be James T. Jackson proprietor of the Marshall "House, and I fully recognized him as the person we "had met as we entered the house.

"We were dazed for a few seconds at the shocking "calamity, but we rallied, not knowing how soon we "should be called upon to defend our own lives. There "were only seven of us, and Mr. House was unarmed. "The noise and confusion of the last few moments "had aroused the sleepy household, and we saw that

"in point of numbers we were in a small minority. I "stationed the three Zouaves at points commanding "the approaches to the passages converging on the "stairway where we stood, and directed that the first "man who showed himself in the passages should be "shot down. The occupants of the rooms in our im- "mediate vicinity were gathered together in a single "apartment and Brownell, who had reloaded his rifle, "was placed as guard over them with instructions to "shoot the first man who should evince a hostile dis- "position. The Chaplain and I searched the story "above, finding only the two men whom I have before "mentioned as being in the attic room when the flag "was cut down; these we led down and put in "Brownell's custody. Mr. House, meanwhile, had "kept watch that no one approached us from the story "below. These defensive measures were only the "work of a minute or two.

"We next turned our attention to our dear friend, "the Colonel, whose life-blood had literally deluged "the hallway. If we had not been too sadly sure that "he was beyond the reach of any aid we could offer "there would not have been even the slight delay there "was ere we raised him from the floor. Mr. House and "I lifted him up tenderly and laid him upon the bed in "a room that was vacant. His uniform was so "drenched with blood that it was almost impossible "to discover the exact location of his wound. Un- "fastening his belt and unbuttoning his coat we found

"that the murderous charge had penetrated his left "breast, taking into the wound much of the clothing, "making a cavity almost large enough to insert a "clenched hand. Poor fellow! We washed the stains "from his face, which was beautiful in death—the ex- "pression of the handsome features not at all changed, "except by the pallor, from that which his friends "knew so well in life, and we composed his body, over "which we laid the Confederate flag which had so long "waved in defiance within sight of the White House, "feeling that its use in this way purified it."

The sword which Ellsworth wore at the time of his murder was given to Mr. Winser and is still in the possession of the family.

Mr. Winser was at the battle of Cold Harbor and had his horse shot under him. After the battle, during the night, a rifle ball lodged in the tent pole directly over his head, so low down that it must almost have passed through his hair, but so exhausted was he that he was all unconscious that death had been so near. During the Draft Riots in New York, in July, 1863, Mr. Winser was in command of the battery which protected Printing House Square. He also did effective work in communicating with the authorities on Governor's Island, and although he was a marked man owing to his connection with the New York Times, he went fearlessly about the city looking after his friends in the sections where a reign of terror had set in.

Mr. Winser was once made prisoner of war by Gen. Thomas W. Sherman, who was in command at Beaufort, S. C. Mr. Winser had criticised his methods in a letter to the Times. This so angered the General that he caused his arrest, sending him on board the Arago, which was just leaving for New York, without permitting him to communicate with any of his friends. The publication of the affair resulted in Mr. Winser's reinstatement at headquarters in South Carolina.

Mr. Winser was with Farragut at New Orleans, as a representative of the Times. In those days the means of communication were exceedingly slow, and Mr. Winser, recognizing the value to his paper of such a "scoop" as the first news of this important event would be, rowed down the Mississippi from Fort Jackson to the Gulf, where he found a schooner bound for Key West. This he boarded, and reached his destination a few hours ahead of the steamer from Havana, Cuba, which touched here for mail and passengers on its way to New York.

Thus the New York Times had an account of the bombardment and surrender of Forts Jackson and Phillip three days in advance of any other journal. This was considered the greatest "beat" ever known in the history of journalism. It was not only the means of giving the news to the country, but was also the first intimation that the government itself received of the success of the fleet. Mr. Winser returned to New Orleans and was there during the But-

ler regime and chronicled the General's achievements for his paper.

Mr. Winser was also present at the meeting of Grant and Lee under the famous apple tree to arrange for the surrender of the Confederate Army.

He was one of the commissioners for the exchange of prisoners from Andersonville, and his reports of the condition of the men were most harrowing.

When the famous Butler-Porter controversy occurred in 1889, it was Mr. Winser who was able to prove that Butler's charges against Porter were untrue.

When Mr. Winser sent his report of Farragut's passage of the forts below New Orleans (as narrated elsewhere), fearing there might be a miscarriage, he wrote a second account which was forwarded by the same steamer that carried the letters of other newspaper correspondents. This latter manuscript was returned to him and hence, when Admiral Porter wrote, asking him if he remembered the circumstances of the sudden order from Captain Porter to the flotilla to cease firing and return, Mr. Winser was able to give a transcript of the affair from his manuscript letter.

It was a great grief to Mr. Winser that General Butler should have placed himself in so unpleasant a position, for he had valued him as a friend and soldier, and was most reluctantly brought into the controversy.

When he settled in Woodside Mr. Winser was city

WOODSIDE AS GOD MADE IT

Picture taken about 1885 from a Washington Avenue back yard. Looking south across the fields toward the Passaic

editor of the Times and was deep in the investigation of the Tweed Ring. This work was so exacting that he had no time even to attend to his own private affairs, and paid little attention to Woodside politics, except in one instance.

During the first year of Woodside's independence there were no politics; no salaries attached to any of the offices, and consequently the good men were allowed to fill them. But by the time the second annual election approached there were a few soreheads who joined themselves unto the scattering Democrats and the house was divided against itself.

This necessitated some electioneering, which was undertaken by Mr. Winser and Mr. Theodore G. Palmer, who went the rounds of the district canvassing for votes. The result was overwhelmingly Republican and eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Winser broke down in January, 1869, and was told by the doctors that he must stop night work. He was advised by a friend to apply to General Grant for a consular position, and Sonneberg was suggested for its beauty of location and the wide field it offered for consular and other work, as it was the largest consulate in Germany.

Mr. H. J. Raymond, of the New York Times, was bitterly opposed to this and refused to help in any way, declining even to write introductions to his political friends in Washington or to request their aid in the appointment. Mr. R. said: "I do not want

you to leave the Times and I shall in no way help you in your desire."

But after Grant's inauguration Mr. Winser wrote, asking for the Sonneberg post, and his was the first appointment made after March 4, 1869.

Secretary of State Hamilton Fish was a friend of Dr. Cox, father-in-law of Mr. Winser, and knew his (Mr. Winser's) record as a journalist, and this doubtless was a help. Mr. Winser's appointment was regarded as most remarkable, in that politics and pressure had nothing to do with it. Grant made it because he was a personal friend and the State Department probably sanctioned it because, in the application, Mr. W. said that he spoke three languages and referred to his Times editorials upon political matters.

While consul at Sonneberg Mr. Winser was appointed by the United States Government, Commissioner to the World's Fair at Vienna in 1873.

When Mr. Winser returned from Sonneberg in 1873, intending to resign, Mr. Fish urged him to reconsider his decision and return to his post to go on with the work he had done for the government.

Mr. Winser was the first American officer to look into the emigration from Germany. He stopped the deportation of criminals from Germany to this country. He was the first man to study the forestry system in Germany, the consulate being in the centre of the forestry department of the country. Knowing the

language thoroughly and being persona grata in high official circles he had access to all departments.

He wrote a most exhaustive report on the "Forests and Forest Culture of Thuringia", which was sent to the State Department on November 28, 1873, and is in the "Commercial Relations" of 1873. So valuable was this report deemed by the State Department that it was printed as a separate pamphlet and sent to every newspaper in the country. In his report Mr. W. urged upon this country the necessity of cultivating and preserving its forests, as the time would come when care would be needed for their conservation from an economic point of view, for the supply of timber and for the effect they produced upon the climate, rainfall, etc.

The press of this country, one and all, hailed the report with derision, it being regarded as ridiculous that this great country with its primeval forests and its vast area of timber land could ever be depleted. Even the Times feared that Mr. Winser's four years' residence in a little country like Germany had dwarfed his ideas.

Twenty years later when the country became alarmed concerning the fearful devastation then going on throughout its forests men were rushed to Germany to learn its art of forestry.

Mr. Winser sent the government the first translation of the new German tariff. It was received from the Coburg Minister of State within an hour after

he received it from the Imperial Government, and permission to keep it for twenty-four hours was given. At 9 a. m. Mr. and Mrs. W. sat down, after giving directions that they were not to be disturbed, and at 8 p. m. the work was finished, they dividing the pamphlet book in half and each working independently of the other. This feat created a sensation at the State Department and at the Consulate General at Frankfort. Mr. Winser had taken the precaution to notify the State Department that the voluminous matter had left Coburg on a certain date. He also wrote the Consul General, through whose office all documents were forwarded, that he had done this, so that no detention could be possible on the way. It was a fortunate thing that this was done, as the Consul General wrote he was sorry that he could not keep the document for a few days that he might get "some points". He wanted to know how it was possible for Mr. W. to obtain the law before it had been given to the public.

Mr. Winser also sent the first translation of the new laws concerning the Rinderpest to the government.

On Mr. Winser's return from Germany he was appointed, by Mr. Henry Villard, Chief of the Bureau of Information of the Northern Pacific Railway. In this capacity he inspected all the country tributary to the railroad, writing many pamphlets on the resources of the far West. He also wrote concerning the Yellowstone Park and its wonders.

He was in charge of the foreign guests at the celebration of driving the last spike of the railroad. Later he became assistant editor of the Commercial Advertiser, and then became managing editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser. Just before his death he prepared the history of Trinity Church, Newark, on the occasion of the sesqui-centennial celebration. For nine years he was clerk of the vestry.

Mr. Winser was one of the charter members of the "Monks of the Passaic", a literary organization affiliated with the "Monks of the Meerschaum" in Philadelphia.

Mr. Winser, Mr. Noah Brooks and Prof. Byron Matthews organized "The Wednesday Club", which has become one of the best-known literary clubs of Newark. He was a life member of the New Jersey Historical Society.

Mr. Winser's church and other connections in Woodside are referred to elsewhere.

MR. JAMES SWINNERTON.

Mr. James Swinnerton, to whom I owe more than to any other one man for material covering this period, was a member of Swinnerton Bros., manufacturing jewelers in Newark. He removed to Woodside in 1866, being one of the very first of the new element.

Mr. Swinnerton immediately assumed a prominent place in the community, being town clerk during both the years of local independence and taking a fore-

most position in church and Sunday school development. So well satisfied were the voters with his work as town clerk that, when the second annual election was held, and an opposition ticket was put in the field, he received 185 of the 192 votes cast for that office.

Mr. Swinnerton has a natural antiquarian bent and, as a consequence, has preserved many memorials and a vivid memory of the past, and such of these as relate to Woodside he has freely put at my disposal, throwing light into many a dark corner.

MR. ALBERT BEACH.

Mr. Albert Beach was born in Newark and moved to the Bartholf farm on the old Bloomfield road about 1865. He was a kindly man and had a number of boys who were always ready to help along any mischief in which we were interested, and as Mr. Beach himself was much interested in the church we were quite neighborly, boy and man. And then all boys appreciated Mrs. Beach, who was one of those who sensed the fact that a boy's heart lay next his stomach, and who immediately established close relations with both. The Beach house was overrun with boys a goodly portion of the time, and they were not all Beach boys, either,

GEN. GILBERT W. CUMMING.

General Gilbert W. Cumming lived on the River road in the old Stimis house The General's property came down to the swamp where we boys learned

to skate, and his rail fence was a great temptation when a fire was wanted, which was mostly all the time. It is still well remembered how, on such occasions he would come charging down the hill "spitting blue sparks". The General's habit of language was acquired in the army, apparently, and it generally sounded as though the army was in Flanders at the time; certainly it was of the pyrotechnic order, and no one could well blame him with such an inciting firebrand as his rail fence became. He was a thoroughly good man, however, and while he had the reputation of being somewhat crusty and quick tempered, he could be quite genial when all things worked together for peace. "He was an old-fashioned lawyer of the Abe Lincoln school."

The General was born March 12, 1817, of Scotch parents, at Stamford, N. Y. He was admitted to the bar in New York, but removed to Chicago in 1858. When the Civil War broke out he offered his services and was appointed Colonel of the 51st Illinois Volunteers, which he was largely instrumental in raising.

Under General Pope he participated in the battle of New Madrid, Mo., and while in charge of a brigade on the way to Tiptonville his capture of Island No. 10 against great odds brought him prominently to the front. For this he was made a brigadier-general for "gallant and meritorious services at Island No. 10".

Proceeding to Tiptonville he assisted in the capture of 6,000 Southern soldiers and later took part with his

brigade in the attack on Fort Pillow. He was also at Corinth and Shiloh and was brought home from the latter on a cot, his breakdown being due to hard work and exposure. During a long rainy period he regarded himself as fortunate if he had a brush heap to sleep on, such a thing as a tent or any form of shelter being out of the question. He never fully recovered from a mild form of paralysis induced by these hardships.

During one period of his service he was placed as a guard over a Southern home occupied by its mistress. The General applied to her for permission to sleep on the porch of the house, but she promptly responded that no "Yankee" could sleep on her porch, and he was compelled to wait until all were asleep before he could venture to seek its shelter. Being a polite man, the General did not fail to thank the lady on the following morning.

He used to tell how the Yankees, after stewing their coffee again and again until there was nothing left to extract, would sell the grounds to their opponents for a dollar a pound. Johnny Reb must have been in straits for coffee.

In spite of all he went through the General was a strong temperance man, never drinking liquor, even in the army, where good drinking water was often impossible to find. The General was always to be found on the side of law and order and was the one to whom Mr. Hine went in the early days of Woodside to stop the Sunday horse cars. Ideas have

changed greatly during the past forty years in regard to the observance of the Sabbath, and it may seem strange to some that a serious effort was once made to disconnect this rural settlement from the rest of the world on that day, but such is the fact. The General did get out an injunction and the peace of the neighborhood was complete for a time, but the street car people, as usual, had their way in the end.

MR. JOHN MORRIS PHILLIPS.

Mr. John Morris Phillips belonged to that generation which was the last to be born in the old farm house now standing on Summer avenue, and he appears to have been the first to break away from the traditions of the farm.

Mr. Phillips was born November 4, 1817, and early showed an inclination for mechanics. He was apprenticed to the pattern making business under Mr. Horace T. Poinier, and later found employment under the noted Seth Boyden; afterward he worked for the West Point foundry and from there came to the Novelty Iron Works, New York City, and all this time was learning and perfecting himself in every detail for future activity. His memory was so phenomenal that when he had examined a piece of mechanism its details never passed from his mind, and he could duplicate it without again referring to the original. This, of course, was a tremendous help in after life.

In the fall of 1845 the Hewes & Phillips Iron Works were started in a small way at 60 Vesey

street, New York, but the following year the business was moved to Newark. The concern grew rapidly to large proportions, and by the time the Civil War broke out was one of the foremost establishments of the kind in the country and during the war it did an immense amount of work for the government.

All the turret machinery for the first "Monitor"—the one which saved the day in Hampton Roads—was made here, as was that for the five succeeding monitors including the Modoc, Cohoes, etc. That the Monitor's machinery was well made the action at Hampton Roads amply proved.

Over 200,000 stand of arms were manufactured at the Hewes & Phillips Works, and here the government also sent 12,000 flint-lock muskets to be modernized. These, it is said, were part of a gift to the country made during the Revolution by LaFayette, which had not been used at that time.

Mr. James E. Coombes, an expert on American military small arms, writes that Hewes & Phillips did alter a number of flint-lock muskets to percussion, but he doubts if they were such obsolete weapons as those brought over by LaFayette. Mr. Coombes says: "It was the policy of the government to use only the later models of flint-locks for this purpose, as there was a vast quantity of them on hand. I have seen a number of these guns. They were stamped 'H & P' on the nipple lug—in fact, have two in my collection, but they are all late models."

Mr. Coombes's opinion is accepted by military au-

thorities generally, but in spite of this I am inclined to think that the story is correct, because it appears to have come so straight from Mr. John M. Phillips himself.

Hewes & Phillips also altered 8,000 flint-locks for the state of New Jersey, asking nothing more in return from the state than the actual expense of the work. The machinery for the first Holland submarine was made here during the Civil War.

Owing to threats made by Copperheads during the latter part of the war that the factory would be destroyed, the place was guarded day and night by a company of infantry. At that time Mr. Phillips lived on Bridge street and his back yard adjoined the machine works, and he could step from his house to his shop without exposing himself to possible danger from the disaffected element.

Of the seventy boys and men who went out from this factory to enlist in the army every one came back, and not one received a scratch to show for his service. All apprentices who enlisted before their time was up were put to work on their return at journeymen's wages, while serving the remainder of their time as apprentices. Thus did the firm at its own expense recognize the services rendered by these young men to their country.

That Mr. Phillips was a broad-minded and far-seeing man is not alone proven by the business foundation he laid, but also by the monument he left

in beautifully embowered Lincoln avenue. His love for trees was almost as great as for human beings, and because of this Lincoln avenue is to-day as beautiful as is the traditional New England village green.

When the city saw fit to improve Lincoln avenue it did so by cutting down all its shade trees and transforming it into a dreary desolation. Mr. Phillips had in front of his house a row of cherry trees which were his pride and admiration and were also, alas, a source of considerable friction between himself and the neighborhood small boy, for the boys found it comparatively easy to adapt themselves to the Phillips cherries. I believe that their owner finally discovered that a generous coat of fresh tar on the tree trunks was as good a small boy preventive as it is in the case of certain insects. There is a tale of an expressman who took one of these tarred tree trunks to his bosom before he discovered the error of his ways, and the manner in which he blessed his tarry top-lights—so to speak—is one of the traditions of the neighborhood.

These cherry trees went with the rest, and when the destruction had been so complete that there was no further job for the contractor-friend of the politicians that functionary went elsewhere. Then Mr. Phillips called on his neighbors in an effort to enlist them in a plan to rehabilitate their street by the planting of trees but, finding most of them indifferent, he planted trees on both sides of the way, from

the cemetery to Phillips Park, a double row one-half mile long, and it is these trees which to-day shelter the avenue from the summer's sun. The trees were procured from a nursery on his own property located about where Delavan ends in Summer avenue.

MR. DAVID MACLURE.

"The memory of him is sweet and pleasant", more than one of his former scholars testifies. Mr. Maclure is a round peg in a round hole, although he happened into his present line of work in rather an accidental manner.

He was the first clerk that the Prudential Insurance Company ever employed, but earning his bread and butter by such uncongenial drudgery soon wearied him, and he gave up the position with the idea of turning to art or to the ministry for his life work; but while in this somewhat uncertain state of mind the fates decided otherwise.

At this time he was living at the home of his parents on Lincoln avenue, and, when it was learned that the school at Montgomery was closed for lack of a teacher, a friend fairly pushed him into the opportunity thus opened. He shortly became popular with old and young, and fitted so snugly into the position that vaulting ambition has never since troubled him.

From the Montgomery school he came to the Elliott Street School in Woodside, was next transferred to the Eighth Ward School, and from there to the Chestnut Street School, where he has been principal

for many years. Mr. Maclure has a way of making study attractive to children and stimulating them to strive the more to reach that promised land which he pictures so pleasantly — that those who have once been his scholars remember the days spent under his care with unmixed pleasure. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy", is the way he sometimes put it to them.

The following verse is not offered as an evidence of Mr. Maclure's literary skill, but rather to show the personal interest which he takes in the children, and as one of the many ways in which he attaches them to him:—

"To Annie E. Bennett, March 27, 1883.

" 'Dear Anna, on your natal day,
A word of wisdom let me say:
Grow up, my blithe and little lass,
So that, as years and seasons pass,
You'll still be found as pure and good
As on this day of bright childhood.
Remember this, my little maid,
That youth and beauty soon will fade;
But truth and honor ne'er decay,
But live to bless life's closing day.'

"Written expressly for you on your eleventh birthday by your friend and teacher,

"David Maclure."

Mr. Maclure is a many-sided man: A painter of pictures—good pictures—a writer of books and magazine articles, and a designer and maker of fine furniture. His home is full of his handiwork, which is the

more to be praised because "the kitchen is his workshop".

A book of poems entitled "Thoughts on Life", and two novels, "David Todd" and "Kennedy of Glen Haugh", have brought him fame in the literary world, and he is also the author of several school text-books.

COL. SAMUEL L. BUCK.

Col. Samuel L. Buck, according to the dry records of the Adjutant-General's office at Trenton, was commissioned Major in the Second Regiment, Infantry, New Jersey Volunteers, on the twenty-second day of May, 1861, and was mustered into the United States service as such for the period of three years. He was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel January 20, 1862; Colonel, July 1, 1862; and was honorably discharged July 21, 1864, during the War of the Rebellion. The official record goes no further.

He was at Chickahominy June 27, 1862, when of the twenty-eight hundred men in the Second Regiment only nine hundred and sixty-five answered at roll-call the following day. He commanded the regiment at Crampton's Gap, where it met Longstreet. He was wounded at Chancellorsville, and was in many engagements.

The Colonel delivered a lecture on his recollections of army life in the Woodside Presbyterian Church, April 3, 1879, which was later published in pamphlet form, but he was so extremely modest as regards his own part in the fighting that it furnishes no data for

my purpose. Many recall that he had a fine record for bravery and efficiency, but I have found no one who could tell the story.

MR. DANIEL F. TOMPKINS.

Mr. Daniel F. Tompkins was an antiquarian whose researches brought to light and preserved much that was interesting concerning the local history of Woodside. He discovered a number of Revolutionary relics in the "Anthony Wayne camp ground" west of Summer avenue in the Carteret street neighborhood and his inquiries among the old inhabitants resulted in the preservation of valuable and interesting matter that would otherwise have been lost.

Mr. Tompkins was a somewhat eccentric man and had some rather odd fads—possibly the best known of which was his large flock of goats, which was a prominent feature of the Washington avenue landscape for many years. Another, which was possibly not so well known, was a fondness for choice toilet soaps, of which he is said to have kept a large quantity in his house. We all know that cleanliness is next to Godliness.

That he was public spirited and alive to the value of a park system there is no doubt, in fact he might almost be called the father of the Essex County park system of to-day. Mr. Tompkins owned property around the Boiling Spring, which has been a boundary mark from time immemorial and one of the cor-

ners of Woodside, and he was the first to suggest a park in that region, offering to give his land if the city would purchase more and make the whole into a public park, and while his offer was not taken, there is little doubt but that he helped to start the agitation which resulted in the present system of breathing places for the people.

JOHN F. DRYDEN.

The history of the man who has made a success of this life is always interesting. Starting with nothing but a willingness to work and an ability to think and having faith enough in himself and his ideas to hold to his purpose through all set-backs and discouragements, he is reasonably sure to reach the top.

When or where Mr. Dryden was born I do not know, but he may have come from the land of wooden nutmegs, as he was a graduate of Yale. I do know that he came to Woodside in the early seventies a poor man; so poor, if his old neighbors remember rightly, that he did not even possess an overcoat to keep out the chill of winter.

One cold, cheerless day a gentleman and lady with two children were seen to enter a vacant house on Lincoln avenue, just below Elwood. Those living nearby noted that the gentleman made frequent excursions to the front gate, evidently looking for that load of furniture which did not come. After considerable persuasion he was induced to accept an invitation from a neighbor to spend the waiting time in that neighbor's house.

Such was Mr. Dryden's introduction to Woodside, but even then he was dreaming of industrial insurance, and his constant companions and most intimate friends were mortality tables and dry statistics, and it was not long before he became acquainted with certain gentlemen who succumbed to his persuasive tongue and furnished the capital with which the Prudential was started.

At first the company consisted of Mr. Dryden and an office boy, and occupied a corner of somebody's store on Broad street, Mr. Dryden's salary at this time being $10 per week but growth was rapid, and soon Col. Samuel L. Buck was installed as assistant, and it was not long before the office became a hive of Woodside men and boys, many of whom have grown up with it and still remain in its employ.

It is not necessary to follow Mr. Dryden through his many successes. He long ago became too great for Woodside, and removed to other surroundings, but he is part of the early history of this region.

"One with a flash begins and ends in smoke;
The other out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles."

THE "COUNT".

No stronger contrast to Mr. Dryden could be shown than in the person of "Count" Whitehead, a debonair gentleman who began with a flash and ended in smoke. For a brief period our friend was the glass of fashion and the mould of form for Woodside; he

had some money and an ability to "blow it in" that was notable. During this period he drove tandem and clothed his Adonis-like figure in a way that held all eyes. When last heard of the "Count" was a ticket chopper in the Pennsylvania ferry house.

LIEUT.-COL. W. E. BLEWETT.

In the spring of 1861, Mr. Blewett became active in organizing a company of volunteers, the men being recruited principally from Belleville. This company of 101 men subsequently formed Company F of the Second Regiment of New Jersey (three-year volunteers). They were mustered in at Trenton May 1st, 1861, as part of the First New Jersey Brigade, reporting on May 6th at Washington, being the first fully organized brigade to arrive for the defense of the National Capital. A few days later the brigade crossed the Potomac, and was the first regiment of three-year volunteers to enter the state of Virginia.

At the Battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861, the Brigade (4th Division under General Runyon) was held as a reserve, but not engaged. They, however, were of service in covering the retreat of our army to Centerville. Later the Second was attached to the First Brigade (Kearny's), Franklin Division; afterward to the First Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps. After much service and a most brilliant career, on the expiration of its term, the Brigade returned to New Jersey for muster out.

The Second New Jersey was pre-eminently a fighting regiment.

On June 12th, 1861, Mr. Blewett was mustered in as Second Lieutenant of Company F; June 4th, 1862, received commission as First Lieutenant, and April 16th, 1862, by command of Brigadier General Kearny, was detailed to take command of the Provost and Artillery Guards. Of this command he was very proud, owing to the fact that the appointment came direct from General Kearny, a much coveted honor.

Friday, June 27th, 1862, the First New Jersey Brigade was ordered to Woodbury's Bridge over the Chickahominy, there to meet Gen. Porter's Division. (Six companies of the Second, under Lieut.-Col. Samuel L. Buck, were at that time on picket duty, and therefore took no part in this action.) Colonel Tucker led out the remaining four companies, including Lieutenant Blewett's command with the rest of the Brigade. From Woodbury's Bridge this Brigade, with others, was sent to engage the enemy near Gaines's Mills and was soon in the thick of the fight. Porter's Division, in hand-to-hand conflict, held their position against overwhelming odds until reinforcements, long delayed, arrived, but owing to the fact that their position was unfavorable and to the superiority of the enemy in numbers, the Union troops were compelled to retire. (The Confederate forces numbered perhaps 56,000; the Union troops, 33,000. The Union loss was 6,000 killed and wounded, besides nearly 2,000 prisoners. The Confederate loss was placed at 9,000 killed and

wounded.) The Second Regiment had the right of line, and though outnumbered and flanked by the enemy, they were the last to leave their station in the field. In this fight the regiment lost its colonel, Isaac M. Tucker, Capt. Charles Danforth, Color Sergeant Thomas Stevens of Belleville, and many others. The flags taken at this time were returned by a North Carolina regiment many years after. On the afternoon of June 27th Lieutenant Blewett was shot in the right breast. The ball took a downward course, and remained lodged in his side. While working his way to the hospital a fragment of a bursting shell cut his belt and accoutrements from his side. Upon arriving at Gaines's Mills, then used as a hospital, Dr. Oakley dressed his wound and advised him to stop there, but fearing capture he continued on. This was fortunate, as later all the wounded at that hospital were taken prisoners. Aided by his colored servant he reached home in Belleville, July 4th, 1862. Owing to the fact that the ball could not be located the wound was long in healing. This incapacitated him for active service, and while stationed in Washington, September 9th, 1862, he resigned. Later Lieutenant Blewett became active in the National Guard of this state, was commissioned Captain Company H, Second Regiment, New Jersey Rifle Corps, September 19th, 1866; Captain Company H, Second Regiment National Guard, April 14th, '69; Major and Quartermaster on the staff of Joseph W. Plume, Brigadier-General First Brigade, October 27th, '69; Lieutenant-Colonel and Brigade In-

spector, November 27th, '71; resigned November 30th, '74.

MR. THOMAS W. KINSEY.

Mr. Thomas W. Kinsey comes from a long line of warriors, and has lived up to the traditions of the family.

Four brothers of the name came to this country in the Mayflower: two settled in Connecticut and two in New Jersey. An early ancestor, John Kinsey, was speaker of the New Jersey House of Representatives. The grandfather of Thomas W., Joel Kinsey, fought in the Revolution; his son, Joel, Jr., volunteered for the war of 1812, and his grandson, Thomas W., above, when fifteen years of age, enlisted for three years at the beginning of the Civil War and, when his time had expired, re-enlisted on the field for three more, or until the end of the war, putting in four years and seven months of fighting.

During this time he received four wounds and two furloughs, one of ten days for bravery on the field of battle and one of thirty days after serving three years in the ranks. And Mr. Kinsey says he "had no special adventures—just plenty of fighting".

By the time his mother had given her consent to his enlistment all the New Jersey regiments were full, so this fifteen-year-old boy went to New York and enlisted at Fort Schuyler in the First Long Island Regiment, which was principally raised through the efforts of Henry Ward Beecher, whose brother was chaplain to the regiment and whose son was a lieu-

tenant therein. This regiment was later known as the 67th N. Y., and when its members became decimated by slaughter it was merged in the 65th N. Y.

Mr. Kinsey was in all the principal engagements of the Army of the Potomac except that at Winchester. During the Battle of the Wilderness he received a bullet in his leg which he carries yet. At the Seven Days' Battle, under Brigadier General Abercrombie, his regiment could see nothing in front because of fields of tall grain, and he alone volunteered to scout, keeping a couple of hundred yards more or less in advance of the line, climbing trees and exposing himself in other ways, and it was for this exhibition of bravery that he received the ten days' furlough referred to above.

He was promoted to the sergeancy of Company C, 67th N. Y.; was shot in the head while before Petersburg, a "minie" ball, which is about the size of one's thumb, passing through his cheek and out of the back of his head at the base of the brain. Because of this wound he was in the Fairfax Seminary, which had been turned into a hospital, when Lincoln was shot, but through the efforts of Governor Ward was transferred to Newark, and was here in the hospital some three months, being mustered out while still a patient, on August 8, 1865.

Mr. Kinsey came to Woodside in 1867 and has ever since resided at the northeast corner of Summer place and May street, in the first house erected by Morrison & Briggs.

DR. J. E. JANES.

Dr. J. E. Janes is worth a good word if for no other reason than because of the good he did. The Doctor never refused to go when a call came, no matter what the night, or if he knew that there was no money compensation for him. He was endowed with that good Samaritan disposition that is so typical of our associations with all that is best in the old-fashioned country doctor—everybody's friend and at the service of all. When the Doctor found it necessary to remove his family to the balm of the southern California coast Woodside lost a man.

MR. PETER WEILER.

Mr. Peter Weiler of the River road is spoken of as a man of large stature and determination and, withal, not easily bluffed. When the Paterson & Newark Railroad (now the Newark Branch of the Erie) was put through, the railroad people made every effort to avoid adequate payment for the land taken, and in many cases they succeeded in securing the property for little or nothing, but such an arrangement did not at all meet with the views of Mr. Weiler, and when they attempted to rush his place he built a rail fence across the proposed line of track and mounted guard with a shotgun, and the railroaders, like Davy Crocket's coon, came down.

BELLARS.

One of the queer sticks of the times was Bellars, the church organist. No one ever called him "Mr."

Bellars—he was just plain Bellars—an odd combination of ignorance and musical genius. He could not read the simplest Sunday school music but, once he heard a tune, nothing could drive it out of his head.

When it came to new music he was a trying proposition and grievously tormented Mr. Hine's patience. Occasionally there were stormy scenes about the organ loft, and at least once Mr. Hine threatened to dismiss him if there was not an immediate improvement, winding up his peroration with "It's a short horse and it's soon curried".

During the latter years of the Bellars reign Mr. Hine owned a house on Cottage street, opposite the school house, which he allowed the former to occupy rent free as compensation for his weekly performance on the organ, and somehow the organist got it into his twisted noddle that the house had been given to him for work done, and it became necessary for the court to pass on the matter.

Bellars employed Will Cumming as his attorney, and the latter showed considerable genius in handling the case, for he led his forlorn hope in such fashion that he almost prevailed against the facts, and as Mr. Hine's lawyer was as lame as Will was active, the case actually looked serious at one time because of the ease with which the young man whipped the elder around the legal stump.

Bellars was the music teacher of the neighborhood at a time when my benighted parents conceived the

notion that I should learn to play the piano. Now, while Mr. Hine was very musical, my mother's one standard of music was the speed at which it was performed, and one could play to her on a Sunday such a secular composition as "Yankee Doodle", if only it were played slow and solemnly, and she would accept it as orthodox without hesitation, and I am my mother's son when it comes to musical matters; hence I call my parents benighted for casting their money before Bellars.

So far as can be judged, at this distance, Bellars's chief notion of the teacher's function was to receive the dollar, or whatever the lesson cost. Thus we can readily comprehend what the result must have been when such a teacher and such a pupil got together. The gentleman was a ventriloquist, or said he was, and he would cause little birds to sing up the chimney or under the piano, and sometimes a cat would meow or a dog bark in the far corner of the room. All this served to pass the hour devoted to the weekly lesson.

The last time I saw Bellars was some years after his departure from Woodside, on an occasion when he was gawking down Broadway with a carpet bag that must have long lain dormant in some neglected corner, a picture that would have done a Puck artist a world of good, with his lean figure and excruciatingly thin visage. What was his latter end I know not, but I verily believe that he dried up and blew away.

BOATING DAYS ON THE PASSAIC.

During the eighties and early nineties the Passaic river, where it skirted Woodside, was one of the most celebrated rowing courses in the country, and here assembled well-known oarsmen from far and near, including such men as Courtney, Hanlon, Oomes, Ten Eyck, Edward Phillips and George Lee.

So far as known, the Rev. Mr. Sherman, rector of Christ Church, Belleville, was the first to use a racing shell on the river. Closely following Mr. Sherman came Mr. James S. Taylor, whose earliest recollections are of the river and its ways. Mr. Taylor grew up on the water and was one of its first boatmen.

Probably the first boat club was the Woodside Rowing Club; but this was more of a social organization with rowing as a side issue. John Eastwood, a leading member, later joined the Tritons and became Commodore of the Passaic River Rowing Association. The Passaic Boat Club is considered the first. Its original house was situated about opposite Centre street, but it was not long before the Club moved to Woodside and established itself just below the Point House.

The Triton Boat Club, the third to be organized, soon out-distanced the others, and became the social as well as the boating centre of the Passaic. It was really born in 1868, in Phil. Bower's boathouse, where certain oarsmen stored their boats, but was not officially organized until 1873, when the members met in the office of the Newark Lime & Cement Company.

Twelve men attended this meeting, but only six names are given as organizers of the club: Frederick Townley, Henry C. Rommel, Truman Miller, Samuel A. Smith, Frederick Earl and Sidney Ogden. The other six seceded and organized the Eureka Boat Club.

About 1875 the club built its first house at the foot of the Gully road, and the following year the first regatta was held. The Passaic offered a beautiful course to oarsmen, but it did not come prominently before the country until the Eurekas rowed in the races held at Philadelphia during the Centennial. This called attention to the Passaic and resulted in the first National Regatta on its waters, 1878. A moonlight race between the Tritons and the Viking Boat Club of Elizabeth, which was pulled off in October, 1879, is remembered as one of the notable events.

Both Edward and Frank Phillips were prominent as oarsmen of the club, the former so much so that he, with Henry Rommel, was sent to the National Regatta held at Saratoga in 1881 or 1882. Henry Rommel, by the way, is probably the most "be-medaled" member of the club. George Small was another well-known Triton, as was George Lee who was brought out by the club and sent by it to England.

Those enthusiastic members who had no time for meals, recall Ed. Holt's "Floating Palace" with its cargo of pie and soft drinks as a welcome haven of refuge, and they also indorse the statement that the place was entirely respectable.

A CANOE REGATTA ON THE PASSAIC

As seen from the float of the Ianthe Canoe Club

It is still a matter of common remark by oarsmen of other localities that the Passaic was the finest river on which they ever rowed.

The Triton organization still exists in the hope that some day the river will be restored to its old-time purity and again be in condition for aquatic sports, but all it does at present is to eat a dinner once each year. It is rather a remarkable fact that the club has never lost an active member by death, except in one case of suicide.

Possibly the first racing boat other than a single shell owned by the Triton Club, was one fitted for three pairs of oars and a coxswain, which was originally purchased by a well-known group of gentlemen that resided on the banks of the Passaic. John Rutherfurd was one of these, and the boat was kept for a long time on the lawn in front of his dwelling.

One of the familiar figures of early days was Doctor Lauterborn, of Mulberry street who, after walking to the Passaic boathouse, thought nothing of rowing to the city of Passaic and back, finishing his afternoon by walking home.

CANOEING RECOLLECTIONS.

The history of the Ianthe Canoe Club, and of canoeing in general on the Passaic river, dates back to a certain mysterious green canvas canoe that, in 1880, appeared from no one knows where. Presumably it was constructed by some budding genius in the loft of his father's barn, but all that we know definitely now is that its discovery was made by Will McDonald.

This green canoe was the inspiration which set others at work and during the winter of '80-1 a second canvas canoe, painted black, was built in the cellar of 77 Lincoln avenue, by "Lin" Palmer, who, as he won the first canoe race ever paddled on the Passaic and launched the first white man's canoe on our beautiful stream, so far as is known, is entitled to a central position in the limelight.

The black Palmer was launched with much circumstance in the following spring, and was at that time the only canoe on the river, as its green progenitor was not baptized until some time later, when Will McDonald purchased her.

In 1881 a group of six boys, consisting of Lincoln B. Palmer Robert M. and Albert Phillips, Will McDonald, John Russell and one other, formed the Ianthe Canoe Club. John Russell was boy in a drug store at the corner of Belleville and Bloomfield avenues, and he brought to the meeting a soda water fountain catalogue, which contained many pretty names, and from this the name of the club was selected, the lady appearing therein as a particularly attractive water sprite. George P. Douglass, who became a factor in canoeing circles about 1887, was a later acquisition to the club.

The old Woodside Rowing Club's building was standing idle. It belonged to the Messers. Hendricks, and a visit to these gentlemen resulted in an arrangement whereby the club was to have the building rent free, provided it kept the place in repair.

The club grew and prospered and in August, 1882, its members were invited by the Triton Boat Club to participate in the first canoe race ever held on the river. It seems that one Hussey, a member of the Triton Club owned a canoe and had a reputation as a paddler, and it was because there was no one else to play with that the boys were asked to enter the race. There was no thought but that Hussey would win; he had been in races before and was the star of the occasion. "Lin" Palmer beat him quite handily and there was gloom in the home of the Tritons. And thus ended the first canoe race, which was participated in by "Walt" and Will McDougall, as well as by "Lin" Palmer and ——— Hussey.

During the following five years the club prospered greatly, but no events of importance are recorded. In 1887 John Pierson, of Bloomfield, and "Lin" Palmer, were sent as the first representatives from the Passaic river to an American Canoe Association meet, which this year was held on Lake Champlain. Neither of these representatives had ever been on such an expedition before, and their outfit was primitive in the extreme—so much so that they were shortly dubbed "the frying pan cruisers" by those who traveled with more elaborate and cumbersome outfits. But from now on the Ianthe moved up into the front rank of canoeists, as its members acquired the habit of capturing prizes, and held this position until the condition of the river drove all boating from its surface.

A LAST WORD IN REGARD TO MR. HINE.

We have about come to the end of this somewhat peculiar narrative, but before closing it I wish to say a final word in regard to Mr. Hine: I have interviewed very many who had to do with the early days of Woodside, without reference as to whether they were personal friends or not, and have heard but one opinion expressed, and universally expressed, in a manner too sincere to admit of any doubt. Each one recalls the man with a vividness and interest that time seemingly cannot dull, and each impression is but a repetition in one form or another of a great heart and a pure, clean minded man.

It is given to few to be remembered as is Mr. Hine, and though he has been dead more than twelve years (April 16, 1897), the memory of him and the impression he left are as distinct and clear as though his departure were but yesterday. The abundant tears which were shed over his bier came from hundreds who felt that they had lost a personal friend and helper.

PART III.

C. C. HINE—PERSONAL.

The following is personal to C. C. Hine, the writer's father, and consists of extracts from a "private" book, from obituary notices, anecdotes, etc.

I have found it impossible to select words that give a true idea of my father's character, it was so simple, so lovable, so pure, and yet so strong, and even rugged. He had a faith that nothing could shake. There was no room for doubt in his mind; his religion was to him an absolute fact, and when his wonderful strength of character and broad knowledge of the world are considered, this child-like trust was remarkable. As boy and man he received many hard knocks in the struggle for existence and had seen rough and trying times, but through it all he kept his mind clean and his love for his fellow-man bright.

Presumably he was always so—the testimony of his mother indicated it, and I have only recently discovered a private book which was never intended for other eyes, but which shows one of his phases so clearly that it is here quoted from at length.

November 20, 1852, Mr. Hine wrote in this book which he then started for the purpose of systematizing and keeping track of his giving: "Three

weeks before the beginning of the present month, I came to a definite conclusion regarding a system of formal and regular giving for charitable and religious purposes, with which to govern my future course."

He adopted a scale system whereby, if his income ever reached $14,000 he would give one-half of it away, and this was not intended to cover "occasional and irregular giving".

At the time he made this covenant with himself he was receiving, in St. Louis, $800 per annum. On the 1st of November he removed to New Albany, Ind., and began again at $400 per annum, but on December 1st his income was increased to the rate of $600 per annum.

That he gave until it hurt him there is ample evidence, for we read in January, 1853: "I find myself very much straitened in many matters and greatly fear I will fall far behind my hopes of what I should save up for my visit home March 1st"; but his accounts show that he kept on giving.

"July 4, 1853, I was married. — Prov. xxxi.: 11. Amen. During August I was preparing to engage in a new line of duty, and as I am now entering upon an employment whose results will not be ascertainable each month I must credit what I give as I go along and then balance up a year hence."

Apparently on December 31, 1854, he writes: "Not knowing the precise condition of my business I have been unable to charge up the percentages heretofore. I now find that my net income for the year ending, say,

August, 1854, was about $1,800, besides my living. This, situated as I was, did not amount to more than $200 for self and wife. Calling the year in round numbers $2,000 I must charge myself with one fifteenth of the whole amount, which is $133.33. * * * I thought I was wonderfully liberal all along through these sixteen months, and yet the figures bring me in debt $75! I can never be sufficiently thankful that God put it into my heart to begin this account, for I have found that the majority of my opportunities for giving have occurred when, from exterior circumstances, I have 'felt poor', and but for the consciousness that I owed, fairly, justly and honestly owed, according to a bargain of my own making, a large balance to the Lord's work in general, and perchance—who could know—to the very case in hand in particular, I should not have given even the little I have."

By December 31, 1856, he had exceeded the limit for giving established by his scale to the extent of over 32 per cent. He debates with himself as to whether he should charge his pew rent in this account, but finally concludes to do so.

In 1857 he notes that his income is about $2,000 "and my family has been increased by a Father, Mother and Sister-in-Law, making me six mouths to fill instead of three." * * *

"I must now record one of those eras that will happen in men's lives when they are not content to let well enough alone:—

"In April, 1857, I abandoned a prosperous business, mounted a hobby and galloped headlong into an enterprise that has sunk every cent I had in the world and plunged me very deeply in debt besides, so that I will have to work for years to extricate myself.

"I have now—July, 1858—as the result of my folly, no offering of money to make to the Lord's cause."

Then follows his account brought forward which, in spite of the fact that only one dollar is credited "By Missionary Subscription", is still somewhat ahead of his limit.

"Many months have gone by since the foregoing was written—months of varied experience.

"In January, 1859, I relinquished my school enterprise, a loser, probably, of $13,000 and about $7,000 'worse than nothing'. * * * Providentially I was not permitted to remain idle a day. January 1st I was engaged with the Ætna Insurance Company at $1,500 per annum. * * *

"It has been a matter of much debate in my mind whether it was proper for me while so deeply involved in debt to 'give away' anything. It has seemed like assuming to disburse the money that belongs to others without their knowledge or consent.

"I do not find, however, that, when I entered into this covenant seven years ago, I made any provision for my present predicament. Hence I must regard this covenant as prior, and not to be annulled by subsequent transactions. I am glad that I can see this

view of the case very plainly, as I find great comfort in it. I shall now be relieved from one of the most onerous results of my pecuniary disaster—inabilty to join in the various contributions to the Lord's cause.

"During the Winter and Spring of 1859 I was traveling in Texas. The following Summer in Kentucky, and the Winter of 1860 in Georgia, Alabama and other Southern States, until April. All this time being under great pecuniary pressure and not having clearly arrived at the decision just above recorded, my contributions were neither frequent nor large. No regular account was kept and I can only recall two in addition to those recorded."

Then follows his ledger account with the various percentages charged against him, and showing that he had fallen considerably behind his scale.

"In June, 1860, I removed my family to Covington, Ky., to be near my business headquarters in Cincinnati, and I trust that I may again fall into somewhat like regularity of habits, both in my business life and Christian experience." * * *

April 5, 1861: "Hitherto this record has been kept in an old 'Pass Book', but from its semi-journal form it has assumed dimensions not anticipated nine years ago, when first begun. Hence I have purchased this book and copied out and set in order the whole thing from the beginning.

"But I find that this long parade of figures and remarks is likely—unless I have a care—to prove a

snare to me, as Gideon's ephod did to him and his house. Truly man delighteth in vanity."

During the three years past his income had been gradually increased to $2,000 per annum, but "Sept. 1 (1862) my income was again decreased, on account of the stringency of war times, to $1,500". * * *

"This is the second year of the great civil war; times have been pretty hard for men with fixed incomes, but I have kept even, thanks to a kind Providence."

By July, 1864, he had nearly caught up in his giving to the amount with which he had debited himself. At this time he writes:—

"Let me here record one of those singular and precious providences that my faith, thank God, is broad enough to recognize. The 'war times' were pinching me, prices of necessaries were enormous. Only by the closest figuring could I 'make both ends meet'. I said to the Lord 'Send me an increase and I will make a thank offering of the first $100'. On a business visit to New York this month I unexpectedly got a contract to write a book for $500, a matter to be completed 'nights and mornings' in three or four months. On my return home I obtained an advance on my salary of $750 per annum. An opportunity suddenly presented itself also for me to buy a piece of paper at a profit of $98 which I cleared in a transaction involving a couple of hours' labor. These three things (if I except the advanced salary, which I ought

to have had long ago, but had almost despaired of) were unexpected and providential. I was thus granted the honor of assisting in the rescue of the American Board by a greatly advanced (for me) contribution."

January 9, 1865: "I was elected secretary of the International Insurance Company of New York, at a salary of $6,000. If I make a thank offering of my first half-month's salary it will be in harmony with the past, but a small testimonial for the Lord's goodness to me in giving me more than I asked."

He then debits himself "To Thank Offering $250".

"In March (1865) I removed from Walnut Hills, Ohio, to New York with my family, and on May 1st to Brooklyn, L. I., where we connect ourselves with the South Congregational Church, Rev. Edward Taylor, Pastor."

By June, 1865, he had again slightly exceeded his limit of giving, and thereafter seems to have kept well ahead.

"We resided but one year in Brooklyn and in May, 1866, we went to Piermont, N. Y., on the Hudson, to spend the Summer. Here we remained four months and in September went to Newark, N. J., where we boarded until March, 1867, when, on the completion of our new house at Woodside, N. J., we removed to that beautiful place in the expectation and hope of making it our permanent home. Our family consisted of six souls."

The next entry was made in 1879, and reads:—

"Years have elapsed—twelve of them—since the last entry in this book, and I have been meantime having my books of account kept as memoranda, rather than as double entry accounts, in deference to a favorite employee, so that I have been unable to make precise statements. For 1867 I paid income tax on $6,280, but that was after allowed deductions of nearly $1,900. In March, 1868, I became the proprietor of the Insurance Monitor in New York and entered upon a publishing business which for several years netted me $12,000 per annum. Since 1873 this has gradually fallen off and now, 1879, amounts to but half as much. I think that, for the last thirteen years, 1867-1879 inclusive, $8,000 per annum would be a full statement of my profits." * * *

Mr. Hine goes on to state that during all these years he has kept no detailed account, but is satisfied he has given sufficient to cover the percentage due, and that "there is no necessity for detailed entries and, besides, I am reminded of a passage in the life of Ichabod Washburn, where he found that such an account as this let his right hand know what his left was doing, and he abandoned it. So long, therefore, as I am quite clear that I am disbursing as much or more than my contract calls for, I will omit the entries here".

Under date 1886 he writes: "It is six years since I have looked or written in this book and it will prob-

ably be longer before I open it again. Meantime I am glad that I released myself from bookkeeping in the matter of giving. Without accounts quite as well as with them I am conscious that I have lived up to my plan and I expect to do so in the future."

The last entry is dated 1892: "Wholly by accident I came upon this book. I am past sixty-six years old now. I have nothing to add except that for the last few years, perhaps five or six, I have not been giving as freely as I formerly did. This is partly because of a change in my convictions of duty in regard to my local church relations, and partly because the general demands upon me have crowded my income very closely, and partly because my business has been less remunerative and my accounts unsystematically kept. I do not remember the details very fully, but my general consciousness is that I am falling behind in my giving and getting in debt on this account."

When Mr. Hine summed up as above he evidently did not include his "occasional and irregular giving" for an examination of his check stubs after his death led to the belief that he was then giving away fully 50 per cent of his income.

WHAT OTHERS THOUGHT OF MR. HINE.

It is difficult to put on paper that which will adequately depict Mr. Hine's many-sided character, but the following extracts from some of the death notices written by those who knew him best in his business life are given to show what sort of an impression he made on these:—

"He was always so active that, although he had passed his seventy-first birthday, his death was something that had never been thought of by anybody except possibly himself. He traveled so much, did so much, was interested in so many things, that he will be widely missed. His was a many sided nature. He had a good knowledge of both art and mechanics. * * * He was always self reliant, and to the end independent."—[Insurance Times.

"Every person who knew Mr. Hine at all intimately feels himself bereft of a friend."

—[Mutual Underwriter.

"He was an able and strong writer; and whatever he wrote was fully 'tuned' to his convictions."

—[The Ætna.

"Personally, he was a lovable and amiable man, and as a business man his reputation for fairness and integrity was never questioned."

—[Travelers' Record.

"A remarkable man was the late Charles C. Hine. What tireless industry he had, what versatility, what cheerfulness. What long journeys he took and kept taking, in his advanced years. Hale, hearty, ready to join in debate, to read a paper, to sing a song, and sing it well. * * * Fresh as a young man and capable of all kinds of work. Invincible, irrepressible; a typical American."—[Insurance Magazine.

"To us the sad news was especially painful, as we

had known him intimately, and been associated with him in business relations for many years, in which connection we had learned to admire his great talents as a writer on insurance, and deeply to respect his noble character, in which there mingled all the elements that do honor to man. * * * The professional labors of Mr. Hine may pass on to other hands, but the personality of the man has left an impress which will make his name honored and revered long after the busy world has ceased to think of his professional work. * * * As an editor he was in his vocation, for his very wide reading, shrewd judgment, great capacity for literary work, raised him to great distinction in this field. * * * But most of all will he be missed by those many mourners who, forgetting the intellectual attainments of the man, can only feel that his great and pure and kindly heart has ceased to beat."—[Insurance & Finance Chronicle, Montreal.

"It has been truly said of Mr. Hine that as a promoter of sociability and a softener of rancour he had few if any equals, and certainly no superiors."

—[The Index, London.

"The education emanating from a type of mind such as that possessed by Mr. Hine is beyond the ordinary mention."—[Short Rates.

"As a writer his style was original, vigorous and entertaining. He had strong opinions, and never hesitated to express them. * * *

"Mr. Hine had lived for many years in Newark,

N. J., and though purposely avoiding any intermingling in political affairs, he was closely identified with what was best in the social and religious life of the city, in which activities he made himself a positive force."—[Insurance Age.

"His death came as a shock to all who knew him, for, although in his seventy-second year, his clean and wholesome life had left few marks of age on his strong and kindly face, and, though his hair and beard were white with the frosts of years, his vigorous bearing and evident strength of mind and body gave promise of many years of usefulness."

—[Insurance Opinion.

"Mr. Hine was a brilliant ornament to the profession, and his death is a severe blow to the insurance press and the insurance world. * * *

"Mr. Hine's portrait stands on our desk, and will ever remind us of the memory of a good man."

—[Review, London.

"Though the passing years had whitened his hair and beard he seemed young—and in spirit and thought he was young. * * * We shall not soon forget his words at one of the meetings of the Fire Underwriters' Association of the Northwest, when he urged the young men to be clean men. How well the word clean describes him who is gone. He was clean in thought, word and action. He was an inspiration to men to make the most of themselves."

—[Philadelphia Intelligencer.

"For, while he was successful, he had been through the tests that try men's characters and he was a clean, honorable and self-respecting man who saw more in life than mere pecuniary reward. * * * It is a great thing to go through the world clean-handed, clean-minded and in good repute without sacrificing individuality and force. Mr. Hine did that."

—[Insurance Herald.

"Always pleasant, always a gentleman. He could not well be otherwise, for he had nothing else in his make-up. * * * He was a man of exceedingly correct habits, and it would seem as though he ought to have lived for many years yet. * * * If there is any particular place on the other side set apart for the genial, as well as for the good, C. C. Hine will be directed thereto."—[Oriental.

"Though the largest assembly room in that portion of the city of Newark, its auditorium was not large enough to hold all the people who desired to pay to the memory of the deceased their tribute of respect and affection. The seats and aisles were filled, and many, unable to gain admittance, stood outside."

—[New York Insurance Journal.

"He was a good editor, a vigorous writer, a clear thinker, and a student. He led a cleanly life. His methods were pure and honorable."

—[Insurance Record.

"Mr. Hine's social and personal qualities were such

that he was respected and loved by all who knew him. He was a pure and gentle soul."

—[Insurance Advocate.

"The death of C. C. Hine * * * called forth such widespread and universal expressions of sorrow and esteem that his death, like the record of his life, will long continue a source of inspiration and noble incentive to every one in his profession."

—[Western Insurance Review.

"Mr. Hine was widely known and as widely respected. He was an able man, a good man, steadfast in friendship, large in the spirit of comradeship, gentle, kind and true. * * * Constant growth and intellectual development were among his most marked characteristics. * * He was a many-sided man—interested and studious in various directions. * * * His popularity in the insurance business and far beyond it, was not the result of a promiscuous outpouring of honeyed words, for he was a man of decided opinions, and could always give good reasons for the faith that was in him. * * * Mr. Hine was a remarkable man, and extraordinarily successful in winning the love of those who were close to him, and the lasting respect of all others with whom he came in contact."—[Insurance Press.

"Is life worth living? As long as a man can find the determination to live as Colonel Hine did, and in death call out so much sincere and strong recogni-

tion of the effectiveness and usefulness of his life, the question stands answered in the affirmative. And when one has so lived there is no dread of death—it has no sting."—[Insurance Herald.

"Mr. Hine's life is his best epitaph."

—[Insurance Press.

"He was one of the most consistent Christian men we ever knew. The principles he professed were acted out in his life. He loved his neighbor as himself, and his genial, sunny manner will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to come within the circle of his acquaintance."

—[Insurance Agent.

"He had faithfully wrought out his task, never flinching from bearing his share of burdens, and was still in the harness when called hence. He leaves behind most pleasant memories of a stalwart man whose example is worthy of emulation."—[Rough Notes.

"Mr. Hine was a man of exceptional mental poise, with not only an extensive knowledge of men and events, but endowed with prudence and skill to make use of that knowledge for the achievement of practical results."—[Argus.

"He took pride and pleasure in his editorial work, and it was performed in a cleanly and conscientious manner. It was marked with amiability, versatility, good sense and comprehensive grasp of every subject. * * * Free from improper motives himself, he was

slow to suspect or discover deceit and trickery in others. * * * Even in controversy he was eminently fair and temperate and just."

—[Baltimore Underwriter.

"The universal esteem in which C. C. Hine was held is voiced in the comment in the insurance press upon his high ideals of living and the able and fearless manner in which he represented insurance thought in his writings. * * * In speaking of the insurance press, he referred to its editors as being the 'high priests' of the insurance business."

—[Standard.

"A clean and lovely soul the old man was, fighting wrong and supporting justice with honorable weapons. He well fulfilled the motto of Lincoln: "With charity for all and malice toward none."

—[United States Review, April 29th.

"The ledger of his life is full of good deeds."

—[Views.

"The passing away of Charles C. Hine, the widely respected editor and publisher of the Insurance Monitor, of New York, has brought sadness and a sense of personal loss to thousands of hearts. He was an upright man, a forceful character in the world, and in many respects lived an ideal life. His career was one of usefulness, and the world is better off because he lived. It was his good fortune to be favored in liberal measure with those endowments which won and retained the cordial regard of the multitudes who knew

him. A man of inflexible integrity of character, of superior mental equipment, and a disposition which constantly inspired him to modest acts of helpfulness and sunshine, he was more than respected—he was beloved. As journalist, publisher, author and public speaker, he stood in the foremost rank in the insurance circles of the United States, and he constantly dignified and took pride in his work."

—[United States Review, April 22d.

"The personality of him who was affectionately known as the 'Patriarch' covered more than literary talent, more than business ability, more than professional strength. It embraced, as many of us can testify, an instinctive and undeviating support of the highest ideals of integrity, honesty and honor. * * * His heart was kindly, and his life pure and upright. As a friend and neighbor he was sympathetic and helpful; as a counsellor of those in need his aid was unstinted."—[Resolutions adopted by the Fire Underwriters' Association of the Pacific.

"'A good name is better than riches', says the proverbialist of the Old Scripture, and the truth of the saying is never more forcibly illustrated than when death has called away the possessor of such a name.

"Nothing is said of the amount of money accumulated by Mr. Hine during his lifetime, but all are eloquent in praise of his integrity, his courage in well-doing, his broad charity and his devotion to the cause of righteousness and truth. * * * Colonel Hine

was a rare man, one whose example shines like a beacon above the rocks and shoals of commercial life, reminding those still voyaging there that deeds 'are the harvest of eternity'."—[Vindicator.

"We know that he does not participate in our proceedings to-day, but who dares to say that, from beyond the purple and the gold, his keen eye is not watching us, and that his old-time smile does not beam from his pale, thoughtful, scholarly, beautiful face, as we have so often seen it do at these meetings. Such a man as he was, with the work he did, and the example he gave, needs no eulogy. Let us then try to tell, in plain and simple language, the story of his life, which was like a beautiful road, strewn on either side with flowers and fruits, with birds and butterflies. * * *

"Charles C. Hine was more than we have hastily described him as being. He was something besides a telegraph operator, an underwriter, an editor, a business man, a lecturer. He was a great man with a great soul; a good man with a good heart; a strong man with a strong mind. He was a man who had traveled as far as the sun and yet never gotten away from his childhood. He was the Doctor Johnson in whatever circle he chose to move, and yet as modest as a girl. He was the pride and glory of a great profession and yet as unassuming as a bashful boy. He remembered the love of his father, the caresses of his mother and the kisses of his sister—contact with the

world did not harden his heart. He married the woman he loved, and for over forty years lived a perfect wedded life. He was a consistent member of the church and for thirty years the superintendent of a Sunday School. He was a working officer of the International Law & Order League. Three or four years ago, at Chautauqua, he addressed an audience of over five thousand persons. To measure the good he did in the world would be as impossible as to estimate the blessing of the sun's rays. He became an old man on earth and continued to believe in God, in charity, in love, in goodness. He found inspiration in the stars, music in the birds, wisdom in babes, and peace in the Bible. He believed in women and trusted men.

—[Memorial address of I. W. Holman.

"A few days later, in the little church, the simple ceremony was performed. The house was filled to overflowing by men, women and children, neighbors and friends—all mourners. With streaming eyes they followed him to his last resting place on earth. His grave was filled with flowers and tears, and dedicated, in sorrow, to love. The dusk gathered softly, the shadows fell slowly—a helper of the poor, of the widow and the fatherless, was gone. * * *

"If it is the noblest epitaph to be written over the grave, that the man who lies there has been active, determined and firm in his principles, and has won notable success while passing through the fire of life

without a stain of dishonesty upon his character, then Charles C. Hine lies fairly crowned with that finest laurel of mortality."

—[From memorial adopted by the National Association of Life Underwriters.

"The death of Mr. C. C. Hine removes one of the most conspicuous figures in insurance journalism. Personally, we lose a valued friend, the profession loses an ornament. He was a good editor, a vigorous writer, a clear thinker, and a student. He led a cleanly life. His methods were pure and honorable, and he was a man that every editor of a paper could point to with pride, and say: 'He is the Patriarch' of us. His death came as a great surprise. We had always considered him physically strong and likely to live for many years. But then we did not think of the fact that he had lived the prescribed limit of 'three score years and ten'. It appears that he had been ailing for a long time, and on Saturday, the 16th, he sank quietly to rest. The Insurance Monitor, whose columns he so long presided over, will miss him greatly, and his death will prove a distinct loss, not only to journalism, but to the entire profession of underwriting.

"Monday afternoon, a meeting of the insurance journalists was held in the office of The Weekly Underwriter, and the following minute was adopted:—

" 'The insurance journalists of New York, convened this 20th day of April, 1897, upon news of the death of Mr. Charles C. Hine, unite in testifying their

sorrow for their own great loss and in respectfully tendering their sympathy to the bereaved family.

" 'As editor and publisher for nearly fifty years of the Insurance Monitor, he had in all sincerity and with eminent ability wrought well for what he deemed the best in insurance—the best for all. Nor in this way alone, but in very many public addresses, in books and pamphlets of his own, and in contributions to other books, had he labored to the same good purpose. And so he came to be, in fact, as long ago he was affectionately styled, "The Patriarch" among us.

" 'He believed in his work, rejoiced in it, was proud of it. To him are all insurance journalists debtors for the high standard of life and labor which he set and by his conduct exemplified.

" 'Called hence in his yet unwithered ripeness of mind and heart, he leaves us the pleasant and heartening memory of one who honored our profession by staunch though tolerant fidelity to his sense of right.

" 'Committee.'

"The Life Underwriters' Association of New York, at a meeting held last night, appointed a committee which drew up the following minute:—

" 'The members of this association are profoundly grieved in learning that their brother and friend, Charles C. Hine, has passed out of the mortal into the immortal life, and that they are to see his face no more. He was known to life insurance workers around the world. For a third of a century his was

a helping hand to every toiler in the life insurance field. His journalistic work was not perfunctory, but glad and joyous. He believed. He had strong convictions. And he lived to see the little rill of life insurance broaden and deepen into the mighty river. As a writer he was many-sided. He knew the tensile strength of fact as expressed in figures and diagrams; and his work was enhanced in value by a never-ceasing play of humor. As a speaker none who ever heard him will forget him. He was ready, convincing, entertaining, versatile, apt. Living two years beyond his allotted threescore and ten, he seemed in appearance but to have entered upon the Indian Summer of his days. When last with us, but a few weeks since, he appeared to be but little changed from what he was a score of years ago. When the end came he was as a "shock of corn fully ripe", ready to be garnered. It was meet and fit that he should go thus swiftly, with the light shining on him from the worlds out of sight, for he had lived his life with such a transfer in view. This association holds out its hand in silence to the sorrowing ones of his household, for whose deeper grief it has the profoundest sympathy.

"Committee.'

—[Insurance Record—April.

"It was a good morning for taking a last look. The sun shone forth in cloudless beauty, the air was sweeter for a frost of the night before; there was

green grass, and much token, too, of leafage and flower. This is the time of year when the outer world tries hard to tell us of something better than itself. Not a violet or a dandelion by the wayside that does not sing of bloom that shall never fade. A seeming endless repetition of life and death points true to the endless life, the spring time unfading, the friendships that endure.

"The simple ceremonies were held at the little church where the man was best known. There were banks of flowers, and there were streaming eyes. He must have been dear to the children for many of them were weeping as though they had lost a father. The place was crowded. The minister told a simple story of what the life had been on its religious side. Mr. Hine was an earnest Christian worker. He was a helper of others. He had no debate over doctrines. He accepted the truths of Christianity, and practiced what he believed. He was a helper of the poor, of the widow and the fatherless. It was a most pathetic address, out of the heart of a man who felt that the community has suffered an irreparable loss.

"Thus did we get a glimpse of the real life of the man, and take note of the things he lived for. Many, many years we knew him here in the great, babbling town. Like the rest of us, he had his work to do, and he did it with a will. But his heart the while was there in the little church, there with the pastor, the poor, the children.

"It is a benefaction to be buried when life is burst-

ing forth everywhere. The autumn entombment is followed by a cold and dreary winter. It is so hard for those who weep to listen to the sleet against the window, the madness of the storm. And the snow piled up on the fresh tomb, how it chills one to think of it! But now come sunshiny days and calm, sweet nights, and through all the shining stars talk to us, and tell us that our dead were never buried, but journeyed swiftly to worlds more glorious; and we believe what they say. But we hear not the star voices except when there are calm and warmth, and bud and blossom."

—[Charles D. Lakey, in Insurance.

"C. C. Hine was a stalwart figure in whatever walk of life he appeared. His character was sturdy and substantial in its development. Born in New Haven, Conn., in 1825, he early went to the then Far West to try his fortune, and in those rigorous times he laid the foundations for a sound physical and mental manhood. He was successively school teacher, artist, leader in telegraphy, insurance agent and insurance officer. In 1868 he purchased the 'Insurance Monitor', the oldest American insurance journal now in existence, and had, therefore, conducted it, as editor and proprietor, for upwards of thirty years. As a writer his style was original, vigorous and entertaining. He had strong opinions and never hesitated to express them. Especially in fire insurance he left his impress upon the thought and practice of the time. He had a peculiar facility in verbal expression, and was often called upon

to speak in public upon insurance subjects, his addresses being always acceptable."

—[Insurance Age.

"And so our old friend and ever courteous contemporary, Charles C. Hine, has gone over to the great majority. Although his stay here was longer in years than is the measure of time allotted earthly visitors, his departure is none the less sorrowful to all of us who knew and loved him well for his exemplary characteristics. As editor of the Monitor, and as a comrade in a special field of journalism, we were proud of the cordial relationship that existed without friction or interruption for more than a score of years between C. C. Hine and us. 'To him'—as Editor Davis well said in the minute adopted at the meeting of insurance journalists—'are all insurance journalists debtors for the high standard of life and labor which he set and by his conduct exemplified'. But, as Brother Lakey graphically expressed it, in the resolution he prepared for, and which was adopted by, the Life Underwriters' Association: 'When the end came he (C. C. Hine) was as a "shock of corn fully ripe", ready to be garnered. It was meet and fit that he should go thus swiftly with the light shining on him from worlds out of sight, for he had lived his life with such a transfer in view.' In adding a word of tribute to the fragrant memory of this good man may we not confidently voice the hope, as we say farewell to him, that peace and joy shall be his share for evermore?"

—[Vigilant.

"Personally, Mr. Hine was a most agreeable companion, well informed on a wide range of subjects, an easy and interesting talker, always ready with a good story and, what is somewhat rare among story tellers, as willing to listen as to tell. Everybody liked him, and he had the good word of the people where he had lived. The writer of this well remembers some twenty years ago being down at Peru, Ill., on a case before Squire Underhill, a Justice of the Peace. The trial had drawn together quite a lot of old citizens, and while waiting for a witness a general conversation was indulged in. The writer happening to mention that he had just got back from New York, and insurance being referred to in connection with the visit, the 'Squire's face lit up and he said: 'New York—why, that's where Charley Hine lives; runs an insurance paper down there. Do you know Charley?' The question being answered satisfactorily, one and another of the old citizens began to tell about when Charley Hine set up the telegraph in Peru along back in 1850, or thereabouts, and what a smart young fellow he was, and so pleasant and accommodating, too. We have no doubt that his acquaintance with Charley Hine helped the learned counsel to win his case, which was not an especially good one." —[Insurance.

Y. M. C. A. IN 1855.

"The new Young Men's Christian Association building on Pearl and Main streets was opened yesterday to the public. * * *

"A resume of the life of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city will be of interest to the readers. The association was first organized in this city in 1855 by C. C. Hine, and is said to be one of the oldest in the country."

—[New Albany (Ind.) Tribune, 1893.

THE PATRIARCH RAISES HIS VOICE IN SONG.

"I thought I knew the Patriarch fairly well, and that I was 'on' to all of his varied accomplishments. I knew that he could get upon his feet before an assembly and make an interesting talk, but I never knew until recently that he was a singer! I read in a report of the last meeting of the Fire Underwriters' Association of the Northwest that 'Father Hine was then introduced, and after a few jokes sang a song which evoked continuous laughter'. There is something droll in the idea of it to me, but I would bet another (dinner) with whosoever would take me up that Mr. Hine acquitted himself with his usual completeness. He can do a good many things, and i' faith he can do 'em all well. He would not undertake anything he could not."

—[Insurance World, November, 1896.

AFTER THE BANQUET WAS OVER.

"In his October Monitor, C. C. Hine modestly refers to 'a little occurrence' that followed the recent banquet of the Northwestern Association. The 'little occurrence' was a one-minute speech made by Mr.

Hine himself, in the presence of a company of fifteen, in response to a very complimentary toast proposed by H. C. Eddy of this city (Chicago). As near as we can recall it, this is what the Patriarch said: 'Gentlemen, I am nearly three score and ten years old. It is getting to be half-past eleven with me, and the longer I live and the older I grow the more I appreciate the friendships I have made and the more I appreciate such friendly expressions as this.' Then, taking up his glass, he added, 'I became a teetotaler at the age of twelve, and must therefore drink with you in cold water.' The Patriarch said this from his heart, and the late hour and the deserted banquet hall added to the impressiveness of his remarks. But was he quite sure as to his own age? His eye is as bright and his voice as clear and ringing as when first we knew him, and his form is as erect and upright as his life has been. We repeated Mr. Hine's little speech to two grandmothers that we know, and they repeated it to 'the boy', and the grandmothers told the boy that they hoped so good a temperance advocate would live a thousand years. 'So say we all of us'—God save the Patriarch!"

—[Insurance Post, October, 1894.

YE PATRIARCH AS A HOOSIER.

[Communicated.]

"Recently my travels took me to the quiet, yet beautiful, city of New Albany, Ind., and while walking through its shady streets I remembered that the

former home of Mr. C. C. Hine, the well-known underwriter, the accomplished writer, the able statistician, and the eloquent orator, was in this identical city. That here, when a local agent, he distributed blotting pads and cultivated the art of soliciting, which has served him many a good turn in later years. Here the foundation was laid for the broader work which fate had in store for him. The bright, young Hoosier, full of wit and good humor, was to become the grave and thoughtful 'Patriarch', honored and beloved as a leader in his chosen profession.

"There is a 'touch of nature' in us all, which inspires a curiosity to know something of those who have succeeded in life — who have become distinguished. That a great humorist should have wept at the tomb of Adam was to me no joke, provided that the spot selected was the genuine burial place of that eminent citizen. Who would not like to walk in the garden where Plato conversed, or view the forum from which Cicero spoke? To visit Avon and spend a day where Shakespeare sleeps will always be indeed a pleasure. Who, that is thoughtful, goes to Springfield, or Galena, without seeing the modest houses where Lincoln and Grant lived, when unhonored and unknown.

"With this feeling, I sought and found the little, old-fashioned brick building, where, a third of a century ago, was the insurance office of Mr. Hine. On the side of the hill, a few blocks away, was the unassuming dwelling house, where the young agent lived

in comfort and dignity, surrounded by a most loving family, and respected and esteemed by neighbors, many of whom have themselves since become known throughout the United States as wise statesmen, brave soldiers and honorable business men.

"While in New Albany I was told many anecdotes illustrating Mr. Hine's goodness of heart, fondness for children and devotion to charitable and Christian work. These cannot be repeated at this time. The following, however, told me by an old citizen, illustrates a type of manhood that, I fear, is becoming rarer each year, and is in danger of becoming, in time, entirely extinct:—

"About 1853 the McCormick family offered the New Albany Theological Seminary $100,000 if that institution should be removed to Chicago. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Hine purchased the property which was vacated, and spent all the money he had, and all he could borrow, in erecting and fitting up buildings for a female college. The institution was thoroughly advertised, had the sympathy of the best people in the Southwest, and was about being opened under the most favorable auspices, when the financial crisis of 1857 swept over the West, cruelly prostrating and crushing thousands of the best and most public-spirited men in the country. Mr. Hine went down with the rest, losing every dollar he had, and being many thousand dollars in debt. He was broken up—badly broken up—but, fortunately, not broken down, for there is all the difference imaginable between the

two. Mr. Hine then returned to the insurance business, traveling awhile for the Ætna Insurance Company, then becoming secretary of the International Insurance Company, subsequently, on the decease of the famous Tom Jones, purchasing the Insurance Monitor, at the head of which he has remained until the present time.

"What became of his debts? Did he forget his creditors when he subsequently became prosperous, as so many others do? These were the questions I asked. Were the circumstances of his failure such as reflected unfavorably on his integrity and honesty? Did he afterward make settlements with his creditors that were satisfactory? Let others answer.

"1. Gen. B. F. Scribner a well-known citizen of Indiana, and a resident of New Albany, said to me: 'Mr. Hine's failure was an honest one, and in no way reflected unfavorably on his honesty and integrity. He subsequently made settlements with his creditors that were entirely satisfactory. His conduct all through his troubles was such as to command the respect and sympathy of all right-minded citizens. The brevity of this statement very feebly expresses my admiration for Mr. Hine's conduct and character.'

"2. John C. Culbertson, Esq., formerly of New Albany, but now an honored resident of Santa Barbara, Cal., said: 'Mr. Hine has been my intimate friend for over thirty years. He failed in New Albany years ago. Borrowed money to pay his servants. The Ætna Insurance Company advanced him $100 to

support his little family in this trying time. Since then he has prospered, and has hunted up his creditors and paid them all in full, with interest, in some instances more than two dollars for one. He is an upright, Christian gentleman.'

"3. L. G. Mathews, Esq., vice-president of the Ohio Falls Car Company, said: 'Mr. Hine's failure was due solely to the depressed condition of the times, financially. I was one of his creditors, and never knew of any one who complained of his honesty or want of integrity. As fast as he recovered from his misfortunes, and could spare the money, he devoted it to paying his debts. His manner of doing it was characteristic. He picked out the poorest and neediest of his creditors and paid them first. As an incident, I failed in business in 1872. Mr. Hine heard of it and sent me his check for principal and interest in full. I doubt if there is a man living, who, having left New Albany, could return and receive such a cordial welcome from all who knew him.'

"4. Walter Mann, Esq., formerly a banker at New Albany, and now a resident of Minneapolis, said: 'Mr. Hine left New Albany largely in debt and with nothing to begin the world again with, except experience and the best wishes of his friends. He afterward paid his debts, principal and interest. I was one of his creditors and speak whereof I know. His failure was an honest one and his conduct characterized by the highest integrity and honor. He paid his debts after he had ceased to be under any obligations to do

so, and his record shows his thorough old-fashioned honesty and entire devotion to what he regards his duty.'

"This article is written without the knowledge of Mr. Hine, and purely as a labor of love. In common with thousands of other underwriters I am indebted to the editor of the Monitor in a way that can never be paid with money." I. W. H.

[The above was published in an Indianapolis (Ind.) paper about 1890.]

APPENDIX.

REPORT OF THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WOODSIDE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(This and the school census are given because they furnish many names of early residents.)

Organized Sunday, June 16, 1867.
Completed a year (52 Sundays), June 14, 1868.
No Sunday omitted during the year.

Names enrolled during year.....	121
Total attendance during year.....	3,024
Average attendance during year.....	58
Contributions (begun July 7, 1867)...	$107.28

Smallest attendance, 44; largest 71.

Organization consists of 11 classes, 3 librarians, 1 organist, 1 superintendent. Number of books in library, 250; amount expended on account of library and papers, $150.

Class No. 1 has had one teacher, Mrs. Sarah L. Tompkins. The names enrolled are Ida Cox, Nelly Galt, Mary White, Frances Honess, Christina Coeyman, Anna Chappell, Alice Chappell, Hannah Filand, Emma Forbes.

Class No. 2. — One teacher, Mrs. Jenny Stimis. Enrollment: Ada Joralemon, Eva Rogers, Fanny Bennett, Jessie Dalrymple, Ellen Mackey, Emma Royce, Jenny Fisher.

Class No. 3.—One teacher, Thomas Kinsey. En-

rollment: David Bennett, Willie Pratt, Walter Clark, Theo. Palmer, Henry Mackey, Livingston Forbes, William Fisher.

Class No. 4. — One teacher, Miss Annie Kinsey. Enrollment: Fanny Winser, Bella Gore, Kate Dalrymple, May McDonald, Anne Crane, Mary Bennett, Mary Phillips.

Class No. 5.—One teacher, John C. Bennett. Enrollment: Willie Faitoute, Alvah Stimis, Willie Earl, Willie Clark, Harry Winser, George Boyden, Elven Forbes, John Beach, Fred Moore, Frank Moore, Walter Harlan.

Class No. 6. — Three teachers, Mrs. Bell Z. Booeram, Prof. A. Bigelow, Miss J. A. Avery. Enrollment: Henry Pettit, Avery Hine, George Gore, Charles Van Nostrand, Will Cumming, Wm. Smith, Charles F. Eddowes.

Class No. 7.—Two teachers, Harris McFarlin, Mrs. Harris McFarlin. Enrollment: Allen Earle, Garry Mackey, Charles Briggs, William Epworth, Alex Van Riper.

Class No. 8.—One teacher, Mrs. Anne Callen. Enrollment: Abby Tompkins, Jenny Stimis, Matty Palmer, Cora Clark, Gabrielle Scharff, Letitia White, Lottie Coeyman.

Class No. 9. — One teacher, Miss Hannah Teel. Enrollment: Emma Tompkins, Jenny Morrison, Nelly Baldwin, Anna Swinnerton, Laura Palmer, Belle White, Carrie Morrison, Emma Keen, Gilbert Hine, Neddy Hine, Joseph Swinnerton, Willie Roberts,

Clarence Swinnerton, Charley Mackey, Fred'k Sommers, Henry Sommers, Johnny Gore, Johnny Morrison, Lottie Francisco, Jenny White, Harry Callen, Jimmy Carroll, Monroe Coeyman, Miles Coeyman, Alie McFarlin, Lulu Farmer, Violet Scharff, Johnny Evans, Arthur Stimis, Lavina Van Riper, Stella Joralemon, Freddy Beach, Freddy Faitoute, Caroline Coeyman, De Witt Joralemon.

The above nine classes were the original organization.

Class No. 10.—One teacher, George Blackwood. Enrollment: George Blackwood, John Blackwood, Arte Bigelow.

Class No. 11.—One teacher, Mrs. Mary H. Hine. Enrollment: Carrie Day, Emma Sandford, Mary Sandford, Susie Mackey, Mary Carter, Lizzie Carter.

Showing the present regular membership to be:—

Scholars, 68; teachers, 11; librarians, 3; organist, 1; superintendent, 1.

FIRST ANNU

OF

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE OF THE TOWN

FOR THE YEAR END

Dr.

To amount of Tax Duplicate		$15,501 22
" State School Fund due District Woodside		114 04
		$15,615 26

AL REPORT

THE

SHIP OF WOODSIDE, ESSEX COUNTY,

ING APRIL 6TH, 1870.

Cr.

Paid P. S. Pierson, County Collector			$5,720 00
Woodside School District, Teacher's Salary			150 00
Montgomery " " "			150 00
Chas. D. Morrison,		$4 00	
Chas. Akers,	Judges of Elections	4 00	
Alfred Keene,		4 00	
			12 00
Elias Osborn, Assessor's Fees			77 82
Births, Deaths, Marriages and Militia.			
Chas. Akers, Collector's Fees			172 48
Gilbert W. Cumming, Attorney Fees			50 00
E. W. Cobb, Justice's Fees			4 28
Gilbert W. Cumming,		$58 00	
Chas. C. Hine,		44 00	
John McMullen,	Town Committee	44 00	
Theodore G. Palmer,		54 00	
Eugene D. Smith,		44 00	
			244 00
Jesse Bennett, Sr.,		$6 00	
Nath. J. Crane,	Commissioners of Appeals	6 00	
Jas. S. Gamble,		6 00	
			18 00
Jas. Swinnerton, Jr., Clerk's Fees		$96 00	
" " Clerk to Commissioners		8 00	
			104 00
Chas. Akers, Overseer of the Poor, Fees		$5 00	
" " For the Support of the Poor		57 39	
			62 39
Alfred Keene, Expenses in Procuring a Copy of Supplement			7 50
Dodd Bros., Township Seal			6 00
Newark Daily Journal, Notices of Meetings			4 10
" " Advertiser, " "			1 00
A. P. Young, Copying and Engrossing Bill for Presentation to the Legislature			5 00
Chas. D. Morrison, Ballot Box			14 00
Fogg & Sanborn, Township Books, Tin Box for Clerk			12 50
Interest on Town Notes, Discounted			151 44
Road District, No. 1, Sum Appropriated and Expended			800 00
" " No. 2, " " "			800 00
" " No. 3, " " "		$800 00	
Loaned to District No. 4		200 00	
Expended in District No. 3			656 09
Road District, No. 4, Sum Appropriated		$800 00	
Borrowed from and Due District No. 3		200 00	
Expended in District No. 4			1,000 00
Road District No. 5, Sum Appropriated and Expended			800 00
Amount of Uncollected Taxes to Date			3,588 21
Taxes Remitted by the Commissioners			348 40
Balance of Cash on hand			656 05
			$15,615 26

JAMES SWINNERTON, Jr.,
Town Clerk.

GILBERT W. CUMMING,
CHAS. C. HINE,
JOHN McMULLEN,
THEODORE G. PALMER,
EUGENE B. SMITH,
} Town Committee.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DISTRICT CLERK OF TOWNSHIP OF WOODSIDE

August 31, 1869

Children Between 5 and 18 Years of Age Residing in the District

Parents or Guardians.	*No.*	*Children.*
Barney Agnew	1	Daniel Agnew
" "	2	Joseph "
" "	3	James "
" "	4	Agnes "
" "	5	Andrew "
G. A. Boyden	6	George O. Boyden
John C. Bennett	7	Fanny Bennett
" " "	8	David "
" " "	9	Mary "
Geo. H. Bartholomew	10	Emily T. Bartholomew
" " "	11	Lewis "
Baxter T. Blackwood	12	George Blackwood
" " "	13	John "
Edwin Benson	14	Edwin Benson
Artemus Bigelow	15	Arte Bigelow
Francis Clough	16	Frank Bennett
Franklin Baldwin	17	Nellie Baldwin
William A. Bradford	18	Esther C. Bradford
" " "	19	Millie "
Timothy Barrett	20	Catherine Barrett
" "	21	Michael "
Albert Beach	22	William Beach
" "	23	John "
" "	24	Maria "

Parents or Guardians.	*No.*	*Children.*
Albert Beach	25	Fred Beach
" "	26	Josephine "
Mrs. Mary Hopkins	27	Hattie L. Barnes
Thomas H. Coeyman	28	Harriet Coeyman
" " "	29	Monroe "
" " "	30	Miles "
George B. Callen	31	Harry Callen
Franklin Pratt	32	Annie Chappall
" "	33	Alice "
William A. Clark	34	William T. Clark
" " "	35	Walter A. "
Gilbert W. Cumming	36	William Cumming
Horace Carter	37	Lizzie Carter
Henry Coeyman	38	Lottie Coeyman
" "	39	Mary "
" "	40	Caroline "
J. S. L. Cummings	41	Bessie Cummings
Edward Carragan	42	Edward Carragan
N. J. Crane	43	Frank S. Crane
" " "	44	Jennie M. "
" " "	45	Sarah "
Joseph Dreyfous	46	Walter Dreyfous
" "	47	Adele "
" "	48	Gertrude "
" "	49	Herbert "
Reuben W. Earl	50	Willie Earl
" " "	51	Charlie "
Anthony Epworth	52	William Epworth
E. G. Faitoute	53	Willie Faitonte
" " "	54	Freddie "
G. W. Gore	55	Belle Gore
" " "	56	Johnnie Gore
Wilbur Garrabrant	57	Frank Garrabrant
" "	58	George "
Oliver Gordon	59	Bertie Gordon

Parents or Guardians.	*No.*	*Children.*
William Hunter	60	Lizzie Hunter
" "	61	Annie "
William J. Harlan	62	Melville Harlan
" " "	63	Walter "
Daniel Halsey	64	George Halsey
C. C. Hine	65	Avery Hine
" " "	66	Gilbert "
" " "	67	Edward "
Ralph Hyde	68	Florence Hyde
" "	69	Alice "
" "	70	Ralph "
Robert Honess	71	Charles W. Honess
S. U. Bard	72	A. Judson
William Kennedy	73	Mary E. Kennedy
" "	74	Sarah "
" "	75	Elizabeth "
George W. Keene	76	Emma Keene
James S. Mackie	77	Clara Mackie
" " "	78	Chas. P. Mackie
" " "	79	Stewart J. Mackie
" " "	80	Robert O. "
" " "	81	Alla C. "
Mrs. Mary F. Mann	82	Ella Mann
Charles D. Morrison	83	Jennie Morrison
" " "	84	Carrie "
" " "	85	Johnnie "
Ashley Melius	86	Theodore Melius
Bethuel Munn	87	Jennie Munn
" "	88	Louisa "
John McDonald	89	Mary S. McDonald
" "	90	John P. "
John H. Mackey	91	Charlie Mackey
" " "	92	Henry "
" " "	93	Garry "
" " "	94	Ella "
Mrs. Sarah Moore	95	Frank Moore

Parents or Guardians.	*No.*	*Children.*
Mrs. Sarah Moore	96	Fred Moore
" " "	97	Charlie "
George Megrath	98	Robert S. Megrath
" "	99	Clara "
Patrick McCabe	100	Fannie McCabe
" "	101	Nellie "
Michael McGrann	102	Annie McGrann
Cornelius McIntire	103	Sarah McIntire
" "	104	Caroline "
" "	105	Margaret "
" "	106	Louisa "
Mrs. Holt	107	Charles Maxwell
" "	108	Sarah "
J. C. Neagles	109	Emma Neagles
Lewis A. Osborn	110	William Osborn
" " "	111	Maria "
" " "	112	Emily "
Francis O'Conner	113	Mary O'Conner
William F. Pettit	114	Henry Pettit
Theodore G. Palmer	115	Mattie Palmer
" " "	116	Theodore Palmer
" " "	117	Laura "
John M. Phillips	118	Willie Phillips
" " "	119	Albert "
Franklin Pratt	120	Will Pratt
" "	121	Frank "
Charles Peine	122	Charles Peine
Albert D. Richardson	123	Leander Richardson
" " "	124	Maude "
" " "	125	Allie "
H. S. McGrain	126	Philomena Ryan
John Redding	127	Richard Redding
F. A. Sherman	128	Ella T. Sherman
James Swinnerton	129	Annie Swinnerton
" "	130	Joe "
Gilbert Stimis	131	Jennie Stimis

Parents or Guardians.	*No.*	*Children.*
Gilbert Stimis	132	Alvah Stimis
Mrs. Sarah Smith	133	Lemuel Smith
Mrs. Snowden	134	Susan Simpson
W. V. Snyder	135	Watson B. Snyder
Henry Stimis	136	Clara Stimis
" "	137	Henry "
John Searle	138	Joseph Searle
" "	139	Jane "
Robert Smith	140	Robert E. Smith
" "	141	Charles L. "
Edward Spooner	142	Thos. H. Spooner
T. J. Tobias	143	Fannie Tobias
" " "	144	Nellie "
" " "	145	Charles "
" " "	146	Emily "
Daniel Tompkins	147	Abigal Tompkins
" "	148	Emma "
E. J. Vreeland	149	Kate Vreeland
" " "	150	Helena "
" " "	151	Cyrus "
Adrian Van Riper	152	Lavinia Van Riper
" "	153	Alexander "
Peter White	154	Richard White
" "	155	Beckie "
William A. Wauters	156	Lucinda Wauters
Charles H. Tyler	157	Elmira Tyler

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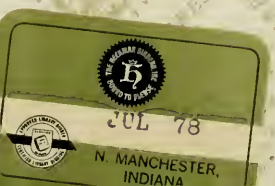
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